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EAST TO WEST

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

[AMERICA is growing up. The glory of the Fourth of July oration no longer irradiates the land, and self-criticism, even in public, is tolerated. But if the shafts come from abroad we still put on our armor of proof, and ascribe to jealousy and malevolence what is sometimes said in truth and candor. It is worth while, then, to listen with minds at least partly open to this message, as striking in its content and measured phrasing as in the source from which it comes.

Perhaps it will be best understood if it is prefaced by the editor's note, written some months ago to the poet and seer who represents in his life and person one of the great civilizations of the world.

December 21, 1926

MY DEAR SIR: —

Possibly you remember having been so kind as to contribute to the *Atlantic* of some years ago an account of your school at Santiniketan. In my own mind there is still fixed the remembrance of an evening at Professor Woods's, when you spoke to a group of philosophers, including a few outsiders like myself. My friend and ancient teacher, Professor Royce, took me with him, and I gained that night an impression of the wisdom of the East and West such as I have not had before or since.

But I have a more definite purpose in writing to you. A few weeks ago, when I was in London, I saw in the papers some remarks whereby you explained your intention of not revisiting America. Yours was not the random and unreasoning criticism which floods the Continental press at this time of international ill-feeling, but your strictures were not less severe in being deserved. I wished at the time that you might have been willing to write out what was in your mind quite candidly, and I venture to ask now whether you would not be still willing to write such a message to America.

We are here at a time of transition, and, if I read the temper of the people, we are open to influences of persuasion and criticism if we feel them to be just and disinterested.

I remain

Very respectfully yours,

THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC]

I

FROM your request which has just reached me I realize that some ill-fated remark of mine, hastily uttered in answer to a casual question about my intention to visit America, has been netted and pinned down, with its ephemeral wings, in some newspapers of yours. The indefatigable modern printing press, which has a great deal more energy than is good or necessary for the community, seems most often to be occupied in playing practical jokes upon words that are pathetically

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trifling by investing them with the unbeseeming distinction of public notice.

This age is like a precocious child delighting in its up-to-date toy of a megaphone that mercilessly exaggerates fugitive whispers, making them overheard by the whole world. It helps to keep up the ceaseless hubbub of a dust storm that has the same sweeping welcome for flowers as for rotten leaves. In the days when the means of publicity were limited, literature could easily maintain its dignity, shunning the contact of hourly gossip and stillborn rumors by allowing a scanty and distant hospitality on its fringe for all literary immigrants not worthy of permanent citizenship. But the contrary is the case to-day, when vast accommodation is offered to the vagabond and the nondescript, bringing them into daily intimacy with public life, unheedful of possible contamination. World-wide organizations of news-pickers and paragraph-makers have been established with the object of catering for an abnormally busy people with an unwholesome craving for promiscuous facts and desultory topics — a veritable intellectual drug habit.

The constant demand for a mental narcotic that ends in smoke and ashes, that destroys delicacy of taste and healthy appetite for nutrition, encourages illicit traffic and adulteration. I have had my personal experience of it once, when on a lecturing tour in the United States. Some persons belonging to a detective agency, evidently in the pay of interested individuals, came to me with the news that the Hindu revolutionist party in San Francisco had decided to kill me owing to their disagreement with my political views. This canard went round the papers, and when I sent a protest, expressing my disbelief, it was not published, possibly in deference to a political need for strengthening the prejudice against Hindu settlers in America on the eve of an anti-Asiatic legislation, or because the news was too rich in sensation to allow any doubt to rob it of its sparkle for the sake of mere justice.

Shortly after my return to India the news reached me, through Japanese papers, that a lawsuit had been instituted against the above-mentioned party, accusing it of secret attempts at overthrowing British rule in India. My name was dragged into this case, with the allegation that I had taken money from the Germans deceitfully to serve their purpose while in America, and at the same time to dig for my own country underground tunnels of dark politics. I began to receive letters from your people full of reproaches for having betrayed the trust of a confiding nation whose guest I had been in the disguise of an idealist. I sent an explanatory cablegram to President Wilson, asking for his protection, which remained unacknowledged.

This was the time when the American people all of a sudden seemed furiously to remember that blood was thicker than water and to forget that it was they who had forcibly severed their political connection with a nation to which they were related by blood. The idea that struck me, through various such instances, made me think that while aristocracy strenuously cultivates self-respect, often at the cost of material profit, and guards a high standard of culture against deterioration, undiluted democracy has a tendency to glide down to the lazy level of the average, for all its striving is to add to its rights, not to build up a high tower of excellence. It makes a deliberate study of the laws of the dark patches in the human intellect, wherewith to help itself to create an atmosphere of delusion through hints, gestures, yells, and startling grimaces, for the purpose of stupefying the popular mind. Once

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when I was in Chicago I saw everywhere on the town walls one single name blazoned in big letters in an endless round of repetition, like the whirling monotony of a dervish dance that dazes one's mind into vacuity. Evidently the name belonged to some candidate for political election. But what an insult to the people, who are supposed to represent the supreme power in their government, openly to apply to them the spell of hypnotism in place of reason, as the medicine man does in the heart of Africa!

The same want of respect for the rational in the popular mind has induced the greed of dollars to open classes for teaching the art of profitable mystification, psychological tricks to help the sale of commodities in spite of the buyers, seductive stratagems of advertisement for the purpose of what amounts to bamboozling. This mentality has its analogy in India, where the vast majority of the population, which is non-Brahmin, is allowed a crudely superficial culture and modes of worship that are but a survival of primitive forms of mesmeric rites. The effect has been a gradual degeneration of the Brahmins themselves, a vigorously rapid spread of the rank weeds of unreason choking the growth of higher life, creating dark shelters for religious charlatanism, and a dense entanglement of bigotry that obstructs progress at every step. We are sadly aware how the want of confidence in the best in man draws away life's sap from what is highest in us, diverting it to what is childish and commonplace.

I am nervously careful to avoid newspaper reporters or, when helplessly cornered, to avoid subjects that are dubious. But in the midst of distractions, when my mind is tired, careless remarks may escape me to be pounced upon by the journalist. Whatever I might have said on this particular occasion had its origin in some shifting impression of mine whose natural destination was time's dustbin. Such impressions are formed by the impact of passing experiences upon the background of our personal susceptibilities, to be modified or effaced by further evidence and reasoned thoughts.

I myself do not accept such a temperamental attitude of mine toward your country as final or fair. Do I not know to our cost how readily your own writers hasten to pass their judgment upon Eastern peoples about whom their profound ignorance has not the time or seriousness to suspect itself? And do I not also know that their imperfect knowledge and traditional prejudices blur the features of the victims of their brush, making them appear as easy of delineation as the subject of a picture that has mostly been obliterated by mist? Only once in my life, when I was seventeen, I indulged in publishing my views on the English people, whom I had just come to know in their own country, and tried to exhibit the cunning of my pen by polishing my sentences into a keenness that could mock and mutilate truth, but not reflect it. It was but the superciliousness of adolescence which refused to believe that self-respecting knowledge needed the light of patient understanding and not merely the flash on the tip of a literary match stick produced by its scratch upon a flimsy experience.

I am perfectly aware that as a great nation you have your complex personality, full of apparent self-contradictions, which loses its mystery of a living truth directly it is defined in sharp lines, like a fragment of notation whose full musical meaning is not known. For instance, when we say that America is materialistic, we speak of a fact which is too apparent to be completely true. I have had reason to believe that there is a strong current of spiritual idealism

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flowing beneath the surface soil of the American mind. The unmitigated industrialism in your world, with no other ideal but a breathless multiplication of materials, must of necessity produce a deep longing in your minds for realizing in life the eternal value of the spirit. I have no doubt that this ever and anon finds its outlet in individuals who, though few in number, truly represent the unnumbered generations of your future. Properly to know a people one must know such men who seemingly contradict the supposed nature of the nation, remaining half hidden behind the vast obvious, like the thin wick in the heart of a capacious lamp. As this is not possible for me for want of opportunity, I can only offer you, for what it is worth, a brief description of my own personal experiences which led me to form my opinion about America, and disinclined me to risk any recurrence of the same.

II

After my visit to Japan in 1916, I crossed over to California, following an invitation to lecture in some of the principal towns of the United States. The subject of my address was 'Nationalism.' When read in the two principal universities of Tokyo, it had with an uncomfortable suddenness reduced the temperature of my welcome to freezing point. I believe it was only tolerated in the United States because the American people, in the pride of their own solid common sense, could indulgently excuse extravagant ideas about practical matters from the Oriental dreamer, though they entertained an unaccountable confidence in his knowledge of the occult, in his spiritual prestige that might confer credit in some ever-solvent bank in the Kingdom of Heaven. I remember how, after one of my lectures, I was approached by one who wished to learn from me personal secrets about some other individual whom I had never known. I felt sure that to this person my lecture must have appeared most profoundly incomprehensible in order to win for me his admiring faith in my supernatural gift. However, I have nothing to complain of in regard to this lecture of mine, which helped me to earn from your country a small fund for my institution, and recognition from its readers in Continental Europe.

In this essay I discussed how the Western cult of the self-worship of the nation has gathered its victims from alien continents, exploiting and insulting the greater part of the globe in the blind pride of its physical prowess, while resenting any suspicion of menace from those whom it injured; how it has caused the greatest problem in the world to-day by allowing the explosive passions of hatred and contempt to accumulate in the dark chasm that has been kept open between the two hemispheres.

Meanwhile the great war in Europe ceased, like the frenzied shrieks of a maniac demon exhausted at last into sleep, though the groans of its angry dream still convulsed the weary peace of the night. I strongly felt that, under the continued threat of impending catastrophe likely to involve the whole human world in desolating hostilities, every individual to-day should realize his responsibility for training the mind of the present generation to enable it to see all its important problems in the perspective of universal man. For the most outstanding fact of our age is that the drama of our destiny to-day has the whole world for its stage.

Let the politicians mishandle this world situation according to their tradition of nationalistic fanaticism, but the rest of us should have the power to

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think and act upon a broadly human basis of behavior.

Having this in mind, I started an institution in our country which was to represent our faith in the solidarity of the human races, our aspiration to bridge the widely gaping gulf between the East and the West. My idea was that such an institution should be a creation on which the different peoples of the world should leave their individual signatures of acceptance. And when I went to the United States in 1921 I was confident that my appeal would find a ready response in a land which, in its Eastern and Western outlooks, touches the two great seas from whose bosom rises the sun to light the continents of Europe and Asia.

The letter which I wrote to India from New York will explain the mission that occupied my thoughts at that time: —

> In every age and in every country, facts are given to us in order that we may provide with them some special expression of truth. Facts are like atoms in gases. They fight with or else fly away from one another. But when they are united into a drop of dew they attain beauty and reality. Man must have that creative magic to bring the facts of his time into some unity of creation. The most important of all facts in the present age is that the East and West have met. So long as it remains a mere fact, it will give rise to interminable conflicts. It is the mission of all men of faith to raise this fact into truth. I only wish you had been with me in Europe! You would know at once what is the purpose of the modern age; what is the cry of man, which the politicians never hear. There were politicians in the courts of the Mughal Emperors. They have left nothing behind them but ruins. But Kabir and Nanak! They have bequeathed to us their imperishable faith in the unity of Man through God's love.

Though I was sure that the problem with which I meant to deal in my work was not exclusively Indian, that it equally concerned the vital and moral interest of the West, it would have been unreasonable for me not to be reconciled to the rude fact that mine was not the voice that could carry such a message to the heart of this people. It was as futile to complain of some incompatibility between a particular seed and soil in moral matters as to make it a grievance if the orchard in New York rejected the mango tree from its hospitality.

This was the first time in my life when I breathed the same privileged air with some of the denizens of the giant world of finance. I felt small, but my welcome to their accommodation proved to be still smaller, almost like that of the needle's eye to a camel. It cannot be said that I made the egregious mistake of thinking that the people's heart was in their bankers' keep; on the contrary, I did try my best to approach it directly with the help of friends; but to my utter dismay I found it barred by an unmerited discourtesy, insulting me with the suspicion that I was a political schemer who was trying to exploit the good-natured credulity of your country. I was told by some of my best friends there that a powerful propaganda seemed to be working against me in consequence of the desperate protest which I had been compelled to make against the Jallianwallabagh atrocities in our own country, shortly before I had left India. If that was the case, it only supports the idea that your country lends itself too easily to all secret spells of insinuation, allowing its crowd psychology to be perpetually handled by clever manipulators.

Such constant churning up of the drifting froth on the surface mind of the nation, leaving its depths ignored, is certainly not the way to train it in truth and wisdom. It pained me when

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I realized the cheapening of the spiritual value of man in this country through his mind being ceaselessly exploited, in a wholesale manner and with a scientific thoroughness, for the sake of profit and power. Having had this chance to come into personal contact with prosperous America, with the mentality that could produce quickly rotating crops of an enormous harvest of success, I grew afraid of it. The following extract from a letter which I wrote on this occasion to an English friend in India will give you some idea of how I felt: —

Every day I seem to be growing afraid of the very vision of this success. It has been said in the Upanishad: *Happiness is greatness*. But ambition points to bigness and calls it greatness, and our track is hopelessly lost. When I look at the picture of Buddha, I cry out for the great peace of inner fulfillment. My longing grows painfully intense as my mind becomes distracted at the stupendous unmeaning of the monstrosity in the things around me. Every morning I sit by my window and say to myself: 'I must not bow my head to this ugly idol worshiped by the West with daily human sacrifice.' I remember that morning at Shelida, when the Vaishnava woman came to me and said, 'When are you coming down from your three-storied building, to meet your love under the shade of the trees?' Just now I am on the top story of the skyscraper, to which the tallest of trees dares not send its whisper; but love silently comes to me saying: 'When are you coming down to meet me on the green grass under the rustling leaves, where you have the freedom of the sky and of sunlight and the tender touch of life's simplicity?' I try to say something about money in reply, but it sounds so ludicrous, and yet so tragic, that my words grow ashamed of themselves and they stop.

Let me conclude with another extract from a letter of the same period: —

When I finish reading your letters from Santiniketan, I wake up from my lyric dream to find myself at the bottom of a prodigious pile of newspaper prose. My surroundings seem to me like the inside of a whale that has swallowed me.

The idea of freedom, which the people in this country have, is the imaginary freedom of a fly shut up in a glass case whose walls are invisible. They are surrounded by an impregnable globe of unreality to which they cling and believe that they are in solid possession of the sky. But I can assure you that you have the right to laugh at these buzzing creatures, with their absurd pride at having made their sky densely substantial. This deludes them with a freedom that is of the eye, while immuring them in a confinement that is of the spirit.

My freedom is unreal, so long as I cherish slavery in my soul. This is a truism, like our idea of death; but opportunity comes when we discover it in our life, and then it discloses to us its ever-newness of truth. I seem to pass through a real training for becoming a fakir when I am in this country. Buddha was born to regal surroundings which gave him the fitness to attain the true majesty of beggardom. I wrote a poem when I was in India: 'I Shall Never Be an Ascetic.' But when I am here, the inspiration comes to me, with a rush of lyrical fervor, to write a hymn to Shiva, the Lord of Ascetics, who has the four quarters of the sky for his mantle.

It may sound to you like a paradox when I say that what oppresses me most in this country is the utter lack of freedom with which the atmosphere is charged. But it is true. I long to draw in the breath of life, but my nostrils get stopped with sand and soot, and then I am choked into acknowledging the truth, that it is not the substance which is most important for us, but the modest bareness of it.

Leisure and space are the most precious gifts for us; for we are creators. Our real freedom is in the world of our own creation, where our mind can work unhindered and our soul finds its throne from which to govern its own dominion.

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INNOCENTS ABOARD

BY C. LESTER WALKER

I

It was one August that I landed in Mukden and put up at the Standard Oil Mess. Douglas was there. For three years we had been in China without sight of each other, although our friendship was of long standing. It was partly due to these facts that the following events occurred; events which, as it turned out, nearly brought us to blows.

'I am ordered on an inspection trip down the Manchurian coast,' he said to me. 'I leave to-morrow. Once a year someone has to make this jaunt. It's not very exciting, but it's awfully healthy. All good clean fun, you know. You have to go by native junk. How about signing on?'

I had not seen Douglas for a long time. I did not know the north or the coasts of China. I had never traveled in a sea junk. Eagerly I agreed to go.

The following evening, boarding the train, we were met by Mr. Huang. Mr. Huang — my first glimpse of the well-dressed interpreter — was a fashionable young gentleman evidently expecting an eclipse of the sun, for he peered out at me from behind spectacles of cobalt-blue glass. He wore foreign clothes: trousers, skimpy and affectionate, wrapping themselves about his shins with the tenacity of ivy on a pole; a shirt of sporty salmon pink with a collar not to match; an almost-gold bar pin large enough for the doors of a donjon keep; and a washable — but unwashed — tie of robin's-egg blue. Not because but rather in spite of his foreign clothes, Mr. Huang was pleasantly mannered. Before he left us he expressed wonderment and, I thought, a little alarm that we would not travel by launch, but were insistent on a native junk.

When he had gone Douglas declared, 'You can see that Pinko there is no sailor, can't you? Just to look at him. That's the only trouble with these sea trips — the boy and the interpreter always mess the place up so. They have none of the old viking blood which races through our veins.'

I had never known that Douglas was a sailor, but, not to be outdone, I asserted, 'My people were all sea captains before me. It's in my blood. I can smell the tang of the ocean already.'

'Yes, so can I. And we're one hundred and seventy miles away.'

Morning brought us to Antung and the sea. We left our baggage at the very modern Japanese hotel. It is, by the way, so modern and so efficient that it can control the railroad time-table — for its own uses. All important trains arrive in Antung too late for the unlucky traveler to make connections until the following day. It was from this accommodating hostelry that we proceeded to the water front.

Along its edge a strip of ragged road swerved in and out to follow the twistings of the shore. On the land side ship chandlers, makers of tackle and cordage, sellers of sailcloth, lumber

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dealers with unpeeled masts, venders of bamboo for sail ribs, shipwrights, merchants of millet and rice and bean cake, had tacked their flimsy mud-and-plaster shops one against the crazy walls of another. As we passed, their long pendulous signs, painted with the Chinese characters in black and gold, swung and creaked on their rusted brackets, for the wind was high. Those which were of cloth streamed straight out as pennons do, or, like red tongues doubling back upon themselves, bellied roundly, and then shook out with a report like the snapping of whips.

On the sea side an in-running tide slashed about the gray hulls of the junks, slapping their flanks and spouting up jeweled water between. Where the junks bumped and rubbed each other and jostled side to side, their gunwales groaned like old gentlemen with the gout. The masts stabbed the sky, or went sawing through it in great sweeping arcs. Below, the cordage and rigging swung nets to tangle the eye. High up, terns swept down the wind, or beat up into it in ascending spirals, or balanced with feathers frilled, poised satin-white against the stretched blue silk of the sky.

Out of ships came smells, for we passed close to the holds. Smells of fish; of tar; of resin from new pine masts sweating their sap; of mildewed sailcloth; of musty kaoliang; of bitter bricks of tea; of camphor wood from the far south; of sweet, pungent joss; of wine from a broken keg; of flour turned mouldy by brine; and over all the knifelike thrust of the smell of bean cake. As we plodded along through ankle-deep dust which grimed our white shoes to a dinginess darker than slate, we passed a score of newly landed junks unloading this bean cake from their holds. The quai side rang with the singsong of their stevedores. They swayed by, sweating, in pairs, a bamboo pole borne on the shoulders between them, and slung from the pole one bean cake as large as an artillery wheel. Under its weight each pair of coolies bowed their backs and sagged at the knees, for the cake had been heavily wetted during its passage. As a result the air around us choked with a rancidness which stuck like a bone in the throat.

It was with much relief that we at last turned in at the door of a junk hong. The interpreter having asked for the head man, a servant went out to get him; another servant, lifting the curtain of split bamboo which hung over the doorway, let us into an inner room. Passing from here into another room, we penetrated deeper into the dimness of the interior. The last room, after the August sun of outdoors, seemed as dim and dank as a cave. Here, I told myself, one hired junks for trading in strange ports. From this dim room went out clumsy argosies to try their fortunes on the sea.

I saw a dirt floor and about it square Chinese chairs with carved arms and straight carved backs. The kang platform, occupying a third of the room, was spread with grass mats; a low black opium table with carved legs crouched in its centre. I knew that in the long Manchurian winter the crowd of sleepers lay huddled together here on the kang while in the oven beneath them stalks of burning kaoliang gave out heat through the intervening bricks. At the end of the room stood a small, high table, and on it, pushed back against the wall, an incense pot, a tall ancestor tablet like a miniature gravestone, strange-lipped candlesticks of long-unpolished pewter, two unburnt tapers, — square, candy-red, and with a wick of gold, — and a gilt-encrusted foreign clock with its dial roguishly painted in pink and blue hearts, flowers, and cupids.

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My observations were interrupted by the manager of the hong, who came bowing himself into the room. With a flourish of skirts he sat on the kang. There followed the customary 'polite talk,' the 'guest breath,' which must preface every business transaction. Douglas and the interpreter explained their own and my dishonorable names; our absolutely worthless homeland; from what place we had just come; what company we were connected with; our ages; the number of our sons (Not married? Amazement!); how long we had been in such a (they insisted) despicable country as China (Only two years? *Oy-yah!* Our Chinese was perfection itself — almost like a native's!); whether Mukden bank notes were going up or down; and how much we regretted being unable to accept their most courteous invitation to feast that night.

Here the servants entered with bowls of tea, cans of cigarettes, a smouldering paper slow match, and one brass water pipe. I accepted the tea, but turned down the doubtful pleasures of the pipe. By now the room contained four or five clerks and assistants and three shipmen wearing peaked yellow hats of plaited straw. Beneath their brims were faces brown as iodine. Behind these lookers-on the bamboo door curtain flickered every thirty seconds as someone passing, and overcome by curiosity but having no right to enter the room, lifted the screening to stare in for a moment at the foreigners.

At this point the manager, having first drunk some tea in a manner that was neither sip nor inundation, but some succulent in-between, took the water pipe from a servant. It guggled like a racing coffee percolator and filled the lungs of the smoker. He handed it back to the servant, belched out a cloud of smoke like a volcano in a tantrum, and flipped open his fan.

'This,' said Douglas to me, 'means that the battle is on. You'd better settle yourself for a long siege. We may have to stay the night.'

This prediction surprised me. As these preliminaries had taken almost an hour, the opening of negotiations would, I had imagined, mean a quick settlement. Sublime was my optimism.

The hong manager snapped his fan shut with a ripple of stiff paper folds and a final *clack* at the end. Perhaps we, the foreign gentlemen, had come on some business of some kind? A junk. Ah, ah, ah — yes, a junk. It was a very bad time for hiring junks now. A very bad time. Junks were very scarce and in constant demand. The military had been seizing them to transport soldiers and millet. Perhaps the foreign gentlemen wished a junk to make a trip in on the sea. They did? Ah, ah, ah — he had thought so all the time. Perhaps they wished to sail to the north? Oh, no, to the south — *hao, hao, hao,* that was good, too. To the little towns — Chuangho, Takoushan, to finish at Dairen. Ah yes, he knew them well. It was a dangerous trip to the south. The tides were *li hai teh hên,* very terrible. And the winds — *oy-yah!* The winds along that coast were like a buffet from one's godmother's fist. And it was the beginning of the storm season now. Several junks had been driven way out of their course only last week.

Thrrr — the fan, like a pack of cards. *Snap* — it had shut. *Thrrr, snap, thrrr, snap, thrrr.* A gentle creaking while it was used for fanning.

I became fascinated watching it. The hong manager went on, gesticulating, smiling always. I thought, 'What a fat, jolly, laughing Buddha! How absolutely different from the inscrutable Oriental of books!'

The foreign gentlemen, he went on, might wish a small junk or perhaps one

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which was not small. Fairly large? Ah, *hao, hao, hao.* The price? H'm — the price — no need to worry about the price. That would be reasonable. (The ribs of the fan snapped shut against each other as one claps together a row of books stacked loose between book-ends.) The price would be twenty-five dollars a day.

'Tell him,' Douglas said, 'nothing doing on this by-the-day business. We'll never get back for Thanksgiving if we pay money by the day. How much for the trip?' The interpreter translated. The manager smiled from the kang.

By the trip? Oh, *pu, pu, pu, pu, pu!* Impossible! *Pu hsin!* Impossible. How can one know the winds, the strength of the tides? We might be blown all the way in six days, but we might have evil winds and our trip differ not much from twenty to thirty days. By the trip? Quite impossible.

'Tell him,' said Douglas, 'to pipe down on these horrors of the sea and to give us a price for the trip, and to be quick about it.'

'The foreign gentlemen,' translated the interpreter, 'much appreciate your forewarning them of all the perils of the heavens and the sea, but they believe that Heaven will favor them with a fair breeze. Perhaps you, sir, would consider telling them what a fair price would be for the trip if by any chance you should waive your prejudices.'

The fan tapped the grass mat of the kang.

'For the trip. *Hao* — *hao* — h'm — h'm'm. I will speak in one last word — three hundred and fifty dollars.'

'Tell him he's got us all wrong,' Douglas instructed. 'We want to *hire* his junk — not buy it.'

'The foreign gentleman wishes to suggest that possibly you, sir, have overestimated the expenses and asked a price too high,' said the interpreter, following Douglas's instructions.

Ah, *pu shih, pu shih* — there is no mistake. He would not think of overestimating for foreigners. He had given them a special consideration! May his grandmother be ashamed of him if he has not spoken fairly. But the *other* way — so much for each day — is cheaper, then? That is very good. Perhaps, with good wind — only *four* days — quite possible. For emphasis he spit on the floor. It was not an ineffectual emphasis, but the act of a professional.

'*No!*' from Douglas. 'Tell him *nothing doing, absolutely.* Tell him our clothes would wear out before we got back. Tell him to come down out of the crosstrees and stow that by-the-day business. Trip or nothing!'

'The foreign gentleman says that he knows your junks are very fine, in fact the best on the water front, and that, as you say, they might make the journey even in four days; but he must hire a boat by the trip, for that is his custom,' the interpreter translated with as close an accuracy as the two races are usually capable of.

While the hong manager ran over several score of reasons why a junk could not be hired except by the day, I once more glanced at my watch. Another hour had almost passed.

The servants circulated again with fresh tea from galvanized iron watering pots, and a new can of cigarettes. I noted that the crowd looking on had been increased to seventeen. They stood to one side, void of expression, wooden as mannequins.

'Tell him,' I heard Douglas urging, 'that we will give him seventy dollars for the trip. It took twelve days last year. If we get in under twelve days, they still keep the whole seventy dollars. For any time over we'll give seven dollars a day up to the fifteenth

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day — after that they're out of luck.' The interpreter translated. The crowd of listeners smiled, indulgently, as one smiles at a foolish child. The hong manager looked pityingly at the poor foreigners.

'*Pu hsin*,' he said, and gargled his tea. Douglas got up from his chair as if to go.

'Tell him, Mr. Huang, that we will give him ninety dollars for the trip for twelve days or under, and seven dollars a day extra up to fifteen days. That's our last price.' The interpreter repeated the figures.

The manager believed that he might consider that. As it was absolutely impossible to figure without an abacus, a servant was sent out to get one. He returned immediately with two. This calculator, I had discovered before, was the only thing in China quickly procurable. I hoped it meant the end.

The abacuses clicked, the mumbling of the manager and an assistant following in undertone, like bees doing their sums. At the end of several minutes the manager announced that he thought the offer might do, but that before clinching the bargain he would have to interview the captain. A servant went out in search of him. We smoked, drank tea, talked a little. After half an hour the servant returned with the captain at his heels.

The captain, from under his peaked Tatar hat, grieved exceedingly, — 'ate much bitterness' was how he expressed it, — but the crew refused to man the ship with foreigners aboard. They might bring bad luck. The hong manager sighed resignedly and waved his fan.

I looked at my watch. Another forty-five minutes had passed. I was being tired by that gnawing fatigue which seems to attack Occidentals when they find inactivity forced upon them for any length of time. The Westerner, I philosophized, cannot wait. For the Oriental, time itself delays. The chair had made my back ache; the air about me smelled dank and stale like a garment that has been slept in. How much longer? I dared not estimate.

'I'll settle the crew,' Douglas said to me. 'Lesson number one in Chinese psychology: destruction of fear and casting out of superstitions. Just watch.' He turned to the interpreter. 'Tell Captain Blood, here, that if the crew is a good crew they will all get a tip, a cumshaw, at the end. — Now watch!'

The captain grunted. He said that he would have to confer with all five of the men. He left the hong. In three minutes he was back. The crew, he said, thought they could overlook their scruples. They would sail.

After that the disposition of the money had to be haggled over. How much deposit now? How much paid to the men during the trip? To whom? By whom? By the day? By the week? What amount each day? In case the trip lasted fifteen days, how much, and how, and to whom at the end? When half an hour had been consumed straightening out the matter of payments, the manager threw the whole bargain into another barbed-wire entanglement out of which I — with an inward groan — saw plainly that there was no means of extrication.

The money, he mentioned in passing, was to be paid in big dollars silver.

'Mukden paper notes, naturally,' Douglas said. 'That's their local currency. Holy cats! What's the matter with these birds? We can't stay here forever. Why don't they ask for United States gold?' Arrangements came to an impasse. They all argued at once. Douglas blurted forth Chinese, volubly; bizarre-sounding Chinese — fanfares of it, like ineffectual Roman

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candles. When the talk had finally spent itself, he compromised again.

'Tell this old bean pot,' he instructed the interpreter, 'that he knows we meant Mukden notes, and he did too, and we know he did; but that because I have a particular affection for him I'll offer this extra inducement: if the trip down is a success, I'll give him Socony cargo to bring back, *if* there is any in Dairen.'

The manager, satisfied, smiled blandly and panted a string of '*Hao, hao, hao, hao, hao, hao.*' Douglas got out his money to pay down the deposit. At last, I sighed, everything was settled. I stretched my suffering limbs. My watch had ticked off four hours and twenty-five minutes since we had entered the hong. Twenty-nine spectators — all eyes converging to a point on the money then changing hands — crowded the end of the room. The manager spoke again.

'Junk can be all ready for you without fail in five days,' he assured. Douglas stopped counting the silver. He had heard.

'My God!' he ejaculated with Scotch wrath. 'We want to sail *to-night!*'

At that the manager was terribly broken up. He could hardly talk — very much. How had he known? The gentlemen had not mentioned when. (In sooth we had not!) He could understand no reason for the hurry — the sea was always there. Unfortunately there would be no junks for five days. All those not engaged were being completely overhauled. The only way to sail so soon would be to get many men working on one junk; but that might be impossible, and would probably cost the foreign gentlemen more money — not much, of course.

'Well, I'll be damned!' Douglas sputtered. 'Now you tell this old Semite that he will accept the terms agreed on and get me a junk to sail by nine o'clock to-night. If not, I go now to another hong.'

Like a fat goose the manager waddled down off the kang. Regrets spilled out of him like bonbons out of a box. But he could do nothing. To-night was hopeless, without a special charge. Too bad, too bad! He escorted us to the door. He bowed low. Until we met again, we should 'go slowly.'

We left the door and walked away.

'My God,' I groaned. 'Almost five hours. That's the worst I've ever struck. You don't mean to say that we've got to go through that again?'

'Don't get excited, lad. "Go slowly," you know.'

We plodded down the roadway, silent.

A hundred yards from the hong a servant came running to overtake us.

'He says,' the interpreter explained, 'please come back. To-night they have perhaps found a way to get one.'

We returned. The manager was all smiles and bows and a perfect *put-put* of *hao, hao, hao.*

'Well, old motor boat,' said Douglas, 'what's the dope? What explanation does he have, Mr. Huang? A new junk just came in after we left this place, eh?'

We paid the deposit; waited while each silver dollar was tested for its ring.

'Is it like this every time?' I asked.

'Yes, lad,' Douglas sighed wearily. 'Every time. The mysterious old Orient, you know.'

II

That night we went blithely aboard with provisions, our camp cots, a mattress for sleeping on the deck when the weather was calm (Douglas's idea), the interpreter, and, to act as cook, the boy.

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In daylight a Manchurian junk is strange to behold, but that night in lantern shine, hemmed in by scores of others just like itself, it was distorted into shapes more grotesque than any phantasy. When the lantern sent the shadows rioting about the deck, our craft might have been any kind to which keel was ever laid — a galleon from Cadiz, a Barbary slaver, an ancient trireme fished up off Samothrace.

We were both, I think, aware of its fascination. We glared at the painted eyes on the prows moored near us, listened to the soft-lipped tide whispering about the black hulls, and yearned to cast off for the open sea.

'Boy,' Douglas instructed, 'you tell the *lao-ta* we go now.'

The skipper, however, seeing no cause for hurry, declared that we could not leave till the tide turned at dawn.

'You see,' Douglas jeered, 'these landlubbers have to have the daylight. My viking ancestors used to refuse to sail out of Stavanger unless it was nighttime and no stars. Daylight was too easy.'

'Mine too,' I assisted. 'My freebooting progenitor from the fjords would only sail out during thunderstorms, and then he used to back out — stern on — just to show his seamanship. I hope *we* have a little dirty weather.'

The morning found us with a fair wind, coasting down the Gulf of Liaotung. Above us the bamboo ribs of the lugger sail were creaking gently as they rubbed against the mast. Green water was slipping like jade beneath the hull; and astern the soft hiss of the wake's foaming sounded silken and sibilant, like fast-falling snow.

The boy brought that luxury of the Orient — morning tea. We looked at our watches and then at each other. It was seven-thirty. We, eager seamen, had slept through all the din of embarking.

That day and the next there was nothing to do but to get sunburnt. We went at this with ferocity. When we lay down to sleep at night, we did so with whimperings, for the touch of clothing clawed like a Nessus shirt.

On these first two days many junks passed us by and all drew close to question the crew. Names? Where from? Going where? Cargo? Oh, foreigners! It was interesting to note that of all the ships which passed our own not a single one ever varied its questions. They were as stereotyped as a catechism. And always importantly at the end were the two obsessions of Chinese life — food, money.

Of the crews of these passing ships we obtained only a distant view, but a few days later we had an opportunity to study them at closer range — and they us. On that day we headed for an estuary and ran in against the ebbing tide. Our junk anchored alongside of six others; and while we delayed to eat lunch before going up the river to the town, the tide slipped out and left all seven junks lying like harpooned whales on a plain of slime. With ticking claws armies of invisible crabs sidled over pock-marked acres of mud to forage for food. Douglas threw an empty tin can, whereupon a million creatures leaped back to their homes, and the earth shuddered. It was the prodigality of throwing away that can which brought us an audience.

To forage for other cans, or, at least, for new sensations, the crews of the other six junks clambered over the decks and came to squat in a ring about us — these two strange barbarians from the lands of the West! Fascinated, they followed our every move.

'Look, look! He eats a bean.'

The others took up this discovery

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and handed it around much like the button in the game of 'Who's got the button?'

'A bean.'

'A bean.'

'Indeed, a bean!' cried they all.

'Now, eats bread. You look, it is bread.'

'Yes, yes, bread.'

'Bread.'

'You are not wrong, it is bread that he eats.'

'Look,' said the spokesman, 'that is salt. See, salt — and he's eating it.'

'Salt.'

'Salt.'

'Salt.'

'Salt!' cried all the crowd excitedly.

Some hours after our performance with knife and fork was over and the cheering had died away, the returning tide having floated the ships again, the crew made ready the sampan.

It was a typical tidewater Manchurian town, its ochre-colored streets drowned in sunlight and thronged with blue-clad coolies. Farmers from the interior jolted by, seated cross-legged in their thumping northern carts. Under tentlike white awnings hawkers of sandals and shears, of opium pipes and cotton socks, venders of medicine, seers of the future, magicians, mimers, dentists, yawped their wares. Occasionally a silent Korean strayed by, his baggy clothes white, his hat black, like a gauze flytrap set upon his hair. Birdmen screeched that they had falcons for sale, and others larks from Mongolia, perched on sticks and tied by the toe with a string. In all the din their throats trilled with song. Hammock-backed pigs squealed at a foot thumped on their ribs, asses brayed, and pariah dogs — having slept too long in the middle of the street — kiyied at the nip of a cart wheel. About the red-jellyfish market the sunlight hummed with the oaths and prayers attendant on bargaining in the East.

Just north of here we found the Socony agent's shop, where a counter ran the length of the dirt floor, and where above the counter ranged shelves of calico and cheap printed cottons, and beside it, next the opposite wall, a round bin of millet seed. A corpulent person, stripped to the waist, leaned with his stomach grooved against the counter. As the day was warm, with the fan in his hand he cooled his armpits. When we asked for the proprietor, he grinned accommodatingly and confessed that it was he whom we looked upon.

We were led into the inevitable back room, with its inescapable kang, ancestor tablet, paper flowers, and that harridan of horologes — the foreign clock. After thirty minutes of weather talk, Douglas revealed his nationality by instructing the interpreter to 'tell him to cut out the bull and get out the books.' But these were only produced half an hour later, and only after the proprietor had declared that Douglas and I spoke Chinese like a native.

When questioned as to how much oil he had sold that year, the agent stated that the amount 'differed not much' from the year before. On being pressed, he elaborated by saying that it might be a little less or a little more. Anything more accurate was unobtainable. He had sounded the chord which we should hear for two weeks throughout the trip.

After two hours over accounts, we proceeded to the godown. It was a long shed with earthen walls, stacked to the roof with tins of oil — the whole place smelling like a garage and ten times as hot. We counted the rows of wooden cases up and down, along, to the side. We removed a whole section right through the middle to see that the centre was not hollow. And the results

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showed that of Tiger Brand, Brilliant, and Eagle there were not too few but too many.

'This,' Douglas explained, 'is the native agent's favorite dodge. You see, he has reported half this oil to the company as sold. It's neither sold nor paid for. This bird thought that Mukden notes were going to decrease in value. So he speculates that the company will raise the price of oil. Then he can sell at the new price and pocket the difference. Of course this is against the company rules and against his agreement with us. But as an inspector comes to this town only once a year the agent can afford to take a chance. These birds are clever.'

The epilogue to our visit offered me even more amusement. Douglas sought out the agent for the Asiatic Petroleum Company and after him the Texaco man. As with the Socony agent, he asked each about his business and to see his record of sales. There was no objection to this request.

'Strange business methods here,' I commented.

'Not at all,' Douglas said. 'The A. P. C. and Texaco will be allowed by our own agent to see our books, just the same. Convenient, is n't it? The mysterious old Orient, you know.'

III

And then one night toward the end of the trip we got our storm.

The junk was heading out to sea, intending to round a headland off our starboard bow and, on the lee side, anchor for the night. Darkness was shutting in, and as we looked ahead a beacon just beyond the end of the cliffs began to wink its light.

The sky darkened astern and clouds hanging low over the water shook out a sullen indigo darkness over all the sea. The wind, which had been from off our starboard side, died suddenly, like a bird shot on the wing; and the junk, wallowing in the smooth swell, lay with slack sail in water more glasslike than the Everglades. I looked again astern. Herded denser than black bulls the on-coming clouds were stampeding the sky.

'I think, Leif,' Douglas commented, looking sternward, 'that we are in for a bit of a blow.'

'I rather suspected that myself,' I said. 'I hope it's worth while. None of these zephyrs for me. My viking blood —' I was interrupted. The water ruffled into scallops like gray fur blown backward. A single puff of wind — like a gust from a suddenly opened door — struck the sea. It heaved the junk forward, and with such power that it seemed to lift her as though a gigantic hand had grasped her keel. Then, as if the door whence the wind came had been slammed shut, the sea became once more as smooth as marble. We looked at each other questioningly.

The lao-ta came forward and spoke with the interpreter, who informed us that the skipper wished to borrow one of our fowls. We had brought five on board with us to be sure of fresh meat. There were two left, hiding in the bow under a coil of rope.

'The captain,' said the interpreter, 'thinks that a bad storm comes. He wants one chicken, to do sacrifice.'

'Let's let him have it,' Douglas said. 'It will be worth seeing. This, you know, is often called the twentieth century.' He turned to Mr. Huang.

'If he's certain it will do good, all right. He's sure, eh?'

'Yes, all the crew think so. Funny people,' said Mr. Huang, who spoke disparagingly of all such foolishness and wore foreign clothes. With that he disappeared into the hold.

The lao-ta silently wrung a chicken's

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neck, and then went below. He returned in a few minutes with the chicken featherless, with a box of matches (made in Sweden), an incense stone, a fistful of joss, and with a bare knife stuck in his girdle. Going forward to the very front of the bow, he knelt down, struck a match, shielded it in his long gown from the rising wind, and applied to the flame a stick of joss. Presently, when the tip smouldered, he stuck the other end in the incense stone. Smoke swirled in a blue thread out on the wind. The lao-ta, on his knees, bumped his forehead nine times to the deck. With that he took the knife from his belt. Across the tightly bent neck of the fowl he drew the blade once. A red gash followed it, and from the yellow skin drops of scarlet dripped on the deck. With the neck bent back to open the wound, he then moved about the forward end of the ship, smearing all parts with bright crimson daubs of blood.

Returning to the joss, he kowtowed again, and thereupon sliced off the comb of the chicken, its wattles, and its toes. The eyes and the tongue he plucked out with the knife point. These appendages of our fowl he cast into the sea, bowing three times as he threw each one. Having again bumped his head nine times, he then went aft, the chicken dangling from his thumb by its crop, and disappeared with it below.

We felt reassured after these precautions, but wondered about the ultimate fate of the hapless bird. That, mercifully, was shrouded from our eyes — although there were certain savors on the following day.

'But look!' Douglas cried, his eyes on another part of the ship. The five men of the crew took the junk's thirty-foot sweeps, laid them horizontally on props three feet above the soap-box deck, threw bamboo mattings over them, and then with rope lashed down the whole to iron rings on the sides of the deck. The top of the junk now resembled a long tent with steep sides, its ridgepole ranging the length of the ship. At the mainmast a loose corner of the matting allowed entrance for one person at a time, and probably, I foresaw, for the rain.

We decided to put our big mattress (Douglas's idea) under the matting and not to go below into the upper part of the hold. It would be breathless there and somewhat crowded because of the wood roaches. Then, too, it was our intention to enjoy the storm.

The wind hit us now from astern and seemed to increase with the quick acceleration of a falling body. As it was almost totally dark outside, we squeezed our way in by the mast and lay down on our mattress, put just under the matting roof. The place was cramped for room and we could sit up only by bowing our necks and shoulders. We smoked, and of storms we talked disparagingly.

The rain came along with the wind and beat on the matting in drops heavy like mercury. We lay reveling in our snug quarters; but in half an hour the wind had mounted to such a frenzy that I, for one, was beginning to wonder whether we had not been foolish to ship aboard what was probably an old and rotten hulk. I heard the seas begin to tumble over the port bow and knew that the deck three feet below us was awash. With every lift of the bow the surges hammered against the sides with staggering blows. At each wave the hull through all its length shuddered sickeningly. This endless, forever ceaseless, constantly recurrent pounding, pounding, pounding, would in time, I suspected, wear down my nerves.

We lay in the dark trying to keep from rolling from side to side, yelling

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at each other in an attempt to outhowl the wind.

'If the crew were all vikings,' Douglas shouted, 'I'd order them to sail her out to the open sea.' We both laughed at this idea.

'Where do you think we're heading for?' I asked. 'Trying to get round that light on the point? Rocks there. Cliffs. Want to make the open sea, where there's lots of room.'

'Sure! We'll be picked up somewhere by an Empress boat — castaways.' We laughed.

'Write a book,' I suggested. We laughed — loudly, that each might hear.

'Don't suppose this old tub has any open seams, do you?' — from Douglas.

'Don't know,' I said; 'just heard a slight gurgle below. Probably means a leak. Hate to have to order the crew below to caulk up. Tough on the boys. They'd die of fright.' We laughed — about equally — at the scene thus suggested.

'Say,' Douglas shouted, 'that mast is expressing itself, is n't it?'

The mast was groaning and craunching as if it would tear itself loose from its socket. The noise produced a chill tingling up and down my spine. Sudden weakness attacked the muscles of my thighs, and I thanked all the gods of the sea that I had no need to stand up. My legs, I suspected, would flutter under me. At another plunge of the ship the noise increased. The wind and the sea, it appeared, were using the mast like a pestle, grinding it around below us there in the bowels of the ship. In the open above, it must be bending like a whip. Secretly, I wondered how any wood could stand such a strain.

'Be great,' I suggested to reassure Douglas, 'if the mast went by the board.'

'Yeah,' he yelled; 'but if it does, hope she does n't splinter. I'd dislike to be impaled.' We laughed — loudly — at this droll idea.

For a few moments we lay still, saying nothing, listening to the concussion of those tons of water against the bow — *boong . . . boong . . . boong.*

The ship rocked on her side and rolled us in a heap to starboard.

'Hey,' roared Douglas, 'take your knee out of my face, will you!' We disentangled ourselves, laughing.

'I just happened to remember an interesting fact,' Douglas shouted. 'The company report from last year mentioned twelve native junks wrecked with loss of oil and ten men just off this shore last August. Just about this date, I think.' We laughed at this, too.

'If we do have to leave the ship — on a spar — get marooned, you know — what'll we take — can of beans or asparagus?'

'Asparagus — lash them together — make a raft — hey!'

The ship heeled sharply over, rolled us to one side, and dumped us down like apples out of a barrel. Before we could collect ourselves the return roll had spilled us in the other direction. I became somehow mixed up with something soft and heavy. Douglas on top of me! From somewhere in the darkness his voice yelled, 'Hey! Get off me!'

'I'm not on you — you're on me!'

The ship, without warning, pitched. We were flung together and in some way our heads cracked one against the other. For a moment we were stunned, and then at the top of our lungs we yelled, both at once and wrathfully, '*Ouch! Hey!* What's the idea?'

'Well, what's your idea? Trying to brain me?'

'Don't be such a funny man,' I snarled. 'Get off.'

'I'm not on you.'

'Well, something is.'

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'Something's on me, too. Where's the mattress?' We groped in the floundering darkness. A sudden drop of the ship must have up-ended the mattress and then rolled us under. It was on top of both of us.

We started out to get it under us again, but the ship by this time seemed to be sitting back on its haunches like a trick dog. It was only a matter of time, we believed, when it would fall over backward. In rearranging the mattress it was impossible to sit up in any way without striking one's head. Arched on our backs, propped on an elbow, groveling on our stomachs, we tugged at that invisible bulk. It had swollen since yesterday. It had thirty-two corners to it, all designed to catch against something. It was around us, over us, between us. Half the time we were tugging against each other. Cooped up in the blackness of that tunnel-like space, we toiled like two moles trying to move a bank safe.

The ship slung us again to one side, loosening our grip on the mattress. I landed abruptly but painlessly against something soft and yielding. Douglas let out a sudden '*Uggh!*' and immediately afterward a string of blasphemies from the bottom of his soul.

'What's the idea? First you try to dash out my brains, and then you knee me in the pit of the stomach. Be *careful*, will you?'

Words like this, I thought, were a breach of friendship. I felt too injured by them to answer. We lay there in silence, listening to the mast protesting. If that mast had a soul, I reflected, it was certainly at that moment being rived upon the burning spits of Hell.

Quite unexpectedly Douglas's spirits seemed to have revived. He began to talk again.

'I'm awfully sorry for the interpreter and the boy,' he said. 'Bet they're sick.'

'Yeah — landlubbers.'

'Crew's probably sick, too,' he commiserated. 'Just for fun, think I'll take a look outside. See if there is any sign of them.' He warped himself toward the mast.

After a while I heard him return, inching himself along.

'Any sign of the crew?' I taunted.

'No' — wanly.

'Well, you stayed quite a while.'

'I like to be outside in rough weather.'

A crash of water drowned further words. The ship seemed to poise on the pinnacle of something, to waver dizzily, to shudder into the depths. I felt her every quiver through every fibre of my frame. Mutely I squirmed to the mast, poked out my head. The blackness was full of stinging pellets of rain. The air — great gulps of it — was good. Some minutes later I returned.

'Been for a little promenade?' — from Douglas, scornfully.

'I wanted to see if the mast light was lit. Dangerous without it.'

'Well, there is one thing worse than a man who is seasick, and that is one who is and won't admit it. But of course these guys with no viking — ' He hitched himself toward the mast. I followed him, eager to get there first. We remained a little while, each one occupied with his own affairs.

And then through blurry eyes we looked around us in bewilderment. We had sailed into another world.

I had seen phosphorus before — furring the prows of a liner dipping through Hawaiian seas; but that was like a watch crystal compared to this. The raindrops struck the sea in dancing sparks, and the leagues of black water became lit with a trillion twinkling lights. Spindrift from the comber crests swept down the air in gusts like opalescent snow. The tall surges breaking and crumbling under their own

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weight of foaming water were long, gleaming reaches of ghostly light — comets with swishing, serpentine tails rushing wind-driven through the tumbling stars. It was as though the universe had been upturned and we — these two mortals — were being tossed about by the winds of heaven among the star-swarming skies. We had almost forgotten the ship and the storm when a wave of salt water caught us in the face and drenched us through. We drew back, closing the flap of the matting after us.

'Wonderful, eh?' Douglas's teeth chattered. 'Too bad we can't appreciate it more.'

'Yes,' I yelled; 'like to look at it in a nice warm living room.'

The rain and spray had long since begun to leak through our mattings. I was shivering with the cold as we lay down again on the sodden mattress.

'Getting fed up,' Douglas confessed, his pride at low ebb. 'Wonder what's the time?'

There crept into my mind the thought that the storm might be more serious than we would admit. We had no means of knowing. Even now we might be being driven far out to sea. The junk was undoubtedly only an old leaky hulk. She might founder any minute and go down. Such a small craft would go quickly. I wondered just how many minutes it would take. But what did it matter? We could n't get out in time, anyway. We were lashed in like slaves in a drowning galley. Still, in the darkness, the groan of the mast. The crash of the seas over the bow. The spray, still, like whips above our heads. Beneath us that mattress, sodden, icy cold. Would morning *ever* come?

Each of us saw the face of the other — a corpse-gray mask, black holes for the eyes and mouth. We knew that the light had come. Douglas said: —

'I hand it to the boys. They're not as good as our viking ancestors, but they're second. They've stuck to the old bathtub all the night. They're sailormen, all.'

'Yes,' I said, without much enthusiasm.

We found the light little cheer. For me the long imprisonment weighed on my spirits like black despair. Suddenly Douglas spoke what were almost my identical thoughts.

'I don't know about you, but I'm going to get out of this hole even if I'm washed overboard. Primal fear of imprisonment, confining of movement, and all that. Psychological fact. My nerves are in the raw.' He crawled to the mast, stuck his head out, and then stood up. I lay debating whether to follow him. The wind slackened a bit, and I heard him call.

'Come on out! Come on out! It's great. Your viking blood will revel in it. Come on out — I want you to see what a good crew we have, and what a devil of a fine sailor *you* are.'

At the mast we stood holding on to a halyard apiece, bracing ourselves against the pitching of the ship. There was no one but ourselves abroad. Not a person to man the ship. For a fraction of a second I wondered if the crew had been all washed overboard, and then the truth broke upon me. I looked at Douglas. He was grinning sheepishly.

The skipper and the crew had slept below the whole time. Our junk had been anchored all the night. With four anchors down — we counted them — we had been riding out the storm.

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THE BOUNDS OF DECENCY

BY ROBERT LYND

I

THERE is nothing in which taste changes more than in the matter of propriety. It seems incredible to us today that even so innocent an author as Charles Lamb was once driven to complain: 'I have lived to grow into an indecent character.' Not only, indeed, had he been told that *Rosamund Gray* was indelicate, but his sonnet, 'The Gypsy's Malison,' was declined by the *Germ* on the ground that it would 'shock all mothers.' It was on the rejection of this sonnet that Lamb exclaimed in comic disgust: 'Damn the age! I will write for antiquity!'

Obviously the capacity for being shocked varies, not only from age to age, but from person to person. There is, we may be sure, always an editor of the *Germ* alive, who needs no Rabelais or Whitman to bring the blush of startled innocence to his cheek. On the other hand it would be a mistake to think that the capacity for being shocked is a mark of the lower orders of intelligence. Men of genius have suffered the pangs of outraged propriety as have their fellows. We are accustomed, partly because of its fiction, to regard the middle of the eighteenth century as a time of comparative license of speech, but it was in that easy age that Oliver Goldsmith wrote for the *Public Ledger* his paper entitled 'The Absurd Taste for Obscene and Pert Novels, such as *Tristram Shandy*, Ridiculed.' 'A bawdy blockhead,' wrote Goldsmith in this essay, 'often passes for a fellow of smart parts and pretensions,' and he added: —

> A prurient jest has always been found to give most pleasure to a few very old gentlemen, who, being in some measure dead to other sensations, feel the force of allusion with double force on the organs of risibility.
>
> The author who writes in this manner is generally sure, therefore, of having the very old and the impotent among his admirers; for these he may properly be said to write, and from these he ought to expect his reward; his works being often a very proper succedaneum to cantharides, or an asafœtida pill.

An interesting problem in the psychology of decency is raised by the fact that Sterne himself does not seem to have realized that there were any just grounds for attacks on his book on the score of impropriety. He was genuinely hurt by the suggestion that *Tristram Shandy* was a book that no clergyman ought to have written, and we need not doubt too gravely his sincerity in protesting, like Rabelais, that his chief object in writing was 'the hopes of doing the world good.' Authors accused of scandal are all but unanimous in offering this defense, and of some we very reasonably suspect the good faith. But Sterne has left us evidence of the honesty of his contention in the letter in which, while at work on *Tristram Shandy*, he refers to his sixteen-year-old daughter and says: 'My Lydia helps to copy for me — and my wife knits and listens as I read her

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chapters.' We do not know whether Sterne allowed Lydia to copy out at random everything that he wrote, but we may presume from his readiness to associate her with *Tristram Shandy* that, far from acquiescing in Goldsmith's opinion that it was a bawdy book, he seriously regarded it as a book of humor suitable for schoolgirls and for clergymen in their leisure hours.

As for Goldsmith's criticism, it is chiefly interesting, not as the expression of a personal point of view, but because it is symptomatic of a centuries-old sense of decency and serves to remind us that, in spite of the outspokenness of certain of the novelists, the eighteenth century was as capable of being shocked by impropriety as was the age of Queen Victoria. Those who have the greatest scorn for the Victorian age speak at times as though it were the first period in history in which there was any demand for decorum in literature. Rebellious Victorians themselves sometimes imagined that they were living in such a prison of the conventions as had never existed before. Thackeray's outcry on the subject is famous. 'Since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried,' he lamented in the preface to *Pendennis*, 'no writer of fiction has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a MAN. We must drape him, and give him a certain conventional simper. Society will not tolerate the Natural in Art.' The proprieties existed, however, long before the reign of Queen Victoria, and were by no means confined, even in the most outspoken times, to the Puritans and the Jeremy Colliers.

We have only to glance casually through the records in order to discover that, though men have differed considerably as to where the bounds of decency are to be traced, they are usually agreed that the bounds of decency do somewhere exist. Even Mr. Pepys, whose own writings are in places so indecorous that an entirely unexpurgated edition of the *Diary* has never yet been published, was offended by the indecorousness of Dryden's play, *An Evening's Love, or The Mock Astrologer*, and, after seeing it, wrote in his diary: 'I saw this new play with my wife yesterday, and do not like it, it being very smutty.' Again, we find in his *Diary* the characteristic entry: 'To the Strand, to my book-seller's, and there bought an idle, rogueish French book, "L'escholle des Filles," which I have bought in plain binding, avoiding the buying of it better-bound, because I resolve, as soon as I have read it, to burn it, that it may not stand in the list of books, nor among them, to disgrace them, if it should be found.' Similarly Fielding, whose novels were once considered so indecent that they were withheld from general circulation in some Victorian libraries, was sufficient of a puritan in his turn to denounce Aristophanes and Rabelais for having made 'so wretched a use' of their talents, and to declare that the object of their works seemed to be 'to ridicule all sobriety, modesty, decency, virtue and religion out of the world.'

The further we prosecute the inquiry, the more inevitably we are forced to the conclusion that everybody is shocked by somebody or something. Swinburne shocked the Victorian age with the first series of *Poems and Ballads*, but he himself was shocked by some things in Shakespeare — sufficiently shocked, at least, to praise Dr. Bowdler for having expurgated the plays and made them fit reading for the young.

All this goes to prove that the sense of decency is no pallid and unnatural growth of a too respectable age, but is an eternal and universal part of human

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nature. It is like the sense of right and wrong: we may differ from age to age and from person to person as to what is right and what is wrong, but every sane human being recognizes a distinction between right and wrong, and there are certain things which he will condemn his neighbors and even himself for doing.

Morals may in some respects change with climate, but there is no climate without its standard of virtue. Pull down one moral standard, and you will find yourself compelled to set up another in its place. And some standard of decency is equally essential. We can no more live a full and free life without it than without morals or manners. In ordinary affairs we all accept this as obvious. We should regard it as indecent nowadays to go about with black finger nails, or to become verminous through abstinence from bathing, or to spit in a church. Most people would even look on it as indecent for a man to walk naked along the street. And there are a number of habits unnecessary to mention which create among civilized people universal disgust.

Even those who denounce the decencies in literature demand some kind of decency in the conduct of their friends. For everyone, be he ever so little fastidious, is capable of disgust. Disgust is merely the other side of good taste, and without it we should never have had civilization or the arts, nor could we continue to enjoy them.

II

This is so obvious that it would not be worth repeating if it were not for the fact that certain writers of our own time have made a virtue of being disgusting and their work has been praised by admirers as though it were extending the territories of literature. They go on the assumption that there is nothing that a man can do that is not fit to be written about, and that it is the business of the artist, not to make a selection of the facts of life for an imaginative purpose, but to guide his readers into every obscene nook and corner with a courageous indifference to everything that offends the senses, both physical and moral.

If literature were a chaotic catalogue of slimy and grimy things, and not an imaginative reconstruction of life in its most interesting aspects, there might be something to be said for this view. But literature depends on careful selection and omission as much as does the work of a good gardener. No good gardener will lead you to his beds and point out boastfully as his supreme achievement a wilderness of weeds, slugs, and leatherjackets. The ultimate test of literature is the quality of its flowers, or rather of its flowers and its fruits. And the greatest writers seem to have realized instinctively that these cannot be produced in perfection until the weeds, the slugs, and the leatherjackets have been to some extent eliminated. Homer is as instinctively decent as he is instinctively frank. Æschylus is food for boys in their teens. And you will find as a rule that the greater the classic is, the less it stands in need of expurgation 'virginibus puerisque,' and the less it suffers from such expurgation if this happens to be made. The more 'minor' the classic is, the more likely it is to be indecent. There is more indecency in Petronius than in all the plays of Molière.

It would be absurd, of course, to pretend that all the greatest writers have observed the decorum required in a Victorian drawing-room, or to deny that many of them have gayly transgressed the bounds of decency. Man is naturally Rabelaisian in his comedy,

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and the comic writers contain many a passage likely to shock an old-fashioned clergyman. Even in comedy, however, genius only came to flower as the result of an escape into comparative decency. Aristotle makes this point emphatically in the *Ethics*. 'There is a difference,' he says, 'between the jocularity of the gentleman and that of the vulgarian. . . . The difference may be seen by comparing the old and the modern comedies; the earlier dramatists found their fun in obscenity, the moderns prefer innuendo which marks a great advance in decorum.'

We need not pause to inquire what exactly Aristotle meant by 'innuendo,' — *hyponoia*, the word he used, is said by the scholarly not to convey the unpleasant shade of meaning that 'innuendo' conveys to the modern reader, — but it is clear that he regarded comedy as having grown to perfection as a result of its having broken free from its original obsession with obscenity. In this he may have intended to disparage the humor of Aristophanes in comparison with the more subtle humor of his successors; but it is equally true that, in the hands of Aristophanes, Greek comedy, which appears to have been the child and nursling of obscenity, escaped from its mother's obscene apron strings to roam freely over life, politics, and literature. The comedies of Aristophanes survive to-day, indeed, not because of their obscenity, though their obscenity is often extremely amusing, but because they contain so much more than obscenity — a comic vision of the world as a poet of genius saw it.

It is possible, however, to enjoy the great comic literature of the past in its frequently Fescennine license and yet to doubt whether we should gain as much as we should lose if we attempted to recover that license. Manners have changed, and what Aristophanes could say without offense to the citizens of Athens could not always be said without offense to the citizens of London or New York. It is not that we have got beyond Aristophanes in genius and virtue, but that the conventions of speech are different in America and in England from the conventions that were accepted in Athens, and that to-day the writers are addressing a mixed general audience such as, I imagine, did not exist in the ancient world.

No sensitive writer can fail to be conscious of his audience. In private life there are things that a man will say in the presence of men and that he would not say in the presence of children. Most of those who champion the artist's right to say anything and everything ignore the fact of this enlargement of the audience. But the little writer is likelier to ignore it than the great. Sir Walter Scott and even Dumas certainly acknowledged it, and claimed it as a virtue that they had respected the decencies in their writings; and Anthony Trollope, who is at last being generally admitted into the circle of the enduring writers, asks in his *Autobiography*, after referring to six of the leading nineteenth-century novelists: 'Can any one by search through the works of the six great English novelists I have named, find a scene, a passage, or a word that would teach a girl to be immodest, or a man to be dishonest?'

We may, if we please, dismiss all this as prudery and priggishness, but he would be a bold perverter of words who affixed the word 'prig' to authors at once so genial and so virile as Scott and Trollope. They were guilty, indeed, of nothing worse than good sense — the good sense to recognize the emergence of a great mixed audience and their responsibility to it.

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Literary manners have altered, however, not only as a result of the enlargement of the audience, — though that was bound to have an important effect on literature, — but as a result of changes in the manners and customs of everyday life. The increase of privacy, the improvement of sanitation, the growing custom of cleanliness both of habits and of the body, and the abolition of many gross usages, have resulted in making many things that once were the comic *contretemps* of ordinary life seem now merely offensive irrelevancies. Probably improved sanitation has had more influence on literary manners than anyone yet suspects. You will notice that what its enemies call prudery is most general in countries in which sanitation has made the greatest progress. If Rabelais were to return as an Englishman or an American to-day, he would probably find himself blushing like a Victorian girl at having made some of his own jokes. This is not to belittle the jokes of Rabelais, but merely to recognize that the manners and conventions that were the natural soil of many of those jokes no longer exist to-day.

Decency, it need hardly be said, belongs for the most part to the realm of manners rather than of morals. Sir Thomas More and Luther jested in a fashion that would be accounted indecent by modern conventions, but no intelligent man would think of making use of the fact as an argument against the excellence of their characters. It is true that Chaucer — if we accept the prayer at the end of 'The Parson's Tale' as genuine — prayed near his death for divine forgiveness for having written *The Canterbury Tales*, but, when he expressed his sorrow for having written 'many a song and many a lecherous lay,' it is likely that he was thinking of his narratives of love — 'endytings of worldly vanities' — at least as much as of the indecorous situations and speech in his comic poems. Certainly taste has changed to such a point that it is almost impossible to conceive a modern poet of genius who could write a poem in the happy, gross vein of 'The Miller's Tale.'

It is not that the moderns are either better men or better poets than Chaucer. It is simply that the genius of the age has changed its manners, and that manners that were natural in Chaucer's age would be artificial in this. Poetry, while it remains fundamentally the same, has altered its clothes, and it would be idle affectation to attempt to return to the ancient garments. Those who love Chaucer most would be the last people to think of adopting in their writings the manners of the fourteenth century.

And much the same is true of Rabelais. The greatest disciples of Rabelais who are writing to-day are as chaste in phrase as Louisa M. Alcott. We even find the modern Rabelaisian enthusiast solemnly discussing such things as the relation of Rabelais to Biblical studies! (This, I fancy, would have amused Rabelais.) If the genius of Rabelais has descended to any modern author, it is not to the tittering imitators of his grossness, but to such a writer as Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who, instead of copying the mud on Rabelais's shoes, has brought back the soul of Rabelais into a twentieth-century body of good prose.

This is not to pretend that the modern intelligent man in all his moods talks like a character in *Daisy in the Field*. But, as the proverb says, there is a time for everything, and no one, however much he may delight in sitting in Rabelais's easy-chair among his fellow Rabelaisians, would, unless he were a fool, make it a principle to force Rabelaisian conversation

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on a company in which the code of manners was opposed to it. After all, the chief object of comedy is to amuse and not merely to shock. If you are dining with Catholics, you do not indulge in ribald jests about the Pope. If you are dining with Christians of any creed, there are certain blasphemous levities of speech which, however much you may be inclined to them, you will avoid. It is all a matter of good manners, and in such things the sensitive — and all good artists are sensitive — find it easy to conform.

There is, of course, no clear line that can be permanently drawn between decency and indecency. One age may be so delicate that — though it is difficult to believe this — it will shrink from mentioning legs and will even speak of the 'limb' of a chicken. Another age will speak freely of every natural function. Every age probably tends either to an excess of refinement or to an excess of outspokenness. And the more extreme is the swing of the pendulum in one direction, the more extreme is the succeeding swing of the pendulum in the other. The only thing we can be sure of with regard to literature is that, in whatever direction the pendulum swings, great literature recovers and survives. Miss Austen is as sure of immortality as Rabelais, Charles Lamb as Montaigne, Dickens as Chaucer. No writer ever survived in the general love of mankind either because of his propriety or because of his impropriety. Sir Walter Raleigh once pointed out that there were many writers of Boccaccio's age who were more indecent than he, and that nevertheless they had been forgotten; and there are many writers to-day as decent as Charles Garvice, and they too will be forgotten.

Literature survives because of its morals rather than because of its manners — and by its morals I mean its fidelity to the author's vision of life, his sympathy with and understanding of his fellow creatures, and its service to an ideal that cannot be corrupted by money or applause, though the artist as much as any other man likes to have as much as possible of both. Talent is purchasable, but genius is not. There is no great book in literature which is not essentially the book of an honest man — a book of good faith. We realize this whether we are reading Mr. Pepys's secret confessions of his peccadilloes or the austere moralizings of Marcus Aurelius.

III

Even when we have accepted this fundamental truth of criticism, however, we have not yet settled the question whether, on the whole, literature gains from the taboos of decency or whether it is hampered and devitalized by them. There are critics who maintain that certain modern writers, in describing the progress of abnormal passions, have cultivated new and beautiful fields of literature in what was forbidden land to the Victorian novelists. They also regard Mr. James Joyce as having performed a service to truth in having dragged into the light of day thoughts and words that the ordinary adult man would not utter except in a delirium.

That, indeed, is the odd thing about the modern revolt against the old-fashioned notions of decency. It began in the nineteenth century as a kind of feverish religion, and, instead of being a defense of laughter against the laughterless, it nowadays invites the imagination into a sanctuary of gloom. It is not only serious: it is solemn. There is nothing Rabelaisian or hilarious about it. There are still, indeed, writers who treat the physical life of

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man in the ancient comic spirit, though without the ancient gusto; but one of the eminent characteristics of most of the modern adherents of 'outspoken' literature is their laughterless enthusiasm and devotional awe. It is as though they seriously believed that it had been left to them to make the grand discovery of sex, both in its normal and in its abnormal manifestations, for the first time — that their ancestors, while marrying and bringing up families, had remained completely ignorant of sex, either through stupidity or as a result of not having the courage to open their eyes and face the facts. Everything that Freud and the psychoanalysts announce about sex they regard as though it were a revelation from Heaven.

It is as if a new sun had arisen and disclosed continents unknown to Shakespeare and the writers of old time. Shakespeare did not know that Hamlet was in love with his mother and had been homicidally jealous of his father, but the young disciples of Freud know. Dickens, when he wrote *David Copperfield*, thought that Mr. Dick was only an innocent eccentric, but the Freudian knows, as a result of reading one of the latest books on psychoanalysis, that Mr. Dick was really a case of sexual aberration. I do not mean to suggest that psychoanalysis is the parent of all the earnestly sexual fiction of to-day, but undoubtedly it has loosed on the world a flood of crazy theories about sex that has swept a great many writers and readers into morasses that their ancestors instinctively avoided. It is important that psychologists and doctors should examine these theories carefully, sifting the true from the false, and giving the former its due and comparatively obscure place in the crowded paradox of human life. But I have never yet seen any association between psychoanalysis and literature that was not injurious to literature. This, indeed, is bound to be so, since, like any other theory that is carried too far, psychoanalysis is a bed of Procrustes into which men and women as we know them cannot be fitted without mutilation. We have only to look round among the people we know most intimately to realize that there is not one thing in a hundred that make them interesting human beings on which a psychoanalyst could throw the faintest glimmer of candlelight.

And the increasing absorption of novelists in the 'sexual' life of man is as likely to be barren in literary results. There is nothing that fascinates the curiosity, especially of the adolescent, more than sex, and there is no kind of curiosity that provides less food for the imagination. Here, perhaps, it is important to define one's terms. By curiosity about sex I mean curiosity, not about men and women and their tragic and comic relations, but about their animal functions. Obviously, in a broad sense, everybody must be curious about sex. In this sense the poet, the novelist, and the moralist, as well as the most ordinary man, must be profoundly interested in it. There is all the difference in the world, however, between the interest of Homer in Helen and the Peeping Tom curiosity of the adolescent. Homer did not look at life through puritanical eyes, but he saw that the interesting thing about Helen was not what some people nowadays call her 'sex life,' but was her beauty and the long train of tragedy and war that followed from Paris's love of her.

The great artists, like the great moralists, do not dwell on the descriptions of adultery, but on its consequences. Their theme is a man or a woman in the toils of destiny, and not the animal functions; and, if

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anyone replies that for some men and women the animal functions are themselves destiny, all one can say in reply is that the greatest writers have, in choosing their heroes and heroines, avoided characters of so limited an interest.

Take any of the great love stories of the world, — the story of Paris and Helen, of Antony and Cleopatra, of Tristram and Iseult, of Paolo and Francesca, — and everywhere you will find the story, not of a 'sex life,' but of the fate of a noble soul. Nowhere is there a description of commonplace sexual adventures. The lovers in all cases bear more resemblance to betrothed or married lovers on whom a doom has fallen than to the vaguely amorous nonentities who populate so many modern novels. The truth is, passion is interesting to the imagination only when it is more than physical passion and absorbs the whole being — when it is all but, in the ancient phrase, faithful unto death and for its sake there is no suffering too great to be endured.

Mr. George Moore once said that children are born of the marriage, stories of the adulterous, bed. It is an epigram that stops a long way short of the truth. Ordinary adultery has given us no great stories. It is the sufferings of lovers, their fidelity, and their desperate struggle in the hands of destiny, that fit them to be immortal figures in literature. The amours of uninteresting people are no more interesting in the world of the imagination than their meals or the symptoms of their illnesses. A writer cannot make an uninteresting person interesting in the literary sense merely by giving him a number of sexual adventures. One sexual adventure is very like another, and in the end even Paul Pry will complain of the monotony.

That is, I think, one of the surest safeguards against pornography. Normal intelligent people with any breadth of interest in life simply get tired of it. In comic pornography, indecency is a kind of *sauce piquante* which becomes infinitely wearisome as soon as we realize that the flavor is, as it is in nine cases out of ten, merely a means of concealing the flavorlessness of the wit and humor. In serious pornography it is a strong spice which as a rule is used to disguise the poor quality of the dish to which it is added. It is, to a large part of the present generation, something of a novelty in literature, and to many people it is still as exciting as a new dance or a new fashion in clothes. Let it become more general, however, and it will gradually seem as unattractive as if everybody were to give up washing or to take to going about with grimy hands and faces.

There is much the same argument for cleanliness of the mind as for cleanliness of the body. The plain fact is that most people, given the chance, enjoy being clean, and that they feel more comfortable in the company of people who are clean than in the company of people who are not. And, when once the habit of cleanliness had been established, no one would pay much attention to a man who argued: 'Greater ages than ours have been ages of dirt. Shakespeare never used a toothbrush: why should I? Villon was probably verminous: why should n't I be?' We should say to him, if we said anything, 'Can you imitate Shakespeare's genius, or only his teeth? Have you suffered like Villon and turned your sufferings into music like his, or do you forget that there were millions of verminous men in the Middle Ages, but only one Villon?'

There are some things, indeed, to which the world, if it remains reason-

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ably sane, will never go back. It will never abandon soap for vermin, and it will never return to the unsanitary conditions of Rabelais's day in literature any more than in ordinary life.

If there is a danger of the world's doing so, it lies, perhaps, in our making a fetish of cleanliness. Cleanliness is a convenience, as filth is an inconvenience, and it is chiefly that. Whoever said that it was next to godliness was neither a Christian nor a philosopher. A kind of negative cleanliness that becomes self-righteous as though it were a rival of the supreme virtues is scarcely less offensive than its opposite. Who would praise whited sepulchres, and who does not know that it is possible for a man to take a bath every morning and yet not to possess a single admirable quality? Similarly in literature there are hundreds of clean books that make the sensitive young impatient of cleanliness — books that are namby-pamby, empty-headed, empty-hearted falsifications. Imaginative readers are quick to detect the difference between truth and imposture, and they prefer the truth told grossly by Montaigne to shallow lies told by professional optimists.

At the same time, it is sometimes forgotten nowadays that truth is not merely an absence of reticence, and that a filthy lie is just as much a lie as a clean lie. The truth of the artist is widely different from the truth of the doctor or farmer or the man not engaged in the arts who looks at the world through the glasses of a particular trade or profession. The doctor, in his capacity of doctor, is bound to look on a human being largely as an assemblage of organs; and, if he were examining Julius Cæsar himself, it would be his duty to take more note of the condition of Cæsar's stomach than of Cæsar's conquests. His report would be the truth about Cæsar as the doctor professionally sees it, but Shakespeare can tell us infinitely greater truth about Cæsar, while ignoring what may be called the doctor's truth. Shakespeare knew perfectly well that Cæsar had a stomach, but he had no occasion to draw attention to it. Similarly, Wordsworth in his vision of the countryside ignores the manure that it would be criminal in a farmer cultivating his fields to forget. It is not that Wordsworth did not know about manure or that, in a conversation with a farmer, he would have shrunk from freely discussing the manuring of crops; but as a poet he was more interested in lambs and green linnets and daffodils.

Genius of any kind, whether in an art or in a profession or in a trade, is, it seems to me, largely the power to concentrate on relevant facts and to order them to a large purpose. Hence the writer of genius must give us a very much purified account of his vision of the world — an account purified, so far as it is possible, from everything irrelevant, whether it is decent or indecent. There are realists, on the other hand, who seem to think that, if only a fact is indecent, it ceases to be irrelevant. Incapable of delight, they find a perverted substitute for delight in disgust. It is true that, if it is their object to preach a gospel of disgust, their indecencies may be relevant to their propaganda; but in that case they must be content to be judged, not as artists, but as preachers of a gospel that seems to most people false.

I do not mean to suggest that it is impossible for a great writer to adhere to the gospel of disgust with life in general. But, if he cannot impart his vision of disgust in such a way as to afford more delight than disgust to his fellow creatures, his writings have no place in literature. The pessimism of Schopenhauer and Baudelaire,

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like the cynicism of La Rochefoucauld, is beautiful in its expression. The truth is, a writer of great intellect and imagination writes instinctively in obedience to certain laws of beauty which themselves overlap the ultimate laws of decency and of delight. We may regard his vision as evil and his creed as poisonous, and may believe that no man inspired by such a creed and vision has ever ascended to the highest peaks of literature; but, as we read his masterpieces, we have no sense of the dull tedium of disgust. It is the men of lesser talents — the men of half-genius and the men of no genius at all, but of abnormal vanity — who repel us with their deliberate indecorum. They are epicures of the unsavory — hosts who, in order to be original, dispense titbits of offal to their guests. They take pleasure in defiling life, and are scandalmongers about the soul and body of man.

IV

Writers, of course, like other men, are commonly inspired by mixed motives, and it is seldom that a writer's only motive is a passion for indecency. Some of the Restoration dramatists almost achieved this single-mindedness, and the general oblivion into which their works have fallen is the inevitable reward of the single-minded bore in literature. If a number of modern writers outrage the decencies, however, it is usually only in patches. Some of them are merely escaped puritans. They are so smug and so self-satisfied as they dabble in their mud pies that you think of them as cracked and crazy little Jack Horners. They have none of the generous joviality and superabundant spirits of the great outragers of the decencies. Their error is the result, not of an excess, but of a deficiency, of vitality. Other writers of the kind are, as Stevenson said of Zola, 'diseased anyway and black-hearted and fundamentally at enmity with joy.' We can love almost any author who enjoys life, or even any noble author who does not enjoy it, but an author who can give us nothing but prying and joyless excursions into mud is a predestined bore, and literature will have none of him.

It would, I admit, be as absurd as it would be unjust to speak of Zola and certain other writers who have shocked the respectable as though they were obscene and nothing more. Zola in some of his novels all but achieved greatness, and there are one or two living writers with comparable preoccupations to whom, one feels, the divine gift of genius was offered at their cradles. The question at issue is not whether Zola and those others are worthless writers, but whether they may not have lost vastly more than they have gained by refusing to recognize the ordinary taboos of decency. I for one am convinced that they have lost immeasurably.

The artist, after all, is a creator of life in its infinite variety. In him the whole range of human emotion is reborn for us. If he gives us disgust, it must be only as the shadow of our raptures. He takes us through child's play and April and sunshine, through friendship and love that challenges the grave and seems even in death to defeat it, through all the conflicts of ambition, greed, and noble disinterestedness, through laughter, tears, and the medicinal wisdom that makes laughter a release into charity, and tears a release into faith and hope, and so on finally to the calm sunset peace of Prospero.

If the artist is preoccupied with the indecent, he has not that free imagination out of which the greatest and

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most beautiful figures of literature have been born. He has become the slave of a fixed idea, and his imagination enjoys about as much liberty as the caged eagles on the Roman Capitol. If you want to see evidence of this, you have only to look at English lyric poetry. No Rochester, or man of Rochester's mood and mind, has ever soared to those heights to which Wordsworth and the great lyric poets have soared. I doubt, indeed, if a selection of the thousand greatest lyrics in the English language, made on purely æsthetic grounds, would contain half a dozen lyrics that would be gravely questioned on grounds of decency by a committee of bishops.

Much of the indecency of the present day, I fancy, is due to a feeling that the soil of literature is exhausted and that we can enrich it by digging deeper and working in the subsoil. Writers who take this view forget, unfortunately, that when you are digging a garden, while you are advised to dig deep, you are warned on no account to bring the subsoil to the surface. The subsoil is barren, and the great artists, if they refrained from bringing it to the surface, did so because they knew very well that nothing would grow in it. In ordinary life, if we buried the soil under the subsoil, we should find ourselves starving. Mr. Joyce seems to me to have buried the soil under the subsoil in *Ulysses*, and to have produced a vast waste in which the imagination starves.

There are things that Nature never meant us to drag into the light. Just as the gardener must dig down to the subsoil and break it up with his fork, so the artist may venture as deep as he will with his curiosity, but he must be careful to leave hidden what was meant to be hidden and to cultivate the same exuberant earth that was cultivated by the great artists before him. The instinct of shame and reticence, in spite of its many absurd manifestations, was implanted in him by Nature as a means of enabling him to distinguish between what was worth his doing and what was not. It goes deeper than superstition, though it has often been accompanied by superstition, and we owe to a hundred taboos our rise out of savagery, the progress of human society, and the development of the arts. For every great work of art is a masterpiece of suppression no less than of expression. Homer and Shakespeare knew a great deal about the animal life of man and the quagmires of the human imagination that they were not too great prudes but too great artists to put into writing.

V

As to where the bounds of decency are to be fixed, it is impossible to lay down an absolute rule. All we can be sure of is that decorum of one sort or another is as essential to the arts as it is to social life, and that without it the arts tend to sink into a monotony of triviality or feverishness. Rabelais and Sterne may be cited as witness on the other side, and undoubtedly the laws of decorum are looser in comic than in more solemn writing; but even of Rabelais Coleridge could say, as could be said of few of the supremely indecorous authors: 'I could write a treatise in praise of the moral elevation of Rabelais's work which would make the Church stare and the Conventicle groan, and yet would be truth and nothing but truth.'

To-day, however, it is, as I have suggested, not the comic writers, but the writers who never make a joke, who seem oftenest to transgress the bounds of decency; and it would be difficult to write a treatise in praise of their moral elevation.

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Some of them have imaginations that can scarcely rise above the physical side of sex, and any uninteresting nobody making love to any other uninteresting nobody is more fascinating to them than Helen on the walls of Troy or the agony of Lear beside the dead Cordelia. They are more interested in love affairs than in love, and, in opposition to the old Sunday-school tracts, write what might be described as Witches'-Sabbath-school tracts. They too, however, have their own reticence. They too, like Homer and Shakespeare, leave things out; they leave out, indeed, just those things that Shakespeare and Homer thought important. It is as though they were trying to construct novels from the refuse-heaps of the artists of the past. But, after all, if a novelist can move us neither to tears nor to laughter, it does not very much matter whether he is indecent or not, since he has already written his epitaph with his signature on the title-page. And, if he can move us to tears and laughter, we shall take him to our hearts, however he may offend the conventions of the hour.

If a defense of decency in literature is necessary, it is not in order to denounce this or that writer, but in order to keep alive in a generation of fluctuating thought and opinion a sense of the eternal values in the arts. Readers too easily allow themselves to be herded into opposing camps of puritans and antipuritans, and in the result we often find the antipuritans, in the heat and enthusiasm of battle, trying to foist upon us as a work of exalted genius some third-rate book that has very little merit except that it is likely to shock the pious. The puritans, to do them justice, are less concerned to prove that a book with the morals of which they agree is great literature. They are content to enjoy a bad book of a morally good kind in the same illiterate mood in which most of us enjoy detective stories.

On the whole, there seems to be no necessity to join either of the camps. Literature needs to be defended alike against the deadly decorum of the extreme puritans and the equally deadly indecorum of the extreme antipuritans. But that a profound and noble decorum is all but an essential of great modern literature I am convinced. It was not altogether by accident that the most decorous age in English history produced the greatest novelist in English literature — Charles Dickens.

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THE WRECK OF THE MEMPHIS

BY CAPTAIN K. C. McINTOSH

I

WHEN the United States ship Memphis crashed against the rocks of Santo Domingo, the catastrophe was too big for any one man to see in its entirety. My part in the event was small, but it is all I know. It is all I shall try to tell.

It was hot and sticky weather, a typical August afternoon in the Caribbean. Occasional light showers drifted across the roadstead and the ship swung easily in the long swell. I had intended making an inspection of the Castine's pay department that afternoon, but a troublesome error in the balance of my own clothing return kept me hunting for an elusive discrepancy of twenty cents until nearly three o'clock. By that time I was drowsy; and as I came on deck, to find the sun shining through a patter of big, plashing raindrops, I reflected that the afternoon was too far gone to make much of an inspection. My room was on the breezy side, and an air port twenty inches square opened by the head of my berth. I went below instead of going to the Castine.

There was a two-inch batten on the long bookshelf overhead to hold my books when the ship rolled. Nevertheless, I was aroused by the impact of a thick volume of Montaigne landing in the pit of my stomach. Still drowsy, I put the book back. Before it was fairly set on the shelf, six or seven volumes of *Decisions of the Comptroller* cascaded all around me. I was suddenly wide-awake. The ship had never rolled like that during my time on board.

Automatically I closed and dogged down my air port and pulled on my coat. Was there a hurricane making up? The log, kept in a desk on the quarter-deck, would show. As I started up the ladder to investigate, the engineer officer, Lieutenant Jones, ran into his room next mine, and I heard him call down the voice tube, 'Light off six more boilers!' as he began hurriedly to pull on his overalls preparatory to going below.

Another heavy roll sent the ship on her beam ends. The log showed nothing unusual in the column devoted to barometer, wind, or clouds. The yellow afternoon sun was blinking through the wet air. A little shower was drifting slowly a mile inshore, a soft breeze following its thin shadow. At the mouth of the river I could see our motor launch with returning liberty men heading out toward the ship. The surgeon, first lieutenant, and gunnery officer joined me, also peering curiously at the log for some hint of what was causing the queer, dead rolling.

Then the surgeon said, 'My God!' in a hushed voice and pointed out to sea. Miles out showed a wavering, racing line like a range of hills. After one incredulous instant — no wave could possibly be so tremendous! — the first lieutenant burst into a roar of

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'Close your gun shutters!' and he and the gunnery officer raced below, one to port and the other to starboard, rousing the crew and directing the slamming of the gun shutters and tightening of the screw bolts that secured them.

The surgeon and I turned startled eyes on each other as the great wave, tearing shoreward at express-train speed, combed and broke off Torrecilla Point, where the chart shows ten fathoms of water. Then we too dashed below, he to his patients and I to see that the water-tight doors of my storerooms were securely fastened. With the semiautomatic habit of the sea, I looked at my watch and 'registered' the time as I ran. It was 3.47 on an ordinary, showery-bright afternoon, the twenty-ninth of August, 1916.

I was in the passage under the lower wardroom country when the Memphis groaned like a man with his hand caught in a winch and seemed to lie flat on her side. She boomed like an enormous muffled bell as she struggled to right herself. Up and up she climbed as I passed the ordnance storeroom; then down, down, like a dropping elevator. The electrical storeroom was secured. I remember thinking, 'Good man, Saunders — I might have known his shop would be — What on earth?' For my feet stung with a grinding jar, and the old Memphis again trembled and shrieked.

The way to the forward storerooms was hard to negotiate, for by now the ship was behaving like the car of a roller coaster. I could hear hatches clanging shut and the rush and gurgle of water in the gun deck above.

The chief pay clerk met me in the warrant officers' alley. 'All secure forward,' he reported. Then he too said, 'What on earth?' for again came that grinding thump, and the lights went out. Through the dark came his quizzical voice: 'It looks to me like time to begin picking up papers!'

II

The pay office was next to be visited; and to reach there I had to go out again on the quarter-deck, for all other hatches seemed to be closed and fastened. Between ship and shore the sea was an incredible nightmare. The little Castine, dancing like a mad thing, had come out of the river, and a small knot of our men who were lashing the gasoline drums at the break of the superstructure cheered her each time she poked her gallant white nose through a howling, gray-backed wave.

Our liberty boat was half a mile from the ship, riding low and heavily. She had taken much water and the men were bailing feverishly. Then she stopped and slewed uncertainly. A man seized the colors and began frantically to wigwag 'E-n-g-i-n-e b-r-o —' Then she broached to and the insane sea took her. An old petty officer in the lee of Turret Two cried, 'Oh, Jesus Christ!'

Inside the superstructure I had to wrap both arms around a stanchion and hold on until my breath returned after that mad dash across the open deck. I distinctly remember thinking, 'What is this? There's not a hatful of wind out there.'

The grinding jars were frequent and monotonously regular now. Crunch! crunch! crunch! at half-minute intervals. There was no longer any puzzle about it. The Memphis was crashing against the coral bottom of the roads with every wave trough. The deck ahead was dark with hatches and gun shutters closed; but as I clung to the stanchion the sea crashed heavily against the starboard side. The heavy nuts stripped the threads from the dogs of number three three-inch gun

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port; and half the shutter crashed on the deck as a two-foot stream of water roared in.

I reached the pay office at last. Two feet of gray water was swirling around the desks; and the file-case drawers had spilled their contents and were hanging drunkenly. My chief yeoman, with angry face, was grabbing furiously at the falling papers and lashing them in soggy bundles. 'Hell, Paymaster,' he growled, forgetting all else in his irritation, 'it'll take me a month to get this place clean!'

Together we lashed the most valuable records to overhead pipes and beams, out of reach of the charging water. We each arranged the package we should take in case the ship had to be abandoned. This was for the yeoman's benefit. He did not know what I had seen — no boat could live in the seething hell of that sea.

A crash and confused shouting in the compartment outside made me leave the pay office. The mess tables had come down from their racks and were surging about as the heavy rolling sent the ankle-deep water swirling across the deck. The crew's piano tore loose from its chocks and dashed crazily toward the side, taking complete charge of the passageway. We knew that many men were still below. The passage must be cleared. So the half-dozen apprentice boys and the young boatswain's mate I found in the compartment set out with me to capture the piano. It was very like capturing a wise and frolicsome mule in the middle of a rushing stream. As my foot slipped the accursed thing whirled wickedly, striking my hip and knocking me down. Like a flash a lean arm flew under my chin, and, with a jerk that made my neck bones crack, the boatswain's mate pulled me clear. 'Careful, sir!' was his only comment.

The piano's charge on me was its last, for it wedged itself in the training gear of number four gun long enough for the boys to get a line around it and lash it to the gun mount.

Then a boy who was clinging to the guard rail of a companionway called, 'There's somebody down in the gun deck!' and we made our way in short spurts across to the ladder head. The ship was now rolling drunkenly through a fifty-degree arc, with always that sickening pounding at the middle of the swing. Down in the gloom of the gun deck three or four feet of water surged back and forth, now leaving the glistening red linoleum bare, now roaring through the overhead beams as the poor old Memphis labored. Six-inch drill shell, loose from the racks, leaped and rumbled back and forth, making the footing dangerous.

Two or three men were at the other end of the lower compartment, watching their chance to win through the water and the spinning shells to the ladder. 'Make a chain,' suggested the boatswain's mate. The heaviest bluejacket wound both legs and an arm around a near-by stanchion. The rest of us, fingers around wrists, formed a rope of men down the ladder, reaching a free hand out to the marooned men below. Another gun shutter smashed in; and the inrush of water boiled down the ladder over our backs and shoulders.

The first to try to reach us was a short, plump machinist. Barely five feet in height, he had a girth of over four. As the roll left the compartment momentarily dry, he danced daintily between the tumbling shells like a fat, bewhiskered bacchante. As the ship started to roll back, sending roaring tons of water into our side of the deck, a tall sheet-steel locker came down from its moorings on the bulkhead and dashed at him. He escaped its blow by leaping for the overhead piping, swinging

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by his hands and raising his feet clear. His fat little hands and stubby arms resented such unwonted use, and as the locker swam dizzily beneath him his grip broke and he fell astride of it. In some miraculous way he kept it right side up; and three or four times he rode his bucking steel steed back and forth across the deck as the water rushed here and there. Finally his straining hand reached mine and he scrambled up the chain of men to the comparative dryness of the upper deck.

Comparative dryness only. As the second man gripped my outstretched wrist with spasmodic fingers, the Negro mess boy next above me in the chain yelled and violently swung us both to one side off the ladder. I turned my head just in time to catch a smother of down-rushing water and to see a six-foot mess bench whiz end-on past my head. I have an idea that black boy saved me some broken bones.

Then for a while we clung, each to his anchoring stanchion, and wondered what it was all about. I kept saying over and over to myself, 'But there's no wind! But there's no sign of a storm!'

A white-faced boy less than thirty days in the navy had been working with the rest, silently and well. He now seized his opportunity, when the others could not hear, to ask in a low voice, 'Have we got a chance, sir?' I knew that the Memphis lay too deep in the water to float close to the shelving shore. I knew that the pounding had badly crushed the bottom. I had seen how that yelling, maniac sea had blotted out boats and swimmers. But I could not bring myself to tell the boy what seemed inevitable to me. Through my head the singsong was running, 'But there's no wind! But there's no wind!' So I told him, 'Son, this is something we may never have a chance to see again. It's undoubtedly a seismic disturbance.' And I watched the color come back into his face, and hoped that my own looked as calm.

III

Overhead, the boom and chatter of the sea were broken by the stamping of feet and a clang as a hatch cover was thrown open, letting in the light of the dying afternoon sun. Down the ladder plunged the chief master-at-arms, a kapok life jacket around his burly body and white water whipping past his thick legs. 'The Captain says all up from below, sir. They're serving out the life preservers.'

As he spoke there came the last of the long pounding. The Memphis staggered, righted, dropped on an almost even keel with a crushing sound like an egg dropped among pebbles — and moved no more. The men were already scampering up the ladder, dodging and chuckling as the downpour of water from above snatched at their knees in wide green surges. Halfway up the ladder, I had to seize both manropes as my feet were whirled from under me. This time it was no cascade, but a solid green mass, filling the wide hatch from coaming to coaming. It lay on my head like a crushing weight, and its rush tugged as if it would tear my arms from their sockets. Solid green, it shut out the sunlight. 'She's gone down!' I thought; but still my fingers clung. Suddenly, with a roar, the water was below me; and I managed to scramble out on to the boat deck before the next great wave came aboard.

Out in the air, we blinked in amazement. The ship had been two miles from the rocky shore when that first incredible sea came in. Nowhere within a mile and a half of the beach was there water enough to float the Memphis. Shoal spots — one with barely four

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feet of water — abounded. Yet, as we looked shoreward across the deck, we stared into the faces of hundreds of people who shouted and waved their arms, trying to be heard against the screaming surf. Each pounding crash as we hit bottom had been a step toward shore. Broadside on, dragging a sixteen-thousand-pound anchor, the Memphis had stumbled that two miles, hopping the shoals and coral heads, grinding over the ledges; and at last she rested snugly across the mouth of a shallow cove bitten into a black, waterworn cliff. She had come right into the city, and all the city was there to meet her. Hardly one hundred feet separated us from the crowd on the cliff edge.

They were hoisting wounded men out of the firerooms through a ventilator as I reached the deck. I learned then that the first crashing blow on the bottom had jarred loose the steam lines, sending scalding steam whistling through the engine and fire rooms. Then solid water had dashed down the funnels as the ship rolled into the face of some following wave, and several boilers had burst. Two officers and eleven men, ten of whom later died, had been caught in the steam and cruelly scalded. They could not be brought up the usual ladders — for one reason, slimy black rocks were now jutting up four feet into the engine room and the lower ladders were broken. So the sound men had clambered up the ventilator shaft, and were now hoisting out coaling bags, a moaning, semiconscious man in each. Blood oozed slowly from cracks in their black-charred faces and arms.

An ensign had seized a sounding line and was whirling the heavy lead in circles around his head. With a warning shout to the milling, hysterical crowd on the beach, he let it fly toward the shore. As the snaky line writhed over the rocks a dozen men seized it. By the time the scalded men were up from below, a heavy hawser had been passed ashore and a breeches buoy rigged. One at a time, the wounded men were sent sliding down this swaying bridge, each in his coaling bag hung on a snatch block. The controlling line by which the swiftness of the slide was checked broke with one of them. Two black men on the beach threw themselves under the hurtling bag, forming a battered living cushion between the wounded man and the knife-edged rocks.

Then the sick went ashore. Eventually there were five lines to the beach; and after the last sick man was safely over the side the abandoning of the ship went on apace. On the bridge, Captain Beach was pacing slowly back and forth, his demeanor as cool as if he were waiting for his carriage at the door of a theatre. With a little smile on his face, he gave low-voiced orders and advice, chatted with the navigator, and joked with the men. His coolness was magnificent; and he planned the landing of the nine hundred and eighty men of his crew in the same detached way in which he conducted a routine drill. In orderly queues men fell in by each sagging line to the shore, and each line had its appointed crew of handlers, one to the block with its dangling 'bos'n's chair,' two to the uphaul. The petty officers in charge soon began to make a game of it, as bluejackets will. A water tender on the line from the wing of the bridge began with the high shrill yelp of a side-show barker. '*One* more couple wanted!' he cried. 'A ride like this is ten cents at Coney Island!'

The coxswain at the break of the superstructure took up the refrain. '*One* more couple wanted! Don't crowd, don't push; free rides for one and all! Ladies' cloakroom to the right, gents'

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in the back of the hall! *One* more couple wanted!'

In the lee of the engine-room hatch, one negligent arm hooked through the canopy cover and a useless, drenched blanket across his mighty shoulders, towered the electrical gunner. Four-square he stood, his back to the seas that swept over the ship at half-minute intervals. His shoulders and head split the rushing water like a rock in a freshet. Kept dry, deep in the palm of one huge hand, his corncob pipe was burning. As I stopped in his lee to let a wave go by, he gave me a pull on the pipe, and never did tobacco smoke taste sweeter.

'I was in the New Hampshire's liberty boat when she overset in North River,' he drawled, grinning, 'and I lost my best clothes. I was in the E4, and lost all my kit. And I was in the Annapolis when she tried to knock a rock out of the ocean down Samoa way. That claim for clothes is n't settled yet, and here's this darn thing! Next time I'm ordered to sea I'll file an inventory of my clothes and gear with the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, with instructions to consider it a claim for lost property when my ship sinks!'

The men were fairly scampering off the ship now, ten or twelve a minute sliding down the lines to be caught in the arms of the crowd on the rocks. As they landed, the people — *and we were technically at war with these people, please remember* — would swarm around them with blankets and rum or hot coffee. As the blankets gave out, hysterical women would tear off their petticoats to wrap around the shoulders of the shivering bluejackets. And how they shivered! The water that surged over us was almost hot, and was greasy with a stinking gray slime; but when the water subsided, the air that struck our wet tired bodies cut through with a chill like a raw March day. Still there was no wind, or the cold might have numbed us as we waited our turn at the swaying lines.

IV

It was apparent now that our safe arrival on shore was assured, provided the ship held together long enough. Nine hundred men on shore require housing and food; and they would look to the paymaster to provide it. Housing and food on shore require money, and the money was down below.

The junior surgeon had a flashlight in his hand; and together we plunged below between waves. My room was two decks down; but after a little blundering we found an open hatch and reached the safe. The surgeon, over his knees in black water, held the light while I opened the combination.

The government had provided me with a handbag for transporting government money, a huge black thing with a steel frame. Empty, it would drag down a fair swimmer. I decided that 'monkeying' a swaying line nearly a hundred feet, over crashing surf, carrying that bag, was a job for a better man than I.

There were safety pins in my mending kit, which I found, miraculously, where I remembered seeing it last. I fastened a row of them around my waist, pinning my shirt to undercloth-ing. Then between shirt and undershirt I packed the bundles of money. My pistol belt clamped snug around my waist held them in place, and my tightly buttoned blouse over all made all secure. 'Now,' I told the doctor as I pulled on a padded life jacket, 'I guess I'm ready to go.'

I could not understand why the doctor laughed as we groped our way out again. Then, as I mounted the bridge ladder, I found it strangely narrow. As I reported to the Captain that the

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ship's money was ready, he too burst into a shout of laughter. I looked myself over for the first time. Figure to yourself a rather small but stocky individual, who would normally look plump in a life jacket. Then, in your mind's eye, stow fifty-six thousand dollars in ordinary-sized bills about his middle, and you will have an idea of the figure of fun I presented.

Next day Captain Beach found time to write me a pseudo-official letter, as follows: —

SIR: —

When next serving under my command and in the process of carrying out your duties in the salvaging of government funds in event of shipwreck, you will attach to your person one eighty-pound boat anchor with adequate chain, and one buoy with thirty fathoms of line.

These instructions are to enable your shipmates to recover your remains in order to render due military honors — and for other reasons.

E. L. BEACH
Captain, U. S. Navy, Commanding

The crowds of drenched, chattering men on the boat deck were thinning rapidly by now. The Captain's laugh sank to a chuckle and then to his customary smile. 'Your turn now, Paymaster,' he said. 'Take your bales of filthy lucre and go ashore. You can buy our dinner to-night.'

It was a tight fit to crowd my laden carcass into the loop; but a hundred ready hands jerked me out of it as my feet scraped the rocks. By the time the money was safely stowed in the safe of the marine quartermaster on shore and I had run back to the beach, the biggest cigar I could find in my mouth, the crowds were cheering. Two slings, laden with men, were sliding toward the shore. From the first landed the navigator, Lieutenant Withers, and the chief electrician. In the last load came Quartermaster Rose and Captain Beach. Not a man had been lost in the process of reaching the shore over the surf.

Ten of the engineer's force died of their burns. Twenty-nine men were lost in the boats that were in the water when the raging hell broke loose. Two were lost overboard at some time during the terrible two-mile journey to the beach; and one mess boy, in need of a stimulant, mistook the labels on the shelves of a small Dominican shop just after he landed, and swallowed a killing dose of hair tonic. But where the risk of injury and death was greatest, there was Captain Beach, with his quiet, forceful voice, his twinkling smile, and his seaman's resourcefulness. He saved his crew.

And still there was no wind. The savants have decided that there was a hurricane offshore that sucked the sea off the eight-fathom ledge before hurling it back. It was on the hypothesis of a hurricane that the Court of Inquiry proceeded; and the letters written the surviving officers by the Navy Department contained the phrase, 'while your ship was being destroyed by a hurricane.'

But you cannot convince a Memphis man that there was a hurricane. The roaring water was hot and stank with the ooze of long-buried sea bottom. We believe that my haphazard reply to the apprentice boy may have been right. We believe that it was a seismic disturbance — and from a 'chance to see it again,' good Lord, deliver us!

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THE RUSSIAN

BY A. CECIL EDWARDS

I

ALONG the side wall at the far end of the vast apartment sat half a dozen sober-garbed officials, primly, in a row.

A small, distinguished-looking old gentleman, with restless eyes and a nose hooked and bony as the beak of a hawk, occupied a chair on the opposite side of the room, a chair larger and more ornamented than the others. His black coat was of the finest broadcloth, ample in the frock, with an upright collar notched at the throat like a clergyman's. His legs, too short to reach the floor, rested on the spell of his chair. His small feet were shod in patent leather. He wore his black pill-box hat jauntily over one ear. His silver-white moustache betokened scorn of those accepted ministers of age, indigo and henna. He was called the Sword of the State, and he was Governor of Tabriz and of the province of Azerbaijan.

A young officer, in the red-and-blue uniform of the brigade of Persian Cossacks, dusty and travel-stained, stood at attention in the middle of the room. He was responding, in sullen monosyllables, to a string of questions addressed to him by the Governor's deputy, a scarecrow of a man in a gaberdine of smooth gray cloth. In these proceedings the Governor took no part. He sat deep in his chair, tugging his white moustache, heedless, seemingly, of what was going on.

At last the young officer, exasperated by this stupid inquisition and emboldened by the silence of the old gentleman, swaggered across the carpeted floor and addressed the Vice Governor with that half-concealed contempt with which the military, even in defeat, regard the civil power.

'His Exalted Presence wished to be informed of the progress of operations. I have kept him informed. It is not my affair to answer for what has happened.'

'Nevertheless, you should speak with more respect of the Government troops,' said the Vice Governor. He glanced nervously at the little old gentleman for an indication of support, but failed to discover any sign of it in his demeanor.

'What I have written, what I have said now,' cried the young officer hotly, 'is the truth! If I had not told the truth —'

'You would have been thrown into prison,' interrupted the Sword of the State coolly. 'Go on.'

The young soldier was for a moment confused by this unlooked-for interruption, but quickly regained his self-possession. He turned, addressing more properly the Governor, and continued: —

'The army, sir, is shattered. The Kurds suddenly opened fire with half a dozen machine guns. The Staff did not even know that they possessed any. They cursed first the British and then the Turks for supplying them. As for the troops, they were too frightened to

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fire. They hugged the ground in their shallow trenches. When the Kurds charged, they ran like partridges.'

'The Kurds are still far away, are they not?' hazarded, with feigned detachment, the Chief Secretary, a large, black-bearded gentleman in a white turban.

'Do not be alarmed, Sadr,' interrupted grimly the Sword of the State. 'Your villages are not in danger.' At this remark the members of the Council laughed, a little nervously. The gentleman in the white turban looked confused and subsided.

'They are not so far away,' replied the young soldier. 'The battle, if one can call it that, took place on this side of Salmas. Our troops were scattered. Most of them are hiding in the villages and are lost to us. Some are falling back on Khoi with the guns. From Khoi to Tabriz is six days' march.'

'The Kurds will never dare to attack Tabriz, the second city of the Empire!' cried the Vice Governor. He glanced in alarm at the heavily embroidered curtain which hung, in lieu of a door, over the entrance, as if he feared that those savage warriors might break in upon them then and there.

'By Abu'l Fazl,' cried the Sword of the State, 'if I had a chance to loot Tabriz, I would take it!'

There was a movement behind the embroidered curtain which hung over the doorway. Then a thin, piping voice broke in upon the deliberations of the Council: —

'A petition is made to the Most Exalted Presence! There is a man who sells caviare —'

Everyone turned. A bent old man, in the blue tunic and faded gilt buttons of the Governor's livery, barefooted and wearing on his head a balloon-shaped hat, stood before the curtain.

'Caviare!' exclaimed the Vice Governor, that scarecrow of a man.

'Caviare?' questioned the large gentleman in the white turban.

'Hossein Khan,' said the Vice Governor severely, 'how often must you be told not to allow others to interrupt nor yet to interrupt yourself the deliberations of the Council?'

'This man who sells caviare,' continued the old servant in his piping voice, 'yes — and cheeses from Erivan and fish in boxes —'

'Silence!' thundered the Sword of the State.

'He is a Russian general,' said the shrill, piping voice of Hossein Khan.

The Sword of the State started and sat bolt upright in his chair. 'Eh? What did you say? A Russian general?'

'A Russian general,' piped the voice of Hossein Khan. 'True, he keeps a shop in the bazaar, but he has had experience of fighting with Kurds.'

'A Russian general,' sniggered the Vice Governor, 'who sells caviare and cheeses!'

'And why not?' cried the little, keen-eyed old man who was called the Sword of the State, looking sharply from one to the other as if he dared any one of them to answer him. 'And why not? He is doubtless a general of the late régime, a man of presence in his own country, one who possessed, perhaps, lands and villages. He cannot return to Russia, because they are murdering men of honor there and stealing their estates. He remains with us. He is without money, yet he must live. He thinks that there may be a demand here for the caviare and cheeses of his country. Instead of standing at street corners or living on the charity of others, he opens a small shop. He makes honorably his expenses.

'You have told us, Hossein Khan,' continued the Sword of the State, 'that this Russian general has had experience of Kurdish warfare. Perhaps

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he served under Linievitch in Kurdistan. I knew Linievitch. He was a gallant officer and an honorable man. The Bolsheviki took him as he was selling matches in the streets of Tiflis; they shot him because they knew that he was a better man than they.' The old man stood up before them all. 'The tale of the sufferings of these men will never be told. Many that I have known have sunk under the weight of their misfortunes. For these we are sorrowful. And for those who are struggling to maintain their dignity we have respect. Hossein Khan, you have forgotten to give us the name of this general who is a guest in our city.'

'A petition is made to the Exalted Presence,' answered the old servant. 'His name is Rouevsky.'

'I have no doubt that General Rouevsky is an honorable person. Also, his advice at this moment will be valuable to us. Hossein Khan, go at once to the shop of His Excellency. Present to him the Governor's compliments, and request him to bring His Honor to us here at the Government House, as early as it is convenient for him to do so.' He waved an arm. 'The Council is dismissed.'

The old servant smiled delightedly. He touched his right eye, to denote that he pledged that organ against the execution of the command. Then he disappeared behind the curtain.

II

'He is here,' said the piping voice of Hossein Khan.

'His Excellency is welcome.' As Hossein Khan held the curtain open, the Sword of the State rose to receive his visitor.

A tall Russian of about thirty-five advanced easily to meet the Governor. His eyes were blue, frank, and smiling. His fair, closely cropped head was set squarely on broad shoulders. He wore a shirt of black sateen, closed at the neck, which buttoned over his left shoulder and hung like a short skirt outside his trousers. A thin black leather belt hung loosely round his waist. His boots, which came up almost to his knees, showed signs of wear. When he smiled, which was often, his teeth showed white and regular under a fair, drooping moustache.

'You are welcome, General,' said the Governor, extending his hand to the Russian. 'Pray be seated. Shall we converse in Persian? Or perhaps you understand our Turki better?'

'For me Turki is easier,' answered the Russian in the dialect of Azerbaijan.

'Excellent,' answered the Governor. 'I am myself a Turk of Azerbaijan, and of course I prefer my own language. You know, we Azerbaijanis never learn to speak Persian properly; to say truth, we don't like to use it, except for writing. General, before we go further, I must express my regret to you that we have been strangers to each other until now. We governors are supposed to know everything, yet I am ashamed to say that I did not hear until to-day that you were a guest in our city.'

The Russian smiled whimsically. 'A guest? You call it that?'

'It is not often that we can profit by the misfortunes of our friends,' said the old gentleman, bowing gravely. 'And now that I have apologized for my ignorance and remissness, I will give you a more selfish reason for requesting the honor of your presence to-day. Will you pardon me if I ask a few questions which may appear unseemly? I will explain to you immediately the reason. General, I understand that you have had some experience of warfare with the Kurds. Is that so?'

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'I commanded the cavalry under Linievitch,' said the Russian simply.

'Linievitch? Indeed. I knew him well. He commanded a sotnia of Cossacks which was stationed in Hamadan, where I was governor before the war. He was a captain then. An excellent man.'

'We loved him,' said the Russian. 'He is dead.'

'I heard with horror of the end of that brave man,' said the Governor. 'May I express to you, his comrade in arms, the sympathy of all good Persians and their detestation of these crimes?'

The Russian bowed, but did not speak.

'And now,' said the Sword of the State, 'I will tell you what is on my mind. A young officer has just returned from the front, where, as you know, the Kurds are giving trouble. Our operations there are not going well — in fact, things are going very badly. There has been a battle near Salmas. In the picturesque language of my young officer, our troops ran like partridges. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Persian troops — like partridges!'

The Governor glanced keenly at the Russian, who made no remark. The old man went on.

'The Kurds are advancing on Khoi, looting the villages and carrying off the cattle. There is apparently nothing to prevent them from taking Khoi, and perhaps from advancing on Tabriz. That, in short, is the situation. General, you know the country and the Kurds. I should like you to say frankly what you would do, if you were in my place.'

The Russian paused a moment, hesitated, then answered with a smile: —

'If I were in Your Excellency's place, I would not tell anyone what I intended to do.'

'Good!' cried the Sword of the State. 'But suppose your opinion were asked, merely as an expert?'

The Russian paused again and considered. Then he answered slowly: —

'I would advise a change in the high command.'

'Ah,' said the Sword of the State quickly, 'and whom would you appoint?'

The Russian again paused to consider. Then he answered gravely, without trace of vanity or bravado: —

'Myself.'

The little old gentleman nodded understandingly, but made no reply. His thoughts were in the capital. What would they say in Tehran? Peh! Let them say! He was too old to care. His business was to beat the Kurd. Yes, but was this the way to do it? How could he put aside a brother of the Minister of War and replace him by a Russian? No. If he did that, the soup would boil over. Affairs are not managed in that way. Nevertheless, something could be arranged.

He spoke seriously to the Russian. 'General, it is impossible. Why? For many reasons, but one is enough: this Habibullah Khan, our fat, amiable commander of the troops, is a brother of the Minister of War. You understand that if I were to do as you suggest I should soon be on my way to Tehran, and you would again be selling caviare; and what is more, you would be selling it cheap, lest the Kurds should get it for nothing! No. Affairs with us are not managed like that.

'There is, however, an easier road. I could send, for instance, to Habibullah Khan an assistant, an adviser. Perhaps even a Chief of Staff! That — yes. Why, he would be pleased and flattered to have under him a general of the Tsar's army! A general who has served under Linievitch in Kurdistan and who would relieve him of much of

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the headache of war; who would help him to reëstablish a reputation which is at present somewhat under a cloud! You would have no trouble with Habibullah. I will see to that if necessary. I have only to remind him that a certain dispatch about the affair at Salmas has not yet been sent to Tehran, but that it might still be sent! I am confident, however, that this will not be necessary. Habibullah is really an excellent fellow. I am very fond of him. For a soldier, he considers, it is true, a little too much his stomach — which, I warn you, is of a capacity! So much the better. If you feed him well he will leave everything to you. What do you say?'

The Russian did not wait to consider. He answered: —

'I will go.'

'I knew that you would appreciate the delicacy of the situation. By the way, a few tins of your caviare would make Habibullah your friend forever. He has a passion for caviare. Goodbye. In a month I shall hear that the Kurds are making for the frontier with our cavalry at their heels. Remember, feed him well, and if you need anything, I am here.'

III

During the weeks that ensued, the old gentleman who was called the Sword of the State followed, as closely as he could from such a distance, the fruition of his plans. The reports which he regularly received from divers confidential sources he diligently checked and compared. In the main, they tallied. There were accounts of continuous grinding drills, of grueling route marches, of daily rifle and artillery practice, of tests with transport, of small manœuvres with all arms. The army was certainly being hammered into shape.

Not a day passed without a telegram from the Russian. He must have blankets or boots or coats or saddles or tents or ammunition. He was insatiable, that man; and he wanted everything immediately — as if anything in the world could be had immediately! Nevertheless, he must be satisfied.

One day it was telephones — he must have thirty telephones at once. What should a man want with thirty telephones to fight the Kurds? And where could he, the Sword of the State, find thirty telephones? He sent for the Director, the Reis-i-Telephon. The Reis-i-Telephon had only three in stock.

'How many are there in the houses?' inquired the Governor.

'We have thirty subscribers, Excellency.'

'Bring me their telephones!' cried the Sword of the State. 'By the Tomb of the Prophet, the Russian shall be satisfied!'

The old man, to do him justice, gave his lieutenant magnificent support. He scoured the bazaar, he threatened contractors, he cajoled merchants, he threw camel drivers into prison, he harangued, with dire menaces, those hardened usurers of Tabriz, so that they gave him money, lest something worse befall them. What could he do? The Russian was always wiring for money, money, money. It was a war, and wars drink money as a desert drinks water. By Imam Reza, he should be satisfied!

Then late one afternoon a mud-bespattered car whizzed into the garden of the Government House. It was the Russian. He jumped out and climbed the stone steps three at a time. In half an hour he was gone. But not before he had obtained the Governor's sanction to another of his schemes. It was to raise a regiment from among the Christian refugees who had been driven

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out of their frontier villages by the Kurds. The very next day the first two hundred of them left for Khoi. In three days a thousand tough, hardened peasants had marched, singing, out of Tabriz to join the army and avenge their wrongs.

And then, after two months of telegrams and counter-telegrams, of comings and goings, of scouring the bazaar to find the impossible, of endless caravans of supplies, of frenzied finance — there was silence! It was as if Khoi had been swallowed up. Not a whisper, not a telegram, not a report! The Kurds — were there any Kurds? The army — had it ever existed? Those were days of deep anxiety for the old man. His brow was black. No member of the Council dared approach him. He tried, almost every hour, to communicate with Khoi. But always there was the same reply from the operator: 'Khoi does not answer.'

And then, at last, there was a telegram! The Sword of the State tore it open. It was short enough: —

The enemy is routed; 300 killed, 300 wounded and prisoners; six chiefs taken; all their guns captured; our casualties 100 in all.

HABIBULLAH

The Governor drew a long breath, then laughed and rubbed his hands. 'He has done it, that Russian, by Abu'l Fazl!' He took up the telegram and read it a second time. 'Habibullah? Oh yes, he is in command. I had forgotten it.' He chuckled. 'Though Habibullah signs the telegram, he never wrote it. It is the Russian's — laconic, like himself. Habibullah would have telegraphed ten pages.' He gave orders for the town to be illuminated in honor of the victory.

During the next few days further news of the battle filtered in. It seemed that the brunt of the attack, as was fitting, had been borne by the Persian troops, who had covered themselves with glory. The Christian refugees had been placed in the second line, in support. Later, it was hinted that they had received orders to fire on the Persians if they ran!

When the Sword of the State heard that, he flared up, but then lay back in his chair and roared with laughter. 'By the Tomb of the Prophet,' he cried, 'I must remember that! It needed this Russian to teach us how to make the Persians fight!'

IV

Hossein Khan raised the heavy embroidered curtain and stood before it with hands crossed over his middle, waiting to be addressed. 'What is it?' said the Sword of the State testily.

'There is a petition to the Exalted Presence,' said Hossein Khan in his piping voice. 'He has opened his shop again.'

'Who has opened what shop?' said the Governor.

'The Russian,' answered Hossein Khan.

'Eh?' cried the Sword of the State, turning swiftly in his chair.

'Until to-day it was closed,' said Hossein Khan. 'This morning it was open. The Russian —'

'Yes?' said the Sword of the State impatiently.

'He is there,' said Hossein Khan.

'Ah!' said the Sword of the State. 'So he has arrived. He will come to see me presently.'

The Russian did not appear that day. Nor the day after. The Sword of the State waited, becoming more and more impatient. On the afternoon of the third day, he ordered his horse and said to Hossein Khan, 'Come.'

Thus the good people of Tabriz were surprised by the unusual spectacle of

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their Governor, the Sword of the State, riding through the town, attended only by the head of his servants.

Hossein Khan pointed across the street to a narrow door, the upper part of which was glazed with square panes of thin, greenish glass, which played tricks when you looked through it. On one side of the door was a shop window, glazed with the same wavy glass, behind which were neatly displayed a round red cheese, a few tins of sardines, two large sausages, and a small open cask of caviare.

'It is there,' said Hossein Khan, and dismounted to hold his master's horse.

The Sword of the State advanced toward the shop and opened the glass door. Within, along one side, ran a wooden counter, unpainted, on which stood a pair of Russian scales of heavy metal, and an abacus. Against the wall was a glazed fixture of unpainted wood. On its three narrow shelves was a miscellaneous stock of what the Russians call 'conserves' — fish, butter, caviare, and the like — in tins. The Russian was standing before his fixture, with his back to the door. He was wearing the same black shirt, gathered in at the waist, which he had worn on the day of his first visit to the Governor.

The Sword of the State advanced toward the counter.

'A pound of caviare,' he said.

The Russian turned. He took a round tin from the fixture behind him and laid it gravely on the counter.

'Why have you not been to see me?' said the Sword of the State.

The Russian smiled, his good, serious smile.

'The business for which I was engaged was finished. There was my shop. I thought I should like to come back to it — without any fuss.'

'What!' cried the old gentleman. 'After you have defeated the Kurds for us, you leave us, like that, to sell caviare and cheeses!'

'Why not?' said the Russian. 'You see, I undertook this Kurdish business because — I was a little tired of waiting; but I knew that it would be finished quickly —'

'Waiting?' questioned the Sword of the State.

'Yes. Now once more I have no engagements. I am free — to sell my caviare and cheeses! Free — and ready.'

'Free?' questioned the Sword of the State. 'Ready? For what?'

'For Russia,' answered Rouevsky. 'She will need me before long.'

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JOHN ADAMS AS HE LIVED. II

Unpublished Letters to Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse Professor of Physic at Harvard College

QUINCY *August* 16 1812

DEAR WATERHOUSE

You are So waggish and roguish with your Woofs and your Warps and your Webs, that I am almost afraid to write or Speak to you. Yet I wish we were nearer together.

I was a little alarmed at the Story of the pacific Commission. Some body was pleased to call the Sarcasms in the Repertory, 'Severe.' They ought to have been called the Snarlings of Park the Puppy, and the Squealings of Park the Pigg.

It is become fashionable to call me 'The Venerable.' It makes me think of the venerable Bede, the venerable Mead, the venerable Daniel Burgess, the venerable Savannarola, the venerable Westley, the venerable Theodore Beza. The Gentlemen of the Navy Yard at Washington have lately called me the modern Nestor. I like that Title much better. Pray change the Title and Say the venerable Washington the venerable Jefferson, and the venerable Madison: I have worn it too long. It is become threadbare upon me. Do not however, I pray you call me the 'Godlike Adams,' 'the Sainted Adams,' 'our Saviour Adams' 'Our Redeemer Adams,' 'our Saviour on Earth and our Advocate in Heaven' 'The Father of his Country,' 'The Founder of the American Republic,' 'The Founder of the American Empire etc. etc. These Ascriptions belong to no Man; no! nor to any twenty Men; nor to any hundred Men, nor to any thousand Men.

JOHN ADAMS

QUINCY *March* 23 1813

D'R SIR

The inclosed letter from Dr. Rush will give you good News of your Son. I congratulate you on the honor he has obtained by his Examination, and his Sure prospect of a Degree as a Doctor of Medicine.

A young Gentleman came from Boston before Breakfast this morning, on purpose to bring me the News of the Hornets Laurells. I wish every Young Man had as good Feelings and as much respect for mine. But Alas how many have Sensations and Reflections of a different Character! I congratulate you, that Laurence is now enrolled in the List of our Naval Conquerors with Hull, Decatur, Jones and Bainbridge. Immortality here and hereafter be their Reward. And Something besides, more durable and more comfortable than Balls, Dinners Huzzas or Hozannas. I will not Say however, that these are amiss.

These five Victories are So Striking, So extreamly remarkable, So impressive on the Imagination, that they never will be oblitterated from the Memory of any Man, Woman or Child in the United States. Nor can they remain unknown to any Nation of Europe. They will ferment in the Minds of this People till they generate a national Self respect, a Spirit of Independence and a national Pride which has never before been felt in America. I wish the Republican Papers would do Something more than they have done to make these Splendid Atchievements more

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popular, and give full Scope to The national Joy. The Tide ought to run as rapidly as that in the Bay of Fundy or the Waters in the Falls of Niagara.

JOHN ADAMS

QUINCY *March* 31*st* 1813

D'R SIR

'The History' is of no value, except on Account of its date. It was written and printed in Edes and Gills Boston Gazette, in the Intervall between the first Congress in 1774 and the Second Congress in 1775 under the Signature of Novanglus. In this View it is a Document; an historical Memoir. To me personally, it is of some importance as it is a record of the Principles on which I engaged in the Controversy with Great Britain and in the Revolutionary War, which have cost me so dear.

Who would then have thought that an Higginson Family in 1813 would have as much Influence in America as an Hutchinson Family had in 1773 and 1774 and upon the Same Principles and by the Same means? The Rise of Bonaparte and his Power is not a more unexpected, or astonishing Phaenomenon. The Higginsons have now more Power, in Boston and in New England by one third than The Hutchinsons had then. This Accession of Strength has been obtained by a profligate System of Funds and Banks and by an immense Credit from Great Britain, by an Accession of an Host of Scotch and English and by a more deadly Sett against the Virtue, the Liberty and Independence of this Country by the Scottish Cabinet, and by the mad Conduct of France for the last five or Six and twenty Years.

The Independent Whigg boasts of the Freedom of the Press! But where is it? Neither the Chronicle nor the Patriot have the Courage or the Skill of the Boston Gazette and Massachusetts Spy in 1770. 1. 2. 3. 4. And these when left to themselves were as foolish as need be. Accessible to every Silly Boy and often inaccessible to the wisest Men.

Talk not to me of my Son for Governor or any Thing else. He is gone, as his Father did before him on a Romantic Expedition to Muscovy to his own Ruin and the Ruin of his Children. I pray God he [*torn off*] return this Summer, whatever may become of M [*torn off*] but Gull Traps.

I congratulate you, most Sincerely, on your Sons Merit and Glory.

Please to enclose 'The History' to me by the Mail.

Mr. Jeffersons Compliment is ingenious and flattering: but you would find Rivals and Envy and Opposition and Mortification to the Southward as well as the Northward.

JOHN ADAMS

QUINCY *September* 17. 1813

DEAR SIR

I receive with pleasure, the News of your removal to Cambridge and establishment in Office, in which may you, and your amiable Lady Sons and daughters, continue to do honour, and administer medicine, to this Country, diseased in Body and mind.

I Have been repairing or rather rebuilding a Tomb for my Daughter. It is done. I am now replacing a Stone to my Father, instead of one erected by me fifty two Years ago, which Men Women, Boys Girls and Cattle had long Since demolished. Whether I Shall raise one for myself, where it will be raised, by whom, and how soon, I, as yet, neither know, nor much, care. Δίοσ δερελίστο βουλη. I know not whether the Greek is correct in Grammar, or Orthography, or Application.

I own I have not the Foresight of the Tumble Bug: Yet in my Conscience, I believe, I had more and clearer, than

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this Nation or its Government for 14 years past.

I am not yet weary of Life, nor do I wait with impatience for an obscure death, or a Splendid one. The former must Soon be my Lott. May I be prepared. Fame Fortune Power! I have always despized Ye all. Mens conscia recti, is and always has been, all in all.

To thee, Supream Power, who knowest all my weaknesses Imperfections and Follies, I appeal.

JOHN ADAMS

QUINCY *May* 22 1815

D'R SIR

Your fav'r is rec'd. Gallia changefull as a Child at play 'now calls in Princes: now drives away,' and this is exactly conformable to Examples Sett her by England Scotland and Ireland in the 17th Century; to that of Holland, Geneva, Switzerland Etc. in the 18th and Austria Russia Sweeden Prussia Saxony and the whole Confederation of the Rhine in the 19th. And our dear beloved Country has not been wanting to the Duties of Fraternity in exhibiting proofs that She is of the Same Family.

I am not about to become a Leader or Follower in Theology. To my own Master I Stand or fall.

As to Napoleon, I Say again, read Alexander, in Quintus Curtius in Plutarch, or Arrian; read Charles 12th and Oliver Cromwell read Jack Cade and Wat Tyler, Rienzy, King Theodore, Mazzionelli and Pascall Paoli. Read all these Puppets, and then ask is there a Juggler behind the Scene, who exhibits all these Tragedies Commedies and Farces? For the Benefit of a Night? Oh! No! Tis Wisdom and Benevolence, too profound and exalted for thy comprehension, poor ignorant Superficial Mortal as thou art. What an Enthusiast I am!

Your Fable of the Westphalia Hogs, if Mankind would but Seriously consider it, is worth as much as your kine Pock Inoculation.

Dean Swifts Yahoos are not half so instructive as your Westphalia Hogs. I insist upon it that you tell me the Author, the Book the Chapter, the Verse, in which you found that Couplet

'Hogs of Westphalia are a Saving brood
'What one lets drop, the other takes for food.'

I do not remember it; tho' I have Some Suspicion that I have Seen it.

It is the most pithy, the most laconic, the most nervous Essence of Party Spirit that I have ever read. I Say as Swift Said of Pope

> When he can in one Couplet fix
> More Sense than I can put in Six
> I cry, pox take him and his Witt
> It gives me Such an envious fit.

It is the History of all Factions and all Parties I have ever known.

I am your Steady Friend

JOHN ADAMS

QUINCY *May 30th* 15

WATERHOUSE

You made that Westphalian Couplet yourself. Sleeping or waking, nobody but you could have dreamed or thought of

> Hogs of Westphalia are a Saving brood
> What one lets drop, the other takes for food.

It so perfectly and Summarily comprehends the whole Genius and history of Party and Faction from the Ipse dixit of Pythagoras to the disciples of the Scottish Creolian of Nevis.

Upon elementary Principles Napoleon is the most legitimate Souvereign in Europe, having been twice elected by a great Nation. If the August conclave at Vienna can decree a King for France why may they not destine the Duke of York, or Mrs. Clark to be King of our beloved united States? Why may they not lay all Nations and Kingdoms

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under Interdict? Popes have Sett Precedents enough.

I believe you are mistaken. It is Mackean of Bowdoin Colledge not McKean the Orator at Cambridge, who has edited Goldsmith. According to your Account, he is an Enthusiast. I have been coaxed by a fascinating Woman into a Subscription for the Work. If your Account of it is correct, I shall wish my name to Cobbets Letters.

JOHN ADAMS.

[*In Abigail Adams's handwriting*] ah poor Man, dalilah has shorn his Locks! Not his wife however.

A. A.

QUINCY *Dec'r 19th* 1815

DEAR SIR

Permit me to Sympathize with you and your Children on the loss of your amiable and excellent Consort. As my reflections on this mournfull Event can be no other than your own, I Shall Spare you the pain of reading them.

I thank you for your Letter of the 14th and the Pamphlet inclosed.

Do you know the Meaning of the Words '*Awakenings?*' and '*Revivals?*' I am old enough to have attended the Predecations of that great Model of theatrical Grace and Elegance, of harmonious Oratory, and att the Same time as I verily believe of fervent Piety, The Reverend Mr. George Whitefield. I have Since Seen and heard Larrive, at Paris, and Mrs. Siddons in London.

The '*Awakenings and Revivals*' excited by Mr. Whitefield now forgotten, would fill Volumes which would make you laugh and cry, like a Madman. Laugh at the Absurdities and weep over the Wickedness of your Species.

'Awakenings and Revivals' are now running over the whole Globe. They have awakened the Doctrine, that 'there must be but one Religion in the World.' This reminds me of a Dialogue between Dr. Mayhew and my Schoolmaster first and my Tenant afterwards a zealous Churchman Mr. Joseph Cleverly.

Mayhew. Mr. Cleverly! If you were an absolute Monarch, for Example, like a King of France or Spain, what Regulations would you make in regard to Religion?

Cleverly. I would have but one Religion in my Dominions.

Mayhew. Would you persecute all who differed from it?

Cleverly. Yes. No Persecution could be too Severe to Secure the Unity of the Church.

This Dialogue I had from the Lips of Dr. Mayhew Himself: and I had not then nor have had Since a doubt of its litteral Truth for I had before and after that, held twenty Conversations with Cleverly in which he had uniformly avowed the Same Bigotry Superstition and Enthusiasm.

According to the Pamphlet you Sent me, We must all pay voluntarily or involuntarily, Tiths or Fifths or thirds or halves or all We have, to Send Bibles and Missionaries to convert all Men and Save their Souls. I am confident that all the Property of Europe and America would not be Sufficient to convert Asia and Africa.

Mankind must have a Crusade A War of Reformation A French Revolution, or Anti Revolution to amuse them and preserve them from Ennui.

The Christian is the Religion of the heart: but the heart is deceiptfull above all things and unless controuled by the Dominion of the Head, will lead Us into Salt ponds.

Awakenings and Revivals are not peculiar to Religion. Philosophy and Policy at times are capable of taking the Infection. The Distemper broke out in France in 1785 with dreadfull

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Symptoms of the Purple kind In 1814 and 1815 it has Seized all Europe. Cannot you and your Friend Jenner discover Some recondite Inoculation, to moderate its deleterious Rage?

I fear I must leave behind me to Posterity the Character of a Grogniard a Grogneur, a Grumbletonian, a Cassandra or a Laoccoon. For I can not go away with every Wind, especially when two hurricanes blow from Opposite Points of the Compass.

JOHN ADAMS.

QUINCY *Mar.* 17. 1817

DEAR SIR

Have you read certain Strictures upon Painters and Paintings in the Newspapers? What do you think of them?

I am pleased with his gratitude to Copeley, but I believe he was not perfect Master of Copeleys Merit.

There is a Portrait of Justice Dana in his Robe, bands and Tie Wigg of a Barrister at Law, now no doubt in possession of his Descendants. There is a full Length Portrait of Governor Adams, probably in possession of his Daughter. The Hon. Mr. Quincy has a Portrait of his Grandfather. And there are many others. In these Portraits there is Truth Nature and Fact. You can Scarcely help discour[s]ing with them, asking them questions and receiving answers.

JOHN ADAMS

QUINCY *June* 4. 1817

DEAR SIR

Your pathetic Letter of the 2d has filled my heart with Sympathy and Grief. Your Son, by a all that I knew, or have heard of him, would have been an ornment to Society. Your Sorrow at his loss must be exquisite. I can give you no better advice for your Consolation, than to read your favourite Dr. Barrow.

It is the Lot of humanity! You are not, alone! If I look back for Sixty Years, what a long catalogue do I See of young Men of the brightest Genius and most promising hopes, fallen Victims to excessive Ardour in pursuit of Knowledge? It seems as if the World was not worthy of such Lights.

If I may compare my Afflictions with yours, I have lost Grandfathers and Grand Mothers, Fathers and Mothers, Brothers and Sisters, Sons and Daughters, Grand Children and a great Grandchild, and I cannot recollect any of them without a Thrill.[1] I say nothing of political, litterary, or civil Friends. I was once in a similar Situation with your Son Benjamin. An Adjournment of Congress, for a few Weeks, in the Fall of 1775 gave me an Opportunity of visiting my Constituents; and the hopes of Seeing my Family for a few days. Arriving, on horseback, from Philadelphia, within a quarter of a mile of my house, I met an Acquaintance, who informed me that my favourite Brother, who had commanded a Company of Volunteers in the Army at Cambridge from the 19th of April, and there taken the Camp Dissentary, lay at the Point of death, given over by his Physicians. Bouyed up with the joyous hope of embracing my Wife and Children in a few minutes, how was I cast down? The next morning brought the fatal News of his death. I attended his funeral; and all the Joy of my Visit home, was turned into mourning!

The Calamity of your Friend Jenner affects me very Sensibly.[2]

However, Resign, my Friend! Resign! Not merely because You cannot help these Things; but because you

[1] [*In Waterhouse's hand*] He had not then lost his most excellent wife.

[2] [*In Waterhouse's hand*] A depression of spirits, or gloominess, unfitting him for correspondence or social intercourse.

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firmly believe they are intended for your good and mine; and what is of infinitely greater Importance, the Worlds.

You have Still Children, Sons and Daughters who do you honour, and will console your Age.

Let me hear none of the Silly Whinings of Tacitus, Cicero and Quintillian. We are not to exist, to vegitate, eternally here.

I am, dear Sir, with deep Sympathetic Feelings with you, and your Family, and with the Widow and Children of my much more ancient Friend Dalton, your assured Friend and humble Servant

JOHN ADAMS

M[ONTEZILLO *Jan.* 30. 1818?]

DEAR SIR

As 'the accurate Jefferson' has made the Revolution a Game of Billiards, I will make it a Game of Shutlecocks. Henry might give 'the first impulse to the Ball' in Virginia but Otis's Battledore had struck the Shuttlecock up in air in Massachusetts and continued to keep it up for several years before Henrys Ball was touched. Jefferson was but a Boy at Colledge of 15, or 16 years of age at most, and too intent on his Classicks and Sciences to know think or care about any thing in Boston. When Otis first fulminated against British Usurpation I was but twenty five years and three months old. Jefferson is at least nine, I believe ten years younger than me; and consequently could not be more than fifteen or Sixteen. He knew more of the Eclipses of Jupiters Satelites than he did of what was passing in Boston.

You presume that I 'am certain as to the date.' You need not take my Word. Look into Judge Minots History of Massachusetts Bay Anno 1761. Search the Records of the Superiour Court of Judicature, Court of Assize and General Goal Delivery, at Salem Term 1760 and Boston Term 1761. Look up the Newspapers of 1761. Ascertain the time when Chief Justuce Stephen Sewall died. Call for Dr. Mayhews printed Sermon on his Death. Search the date of Chief Justice Thomas Hutchinsons Commission as Chief Justice, ascertain the Time when the Bench and the Bar assumed their Scarlet and Sable Robes, and you will not find much reason to call in question my Veracity or Memory.

[*Torn*] a right to say

Hos Ego Versiculos feci, tulit alter honores

and

Sic Vos non vobis mellificates Apes

They were James Otis and Samuel Adams

And to them ought Statues to be erected and not to John.

MONTEZILLO, QUINCY *Feb.* 5. 1818

DEAR SIR

It would require an hundred Volumes in Folio to investigate the 'Roost Cock' who produced the Sacred mysterious Egg, to which you allude in your Letter of 17. Jan. The Antiquity of this Egg and its Universality over the whole Globe is astonishing. Chaldeans Persians Egyptians Hindoos Japanese Greeks Roma[n]s Mexicans Peruvians all had this mysterious Egg.

Orpheus is said to have learned in Egypt, that Matter unrelated Self existent and eternal was called Chaos. That after many Ages this matter was arrounded into the Shape of an Egg: and out of this Egg were hatched Ουρανος and Ghee. who became Husband and Wife and produced this grand and beautiful World: but Who was the 'Roostcock' that treaded the Egg out of Chaos? This question I cannot answer, without the help of Ocellus Lucanus Timaeus of Locris and Sanchoniathon who all derived their

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Cosmogony from the Same Source. And if I understand them it was The Most High, The Eternal God the Good, who by his Logos, that is to say by his Ideas, his Intellect, his Intelligence gave to Matter first the form of an Egg and hatched all things out of it.

I believe you will agree with me that it is not worth our while to exchange the Cosmogony of Moses for any other that has appeared ancient or modern.

JOHN ADAMS

I have written to Mr. Monroe.

Does not Milton allude to the Egg when he invokes

> *That Spirit, who from the first*
> Was present, and with mighty Wings outspread
> Dovelike Sat brooding on the vast abyss,
> And made it pregnant?

You know the Rooster who produced Leda's Egg. But that produced only the Dioscures.

MONTEZILLO *July 27th* 1820

DEAR SIR

I will not envy you but congratulate you on the pleasure you have had in your excursion to Washington But I covet the like pleasure so much that if I could do it without stirring up an uproar, and hurly burly through the Contenent, Old as I am I would get into my Gig, and bend my course thitherward to morrow morning. I regret most grievously that you did not Visit Cedar Grove, at Fishkill Landing, after you were at West Point. John Peter and Caroline De Windt, my Grand Children and three of my great Grand Children would have boasted all their days of a visit from Dr. Waterhouse and his Lady. From your account of the Institution, I wish that some of my Grand Sons were at it.

It is true that three persons in my family have been unwell. But their sickness was not such as to render your intended visit unacceptable or inconvenient. I hope you will not delay it long, we are all well now.

I am extremely mortified at the doubt of my Son's visit to Montezillo this Summer. If he cannot come to me, it seems to me as if I must go to him. But if I should lay my Bones at Washington they will erect no monument to me. Are you a sufficient adept in Astrology to foretell when we shall have rain, for the information of your friend and humble Servant

JOHN ADAMS

MONTEZILLO *May* 18 1821

DEAR SIR

I have made my Cantabridgians read your Letter to all my family at Breakfast. We all recognized the concordance between the Oration upon Industry and Doctor Barrows Sermons which I have caused to be read in my family over and over. Indeed I do not believe it possible for human Ingenuity to write any Thing upon Industry which may not be found Substantially in his five Sermons in favour of that Virtue.

I read Clarendon in 1758, when I was three and twenty years old, and have found his Works a valuable Source of Information ever Since. I recommend it to all my young Friends yet he is a very partial Writer as well as Hume. Both those Historians ought to have traced that Family of Steuarts to their origin, for they were of very bad discent and Education. Mary Queen of Scotts was a Guise, a Niece of the Cardinal de Lorrain and the Duke of Guise, and had her Education under them and Catharine of Medicis, three as pernicious Characters as any in History. From that detestible Source She derived her licentious manners, and her Principles of Religion, and Government; and She transmitted to all her Posterity a deep cast of all their Corruptions.

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But my paralitic hand will hold no longer than to write the name of your Friend

JOHN ADAMS

LITTLE HILL *May 8th* 1821

DEAR SIR

You must have much pleasure in watching the opening mind of your Grandchild; for, being half Waterhouse and half Ware it must be a choice Spirit.

But how Smal is your felicity in comparison with mine, who have Seven Grand Children, Scattered over the World, and Seven more under my own roof, and eight or ten great grandchildren, one of whom is here with her Mother. A great granddaughter, and a great grandson of the Same Age, three Years; whose Sports, capers, gambols, and droleries are diverting as any harlequins on any Stage.

So much for diversion, amusement and felicity! but there is a reverse of the medal; a Solemn Side of the picture! I feel a great Trust; a Solemn Sacred responsibility! What is to be the fortune or destiny of this numerous Posterity? Have I done my duty to them? Aye! there's the rub; that gives me pain. I have Spared neither pains nor expence in proportion to my means, oportunities, and abilities, in the Education of my family: but I find that *Education alone is not all sufficient.*

Streight is the gate and narrow is the Way, that leads to reputation, honour, Success, and hapiness even in this World. This narrow road leads through the Provinces of Prudence Temperance, Justice and Fortitude, and must be steadily and cautiously travelled. Hercules will find Sloth, and Indolence and pleasure, and vanity, and Pride, and Ambition, and Luxury, and Avarice, and Slander, and Ridicule, and Reproach, and Vilification, assau[l]ting him in every Stage of his Journey, and tempting him out of his Way.

How Streight is this Gate! How narrow is this Way! Yet most infallibly it is the only Path to Hapiness in this World. I Say nothing, at present, of the next.

JOHN ADAMS

MONTEZILLO *25th November* 1821.

DEAR SIR

I sympathise with Alexipharmacus in his resentment of the indignities offered to Richardson, Lock, Barrow etc. yet I cannot approve of the principle of Clarissa Harlow's history, because Such virtue ought never to be rendered So unfortunate; for I believe it never is, even in this world; nor was ever so infernal a villain as Love-lace ever able to maintain, for so long a time, the esteem and the admiration of man-kind. Nor do I approve of the resolution of Sir Charles Grandison to confine himself to private life; for such talents and such virtues are under moral and religious obligations to engage in the service of their Country and mankind, and to undertake the most hazardous services when circumstances may require them.

The obligations of mankind to Mr. Locke for his diffusion of the principles of Civil and Religious Liberty, are beyond all my powers of calculation; nor is his merit the less, though the wit of Voltaire and the eloquence of Rousseau, who derived their principles from him, *Reprobates* as they were, contributed more to Scatter them throughout the world, among all ranks of people, than his plain discourses could have done. His Essay upon the human understanding is an admirable work. He had studied Descartes and Hobbs, and his theory was suggested by them. He corrected most of their errors, but he adopted some even from Hobbs. Some of his mistakes have been noted by

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Hume, Berkley and Reid, but the inaccuracies of them all, I think, have been clearly pointed out by Dugald Stuart, who has proved that Metaphysicks are too profound for the human understanding to investigate.

Are you a partizan for the Greeks against the Turks? G. B. is determined that neither Russia or Austria Shall have them; if it be true that the King is sending 15000 troops from Hanover to the Ionian Islands. But this is as far beyond my comprehension as Metaphysics. This I know that I am

YOUR OLD FRIEND

P. S. I do not relish the controversy between England and Scotland. They have both done wonders in a literary way, even in the present Century. Pray, is Hallam, the Middle-age-man, Scotch or English?

JOHN ADAMS

MONTEZILLO *June* 10*th* 1822.

DEAR SIR

Thanks for your letter of 5th June and smoaking lecture but as I have not read the lecture I shall confine myself in this, to smoaking Theology. I believe you have heard of the Park Street prayers for the conversion of Boston and Cambridge, in which as far as they are good, sincere, honest pure and benevolent, I heartily join them; but which as far as they are hypocritical bigoted and fanatical, I hope will meet the fates of some other prayers. About the time of the British fast for success in the war against America; Dr. Franklin and I then keeping hous[e] together at Passy made a dinner for the Americans and some other company. The conversation turning at table on the subject of the British supplications, Dr. Franklin said, Gentlemen I have an history to relate to you relative to this, which I had from the best authority. On the British fast day St. Gabriel and St. Michael looked down upon earth. Says Gabriel there is a thick fog around that planet. We can see nothing what is it? Oh says Michael that is a cloud consisting of the prayers of the English coming up for the success of their armies against America Poh! says Gabriel; Michael smiled, and said that Poh! has scattered all the mist, we can now see plainly land and water, hills and valleys, cities and Villages. This Fable I believe to be Franklins own composition because it is exactly characteristic of his genius, I hope and believe that the mephytic particles of the Park Street prayers will be as effectually dispersed to the four winds.

my kind regards to Mrs. Waterhouse.

from your friend

JOHN ADAMS

MONTEZILLO *May* 21 1821

DEAR SIR

I am glad I forgot to return your Son's beautiful morsel on *Industry* with my last Letter; because it furnishes an Apology for writing another. In answering a letter I commonly forget to notice two thirds of it, till my answer is Sent away.

Helvetius and Rousseau preached to the French Nation *Liberty*, till they made them the most mechanical Slaves; *equality* till they destroyed all Equity; *humanity* till they became Weasels, and Affrican Panthers; and *Fraternity* till they cutt one anothers throats like Roman Gladiators.

Helvetius carried his enthusiasm for Equality So far that he fills many pages with learned and ingenious Arguments to prove thatt Men are born equal in Capacity, Intellect, and Genius. This doctrine, if I have correctly measured your inimitable wooden leg, is at Antipodes with yours. You Seem to imply that Natural Genius is all, and Education nothing but artificial Show.

Now, if I rightly ken you both, I

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canot perfectly agree with Waterhouse or Helvetius: For

1. Barrow and Waterhouse have both proved the antient Maxim that the Gods *Sell all things to Industry.*

2. I have never known a Studious Youth who did not come to Something; A Student at the Bar who did not make a Lawyer; a Student in Medicine who did not become a Physician; a Student in Theology who did not turn out a divine. No, Nor a Studious Carpenter who did not appear an excellent Architect; nor a diligent Shoemaker, who was not a good Workman.

3. Genius is often produced by Accident. Mrs. Morton Says Genius is Sorrows Child. Extream Poverty, deep distress, Severe Affliction, Sudden danger, cruel, inextricable Embarrasments, often produce astonishing Efforts of Genius. Revolutions they Say, produce Self taught Heros, Statesmen, Phylosophers, Genius in Abundance, out of multitudes of lumpish Animals. Anger, Hatred, Revenge, Jealousy, Envy, and above all *Love*, are often productive of Sublime and beautiful Genius. Disappointment too, often creates it.

4. Genius is often created by artificial and physical Means. West India and even New England Rum and Virginia Whisky, Mild English Porter, and even good old Cyder, much more Burgundy Champaigne, Old Madeira, Cherry, and Old Hock, are great Inspirers. But they Say, for I never tried an Attom or a drop, that Opium and liquid Laudanum are the very divinities that Stir within Us, and will produce Genius out of the coarsest Clay. Arrack, and Coniac brandy have plenty of Genius in them.

5. To descend to examples. Tom. Paine could never write without Several bottles of Porter, or an equal quantity of Alcohol, Rum, or brandy, in his Stomach. Churchill could not compose a Verse, without a Bottle of Madeira Wine before him. Abraham B——p of Connecticutt could not write upon the Alliance of Church and State, till he had a reasonable quantity of Rum and Water in him. And I have been told by Parson Montague of Dedham, though I will not vouch for the truth of it, that General Hamilton never wrote or spoke at the bar, or elsewhere, in public, without a bit of Opium in his mouth. But none of these causes can produce Helvetius's Equality of Genius. *Education*, after all, is a better leg, if it is wooden, than all the rest.

JOHN ADAMS.

So much for octogenarian or nonagenarian badinage!

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THE LAST DREAM

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

I saw a reindeer, strayed from star-pastures,
Dancing home in the thin black dawn;
Dancing home through my balsam hedges,
Over my snow-dappled lawn.

Glass-shod, antlered with ferny silver,
Feather-fetlocked with ice, he crossed
Out through the shrouded meadows. My whistle
Splintered breathless to frost.

Barbed with fear lest the orange morning
Lock his star-fields' remotest gate,
Home he leapt, while my whistle fainted,
'Silver Heels! . . . Silver Horn! . . . Wait! . . .'

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THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE SIXTH SENSE

BY SIR W. BEACH THOMAS

It is a common experience among us — though much commoner among the insects, to take the two ends of the scale — to discover things, to apprehend and reach truth, by mysterious ways. We are most of us in some measure mystics, aware now and then of strange communions with reality, through unperceived sources of news that vibrate along unknown cords of our being. We have flashes of inspiration, or, as they used to say in the seventeenth century, 'lucid intervals,' a much better phrase then than now. We have no need to go to books of reference, to reports of psychic societies, to the salons of 'spook merchants' for our examples. The personal experiences among our own circle will supply plenty.

Now it has happened to me lately by a series of accidents to come across several suggestions of this hidden sense in several departments of natural history, and indeed human history; and when collated and compared they have suggested, not indeed an explanation of the experiences, but perhaps a certain or possible simplification of the mystery. The infinite variety of nature astonishes us; but as we move up or down the scale, passing from a study of man to plants, — via, say, domestic animals and insects, — we come upon likenesses and analogies so queer that they surprise us more than the variety. It is not a mere poet's fancy that plants breathe and move or that men have their springs and winters. Eminent scientists are seeking examples and proof of the hidden sense. If we compare these investigations, along with our own personal experiences, we may discover at least the sign of a common quality. It is a step toward knowledge to know whereabouts lies the mystery we mean some day to drive into the open — so far as we are allowed. It will doubtless always be true that *omnia exeunt in mysterium;* but at least there is zest in widening the arch of twilight that surrounds our little camp pitched in the wilds of the universe.

I

A well-known man of letters in London has a notable personal likeness to one of his daughters; and this likeness in face seems to be correlated with a likeness of mind that appears not so much on the intellectual plane as in the sentimental. Their thoughts, differing greatly in power and direction, may be said to be of the corresponding wave length. A vibration in one brain is received by the other brain (if brain is the right word); and the two on occasion have a certain simultaneous knowledge of one another's state, however far apart they are in mere distance. They make no mystery of this mystic sympathy, and no parade. The daughter traveling in Italy had a sudden attack of influenza. She sent no news home, but on her second day in bed received a telegram from her father in London, asking whether all was well. He knew she was in some danger.

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Of course many such sudden impulses as caused the sending of the telegram may be explicable by mere coincidence. A father thinking of an absent daughter may be struck by a sudden fear, which by mere accident may synchronize with the daughter's illness; but the examples of this sort of telepathy between sympathetic or complementary human beings are so many and so salient that it needs a stronger dogmatism to deny them than to affirm them. Men and women of very common clay may be as 'transcendental' as any Kantian philosopher. Most of us in our circle have come across some example or alleged example of telepathy, of communication or emotional communion between two persons who cannot see or hear one another, who may be divided by seas or continents, and most of us are duly dumfounded with amazement; but I think that the company of naturalists, especially perhaps students of the ways of insects, are less amazed than others. They come across not less amazing powers among creatures of much less highly organized structure. The great difference, of course, between the insect and the man is that the one has little intelligence agents scattered about its body, so-called ganglionic centres, while the other has his organs of apprehension centred in the head. But when you study the make-up of most insects you find the biggest of these nerve centres in the head and behind the eye; and, correspondingly, when you anatomize man you find that he has other brains besides that within the skull.

A great man of science has affirmed that woman is more 'ganglionic' than man. She apprehends things by senses not necessarily centred in one place only. Children perhaps excel both parents, not — in so far as common experience goes — in telepathic feats of any great seriousness, but in small intuitive perceptions of many sorts. An ingenious mother who lived in one of a long line of houses, all decorated in the same manner and so alike that she herself had to look at the number on the door, made every effort to induce her twin girls of six years or thereabouts to pass their proper door. The children always stopped, as a dog would, at the right steps, but no one could extract from them any information as to what distinguishing mark they noticed. The nearest explanation that was ever accorded was this: 'When we get here, we know our little yellow bedsteads are upstairs.' They felt the neighborhood of their lair, the little yellow bedsteads; and that is the thing we call instinct, or intuition, or the sixth sense, or, if the latest scientific coinage is preferred, 'cryptæsthesia' — the hidden or cryptic sense. Children possess this and exercise it in surprising force and in unexpected directions.

A teacher of mathematics in a naval college, which is joined by pupils at twelve years of age, came to the conclusion, after many tests and a long experience, that the small boys could apprehend advanced mathematical truths even though they might have trouble with the elements. They possessed this faculty, but they lost it a little later. The mathematical tutor held that Wordsworth was accurately imaginative when he said that mankind came into the world 'trailing clouds of glory,' girt about with splendors of feeling and intelligence that belong to another world than the one we can analyze and spell out. His own conviction was that education begins at the wrong end; that the dull drilling of obvious things — of addition and of grammar, for example — overlaid, if it did not kill, both the sense of rhythmic language and the perception

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of mathematical truths that are inborn in many children. They can write more musical verse and do more advanced sums at twelve than at twenty. Though he came to it by a different path, he arrived at much the same belief as Thomas Huxley, who held that education ought to begin with research, not merely end with it. We kill our instincts because we do not realize that they exist. That very small children, children even less than two years old, have on occasion musical perceptions that they may lose later, is hardly less certain than, for example, that the strong prehensile power of the fingers with which nearly all children are born leaves them after a few weeks. We come 'trailing' the grip of the monkey as well as the 'clouds of glory,' and may profitably take cognizance of both gifts. Browning's 'happy, prompt, instinctive way of youth' touches a deeper truth than he had in mind. Most children have a sense or two more than their elder selves, but some few cling to this exotic power and develop it till, in Professor James's phrase, they are '*en rapport* with existence.'

The telepathic and intuitive gift in mankind is not at all unlike the power of some of the insects, of which one may give a thousand examples, for their power is a commonplace. One may suffice for the illustration of the argument. In the Great War a student of insects, who had a period of temporary rest, was told by a local entomologist that there were no purple emperor moths in the vicinity. Long and careful search by many eyes had not discovered a single specimen. He said he quite believed it, but boasted that he would draw the moth to the neighborhood as easily as the Pied Piper drew the rats of Hamelin. So he wrote to England for a female specimen; and as soon as she came — it was by return of post, and from London! — he set her in a gauze cage in the garden. In the second night several purple emperors had gathered to the spot. The experiment was yet another proof, though one was hardly needed, that this species of moth can signal over a great distance, amounting probably to miles. The message may be some infinitely delicate but penetrating scent. It may be some note so thin and sharp that our gross ears and our less gross instruments cannot detect it. The sound or scent may shoot through the air and keep so level a diminuendo that the subtle recipient at the other end not only perceives it but can follow it in a direct line to the source, as a dog scents a hare. The message, whatever it is, carries far, and is, as they say of wireless waves, 'directional.' It is just possible that the tidings are conveyed by scent or sound, but neither anatomy nor analogy nor any experience suggests that the moth possesses the power either to emit or to receive such scent or sound. It is at least as likely — to say no more — that communication is made by some other sense than we wot of. Most instincts are inexplicable by the five senses, whatever perfection we grant to any one instinct. Every wasp of a certain species stings its prey, the caterpillar, in just the one minute spot where the puncture produces paralysis, but not death.

The nearest we can come to a definition of instinct is that it attains the end directly, without conscious or perhaps any other perception of the means. Of such a nature is telepathy, if we presume that it exists.

> Star to star vibrates light. May soul to soul
> Strike through some fierce element of its own?

There is the query, and it is at least as plausible, as likely a truth to answer 'yes' as 'no.'

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II

Let me abandon the higher flights of the mystic faculty and come down to more domestic appearances of it — to the sort of perceptions that we are apt to call uncanny. For several centuries, among many peoples both civilized and savage, to the accompaniment of queer rituals that have all some common chord, country people have been astonished at the art of the water-finder, at the craft of the divining rod which trembles at the presence of water or metal. When we have shaved off the nap of concealing superstitions that hide the proper tissue, we still find a residuum of fact that it is difficult to deny or disbelieve. Apparently sane and businesslike municipal councils are to-day officially employing their dowsers (that fine old word which no one can explain), and are satisfied with the honesty and efficiency of their services. More than this: an authentic man of science, with the help of other men of science, has for years been laboriously sifting the evidence of the ages and of to-day, and at the conclusion has quite firmly decided that some men and women, specially endowed by nature, can perceive by some mystic agency the neighborhood of water. Their being is affected. They do not smell or hear or feel or infer it. They just know it is there, as the twin girls knew that their little yellow bedsteads were upstairs. They are in control of that extra sense for which the chief author of this inquiry adopts that useful word 'cryptæsthesia.'

How does the power we cannot explain by known senses express itself in the mammals and birds? The essence of their peculiar gift may be found in the awkward but useful adjective 'directional.' Dogs and horses do not travel the immense distances covered in one ecstatic rush by American robins or by the geese that move from Florida to Labrador or by the swallows that fly straight from South Africa to the eaves of a particular thatched cottage in England. But the four-footed mammals have as strong a sense, and it astonishes us more than the birds' migrations. A friend of mine in Ireland was asked for the loan of a dog by a neighbor who lived just twenty miles away. He responded by packing his terrier in a hamper and putting it on the floor of his friend's dogcart, the owner driving directly home. The dog had never made the journey before and knew nothing of the country where his new master lived. He could not see out of the hamper where he was confined. The road had many twists and turns. Yet that terrier, who managed to escape soon after he was released, reached his proper home the same night. He had traveled the twenty miles at express speed, just as the birds cross seas and continents, preferably by night. They do not need or desire light for exercising this peculiar gift.

In my own experience, the first time I took out a certain spaniel puppy she grew suddenly frightened, lost all control, and after two short circling rushes, such as a carrier pigeon might make, ran straight home. She ran directly across a railway and through blind country she had never seen or smelled before. She had been with me only three or four days. She was clearly too terrified to exercise any power of inference. Some strange 'handmaid behind the ear' led her home by the straightest path.

Many explanations have been sought for the skill of birds in finding their route. It is indisputably true that homer pigeons have long sight and use the power. They can be taught their way up to a certain distance by experience. It is their habit to circle up,

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and not to start off before they have taken their bearings. But even with such pigeons many individual journeys are recorded that are not explicable along the lines of experience; and the explanation falls down altogether in the case of most migrative birds. One of the many reasons is that the young often lead the way. At certain seasons they start before, at certain seasons after, the older birds; but in both spring and autumn (in certain species) the young and old fly off independently, and the young are as clever as their experienced elders in discovering the right road. No sort of explanation founded on any observed sense will explain this. Doubtless birds are naturally mobile and rejoice in their mobility. They are driven from one country to another by the need of warmth and food. Such causes would automatically produce movement; but they would not produce one long immense flight at a particular date and at exceptional speed to one particular spot on the earth's surface. More than this: experience of birds in captivity proves sufficiently that at the hour of migration the other senses are dulled and numbed into partial insensibility. We know from experience of captive birds that their whole being is occupied at the two solstices by some deep compelling emotion which draws them and drives them as an engine is drawn and driven along an electric rail. When this external power reaches their machinery they must move or perish. The force is so little resistible that it may drive them — as on occasion it drives migratory lemmings — to destruction, but for the most part it is the agency of salvation.

The migration flights of insects, especially of butterflies, are much less regular and seem less useful to the species; but most insects, especially bees and wasps, have a very strong directional instinct. They find their way — and by a 'bee line' — straight back to the little hole in the ground where their home is, though they have strayed over a mile or two of country; and from what we know of their powers of sight, which are very small for any object more than a few inches away, they find their path by virtue of another faculty than belongs to the eyes, whether simple or complex. Thus they receive more impulses than are received by any facet of the eyes in the head.

It is remarkable how often the hidden sense, whatever it is, is directional. One gets glimpses of the birth of the faculty in several climbing plants. In an experiment with a hop plant I quite failed, in spite of all kinds of effort, to turn the tip away from its course, which was directly aimed at the nearest support. It would perhaps be extravagant to stress this skill in the climbing plant (in which Francis Darwin found what he called intelligence); but some of them, especially the hop, certainly appear to have directional inklings, and will suspend their natural tendency to circle while they are heading for a particular point.

III

Now it will be said, not without truth, that between all these and other examples of queer, inexplicable instincts there is a very vague analogy; and, at the best, analogy is no argument. But, as an astute logician has pointed out, though analogy is no argument, it is 'an indication that an argument exists.' And in this investigation we may come to certain conclusions that are tolerably definite and may conceivably be useful. First, most beings and some plants have capacities that do not come from the senses that we know and have named;

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they achieve results that seem miraculous, indeed that are miraculous if we limit possible explanations to the common senses. That is one point. The second is that these powers, until we come to exceptional man, are as a rule directional. The capacity, the faculty, the intuitive power is in touch with some stream of information not perceptible by the grosser senses as we understand them. Indeed, the more these senses are eliminated, the more surely and easily the hidden sense works. When we come to man the analogy, as usual, breaks down, except in one particular. Whenever he gives evidence of a hidden sense, — as in the water dowser, in the medium, in the telepathist, — his new power, as a rule, is in inverse ratio to the keenness of his other senses. He becomes, like the Scots when they are 'fey,' 'wrapt above the earth,' and produces the best results, like Coleridge in the writing of 'Kubla Khan,' when self and the world are out of reach and forgotten. The 'vision splendid' has nothing to do with seeing. Direction which matters infinitely to most animals little concerns man. He has grosser finger posts. He has passed beyond the stage when life depends on the strength of the homing instinct. His hidden sense travels in search, not of a place, but of a kindred spirit. He seeks a mystic communion. He is borne 'darkly, fearfully afar,' where the soul of his Adonais

> Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

Now if we look at this hidden sense in its different manifestations it seems likely that it belongs to the invisible envelope of the earth, though that envelope is doubtless connected up with the universe. The birds, let us presume, are aware of a circumambient flow of force that guides them; and the hidden sense by which they are in touch with it, perhaps with the feeling of the swing of the earth, may follow the ordinary lines of heredity. It has been bred out of the English robin and enhanced in the American robin. It has been bred and taught out of man. He developed reason by way of the clash of conflicting instincts; and in consequence some of the best instincts have fallen in battle or are maimed. It may yet become an integral part of education to preserve the infant glory, and a part of our normal life to use the ether with our thoughts as our material messages use it. The hidden sense may be as real as those of eye and ear and touch.

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ENGLAND AND THE NARROW SEAS

BY ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

I

In English records of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there is a phrase which often recurs — 'the Narrow Seas.' Historians treat it as a name, and tell us, rightly enough, that it refers to the seas which lie just north and south of the Straits of Dover. But what they do not tell us adequately is how greatly the fate of the world has been affected by the peculiarities of these narrow seas. The marked character of these seas has impressed itself upon the populations on its shores: in England these are the East Kent folk and East Anglians from Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Lincolnshire; and on the continent across the water they are the people of the Low Countries — namely, Holland, Belgium, and the northwestern coast of France. There are two characteristics impressed on all these populations, with the possible exception of the French section, which has for its hinterland the Latin influence of France. These characteristics are obstinacy and a tendency to lonely thought. There are some things which cannot be learned from state documents in record offices; and one of these facts, which is thus apt to escape notice, is how the Narrow Seas impressed their character on these coastal populations. The Narrow Seas are the parents of all the free governments in the world — Holland, England, the United States. The Pilgrim Fathers were their offspring.

The Straits of Dover form the southern apex of the small triangle in which the North Sea ends; and they form the northeastern apex of the triangle where the English Channel narrows down to the twenty miles separating England from the civilized world of Latin influence. On the map it looks the simplest job in the world to sail up the Channel, pass through the Straits, and thence up the estuary of the Thames to London. Alternatively there is the short voyage from Antwerp to London. Philip of Spain saw that. Yet there are only four records of a successful invasion across the Narrow Seas: the Romans, the Saxons, William the Conqueror, and the Dutch William the Third. The list suggests high-class efficiency; and it is all wanted for the task. I always suspect that Julius Cæsar and his Roman successors had colossal luck in getting across and in getting back. A fog and a gale, with a Roman fleet wrecked on the treacherous sunken sands or blown on to some dangerous headland, — Beachy Head, or the South Foreland, or the North Foreland, — might have left England barbarous for another four hundred years and have altered the history of the world. The chances were heavily against those fair-weather Mediterranean sailors, used to tideless, fogless seas. Perhaps Providence sometimes takes a hand in the game of history.

The Narrow Seas put up almost every form of difficulty known to sailors — tides, fogs, winds, dangerous headlands, sunken shoals. The tides

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are the foundation of most of the trouble. The North Sea and the Channel act as funnels and concentrate their tides at the Straits. The rise and fall in height is a detail compared to the current, which runs like a race horse. There are four tides a day, two from the north and two from the south. Their relative strengths depend on the winds. Accordingly in the Narrow Seas, four times a day, there is repeated that contest between the North and the South which makes the history of Europe throughout the ages.

These currents have formed shoals which run northward from the Straits of Dover to the mouth of the Thames. My earliest recollections are entwined with flash lights from the lightships on the Goodwin Sands. We could see them on winter evenings from our nursery windows at the top of the house. Sometimes during a fog the boom of a gun would be heard at slow intervals across the sea. It was a ship ashore on the Goodwin Sands. At other times we saw rockets rise mysteriously from the dark waters. It was the Gull lightship signaling a wreck. Next day we were taken down to the harbor, and there was the lifeboat decked with flags: during the night it had been out and had saved the crew of some vessel slowly sinking into the merciless quicksands.

The navigation of the Narrow Seas is the key to Dutch and English history. There are perils in every direction; there are winds and currents to carry you to them; and there are fogs and blinding storms of sleet to hide all knowledge of your whereabouts. The Dutch and English sailors learned their lesson on the Narrow Seas. The Spanish sailors were used to galleys in the tideless Mediterranean and to huge galleons which ran before the trade winds across the open waters of the South Atlantic. When it came to fighting for freedom in the Narrow Seas the oar-driven galleys and the unhandy galleons were helpless. It was no use trusting to oars for large ships in the chops of the Channel: and if you could not sail close to the wind you could say your prayers, for your last moment had come.

As you read a history book, compiled by a learned landsman, it is not so easy to understand why the Armada bolted in terror when it had reached its appointed destination between Antwerp and England. King Philip's strategy must have seemed perfect as he sat in his study in Madrid. Freedom was saved for the world because he had ordered his fleet to halt in a death trap for that type of vessel. Such craft could anchor in the Downs or in Calais Roads, but they could only move thence by running before the gale and making a bolt for it up the North Sea.

In our parish registers for the year 1588, my father's predecessor in the vicarage had written, 'Today buried three sailors from the queene's shippes.' I read the entry exactly three hundred years afterward, in the same room in which it had been written. Poor nameless men! I wonder whether they ever knew that they had given their lives for the salvation of English freedom.

Every little harbor along that Kentish coast had, and still has, its lifeboat and its luggers, which, by some mysterious art inbred in the population, keep the seas in all weathers — Deal, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, Kingsgate, Margate, all had these lifeboats, and harbors swarming with luggers and fishing smacks.

The fishermen were decidedly 'wet' in the technical American sense of that word. I remember one old man who used to row us children out to bathe from his boat. He was a weather-beaten old fellow, and the philosophy of life which he imparted to our eager ears was that 'eating is a beastly habit.'

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We all understood, without explanation, that the great-souled way of life was to sustain it on alcoholic beverages — beer for daily life and brandy for festivals. You may criticize the moral code of these men when you have risked your life in saving others as often as had that old lifeboat's man. He shall not remain nameless: his name was Saxby — 'Old Saxby' we called him. In his old age, when we were entrusted to him, he got his livelihood by shrimping and by leasing his rowboat. Old Saxby was more remarkable for obstinacy than for lonely thought. But this sole relic of his conversation proves that even he had elaborated his individual outlook on the universe.

The fishing smacks used to trawl in the neighborhood, and also go farther afield into the North Sea to the Dogger Bank. About every third fish in the North Sea ends by being eaten either in England or in Holland. If you drop a ring, either in Boston or in London, your chance of seeing it again is very small. But if you will send it to the English Fishery Board, they will tie it to the tail of a fish and let it loose in the North Sea; and every third time you will get your ring back.

During the Russo-Japanese War, England and Russia nearly went to war over the fishing smacks on the Dogger Bank. The Russian fleet going from the Baltic to Japan, where the Japanese sank it in *their* Narrow Seas, crossed the Dogger Bank in the nighttime and found it studded with small boats and lights. They concluded that they had fallen into an ambush of Japanese torpedo boats, and accordingly opened fire on the fishing smacks. England was aflame with indignation. But luckily Mr. Balfour, the then Prime Minister, and the Lords of the Admiralty — who in England play the august part of your Supreme Court here — kept their heads. The naval officers said that, if you thought you saw a hostile torpedo boat, you had to shoot first and inquire afterward, — since there was not time for the converse procedure, — and Mr. Balfour remembered that the Russians were probably ignorant of the peculiarities of the Narrow Seas. So the Russian fleet was allowed to pass through the British squadron, and sailed on to its appointed doom.

II

The history of the world depends on a lot of little things, apart from which events would have happened differently. London would never have been heard of as a great centre of commerce unless just to the north of the Straits of Dover there had been a magnificent anchorage off Deal. It is called the Downs. In English naval history the Downs loom large. With an east wind a sailing ship bound from London southward cannot tack and get round the capes of the South Foreland and Beachy Head. The Narrow Seas, at their narrowest part, forbid that. So in old days the ships from London anchored in the Downs. They wanted good anchorage there: on the French side lies Cape Gris-Nez, on the English side there is the South Foreland, and a few miles behind, ready to engulf them, lie the Goodwin Sands with the treacherous water rippling over them. It is not healthy to be caught in a gale in that spot without good anchorage. The Downs have lost their importance in these days of steam; but in my boyhood I have seen a hundred sail anchored in the Downs. Such a sight might have been seen for centuries, but now the Downs have disappeared from history.

In 1871, during the Franco-German War, an English squadron anchored in the Downs for months. I remember being taken out to see the battleships. In those days all but one had sails as

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well as steam power. During the Great War it would have been certain destruction to anchor in the Downs. The haunts of my boyhood in Ramsgate fared badly then: a bomb fell on the house where I was born, another in the garden where I played, and a third blew up a powder magazine on the quay where Old Saxby used to embark us for bathing. I do not think anyone left the town by reason of these little incidents. People repaired their windowpanes and stuck it out with East Kent obstinacy. Certainly my own aunt, who still lives there, never moved her establishment.

But at that game of determination Yorkshire beats us hollow. During the war a general examination of all the school children in Scarborough, a seaside town of Yorkshire, had been arranged by the local authorities to take place from nine to twelve in the morning. At six on that morning three German cruisers appeared and shelled the place for over an hour. It never occurred to the authorities to put off the examination, or to the parents to keep the children from school; nor was the work of the children in any way affected. By the time the examination had begun, a British squadron had turned up, and a North Sea fog had descended to save the Germans; so the townspeople did what they always have done in a fog — they went on with their appointed work.

I wonder if you noticed the names of the little Kentish seaports which I mentioned: Ramsgate, Broadstairs, Kingsgate, and Margate. To a man of Kent — Kentishmen are an inferior brand who live at the west end of the county beyond the River Medway — to a man of Kent these names by their very form all suggest the white chalk cliffs of Old England. These cliffs are perpendicular, with 'gaps' or 'gates' in them at intervals. Wherever there is a gate there is a small fishing town. I suppose that some early Anglo-Saxon pirate got weary of these endless 'gates,' and so preferred 'stairs' for the Broadstairs 'gate.'

III

When the Anglo-Saxons grew tired of piracy and took to Christianity and the quiet life, they were bothered by the piratical habits of their unconverted cousins in Scandinavia. So all the old villages and churches are about one or two miles inland. Behind the gaps which lie around the headland of the North Foreland there stands a magnificent group of eleventh-century Norman churches — Minster, St. Laurence behind Ramsgate, St. Peter's behind Broadstairs, St. John's behind Margate, and Monkton. If you do not understand something about life in the eleventh century when you have visited these, you are incapable of learning. They all have one very useful characteristic. They could hold all the villagers of those times; and when the massive oak doors were shut and barred, from the top of the square Kentish flint tower, with the aid of a few arrows and stones, you could watch the pirates till they went off with the next tide.

I do not mean to imply that the inhabitants were foolishly peaceable; because they were n't. Modern America has nothing to teach East Kent in the way of bootlegging. We finally gave it up with the advent of free trade in 1848. But during the Napoleonic Wars the whole population, country gentlemen, magistrates, and clergy, took a hand in the trade. In those good old days the Established Church showed a surprising liberality of sentiment. The services at Minster Church had sometimes to be interrupted to enable the congregation to remove the brandy from the church vaults to neighboring marshes on the rumored

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approach of the preventive men. In my father's vicarage garden at St. Peter's there were caves with legends of smugglers attached to them.

In recent years the population has been diluted by the influx of Londoners, rich and poor, seeking health from the bracing sea air which comes straight down from the North Pole over the North Sea. But throughout the nineteenth century the East Kent population was devoted to Church and State and moderate Whig principles. My grandfather was a Whig in 1815 when Whiggism was dangerous; he voted Whig in 1832 when Whiggism was all-powerful; and he voted Whig in his old age when Mr. Gladstone triumphed in the early 1870's. Throughout the nineteenth century in East Kent the clergy were the real leaders of the people; bootlegging at the beginning, social reform in the middle — it was all one to them. They were all sturdy Englishmen, clergy and laity together. At the beginning of the century Mr. Harvey, the vicar of St. Laurence, was highly respected, and very deservedly so, though he shared in the jovial habits of that period and sometimes was taken home in a wheelbarrow like Mr. Pickwick. He was a man of energy, and formed the new parish of Ramsgate, which had outgrown its mother village of St. Laurence. His son, Mr. Richard Harvey, was appointed to the new Ramsgate church; and in the second quarter of the century, till 1860, presided there amid universal respect, exhibiting the reformed manners of the new age. In fact he was even High-Church, and introduced an altar cloth with the sacred monogram which can be read as the Latin capital letters IHS. This aroused some Protestant feeling, which was allayed only by the happy conjecture that the letters stood for Jenkins, Harvey, and Snowden — the surnames of the vicar and his two curates. This is an interesting example of how religious strife can be allayed by the ingenuity of scholarship.

The population was very Protestant, but curiously antagonistic to the Nonconformist minority whose theological principles were identical with its own. About 1830 an old gentleman — Townsend was his name — made a vow that if ever he entered a Nonconformist place of worship he hoped that God would make him stick in the doorway. He took the vow seriously, for, when a respected Nonconformist died, during the funeral service he stood outside the church by way of respect, but did not venture into the doorway. In those days there was no honeyed sentiment about the union of the churches.

Throughout the middle of the century the vicar of St. Laurence was Mr. Sicklemore, a considerable landowner who lived in a small park in the parish. He was the incarnation of 'Church and State' sentiment. Even in his own time he represented an England that was fast passing. He had a magnificent voice and always preached in black kid gloves. The sermons expressed his sentiments about things in general, frankly expressed in the vernacular. Here is one of his perorations, which modern America might take to heart:—

'This Sunday morning, as I walked through my village, I saw its very walls defaced by advertisements. It's shocking! 'Pon my honor, it's shocking!'

And with that beautiful sentiment he dismissed the congregation. I can well remember Mr. Sicklemore; and I cannot begin to imagine his sentiments if some enterprising medium should evoke him to a knowledge of the modern world.

I think that my father was the last example of these East Kent clergymen who were really homogeneous with their people, and therefore natural leaders on all occasions, secular and religious.

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The present-day English clergy are excellent men, but they are divorced from the soil. My father could remember the arrival of the first railway engine in Ramsgate, and he died at the end of the century. So he exactly represents the period of transformation. He had all the habits of thought of a man who had always taken the lead, not because he thought about it, but because it was the natural thing to do. He was entirely devoid of any artificial tone of 'uplift.' In fact he hated it, and expressed his opinion of 'cant' with direct Saxon vigor. But in his generation a tenderness of tone had crept in, and he was an example of it. When the Baptist minister of the village was dying, my father was the only minister whom he would see. Despite all the differences between their churches, they were both East Kent men; and when they read the Bible together they understood each other without many words.

In his youth he had ridden with the hounds, and had a magnificent seat on horseback. He had also played cricket with every club in the neighborhood. He knew all the farmers and the laborers; and in his later years he had christened a fair percentage of them, after playing cricket or hunting with their fathers in earlier days when they were boys together.

He was an equal mixture of a High-Churchman and a Broad-Churchman. His favorite history was Gibbon's *Decline and Fall.* I do not think that any of Gibbon's chapters shocked him; for his robust common sense told him that the people of East Kent, with whom he was quite content, were really very unlike the early Christians. His favorite character in the Bible was Abraham, who exhibits many features to endear him to the East Kent mentality.

My father was a natural orator, equally at home in the pulpit or at a mass meeting either of townspeople or of countrymen. His church was always crammed with the villagers, and with townspeople who had walked some miles, and with Londoners spending their holidays in the district.

These East Kent clergy of the old school had a simpler view of the relations of a pastor to his flock than that which prevails at present. They viewed with disapproval the growth of the complex parochial machinery which obtains at present throughout England. It was a case of one-man rule. They were simple and direct in their methods, and yet they got at the heart of the people in a way denied to the present generation. As they walked through their villages, or across the country footpaths, they stopped and chatted with every man, woman, or child whom they met. They knew all about them — whether their patch of vegetable garden was good or bad, whether they were sober or whether they drank, what their fathers were like, and how their sons had turned out. They had homely advice and kindly sympathy to give. Above all, they saw to it that every child in the village went to school and had an education according to the lights of those days. They visited the schools, listened to the children, patted them on the head, and made friends with the school-teachers. It was a humanizing, kindly influence, which trusted mainly to the mercy of God to save the souls of men.

IV

This corner of Kent is called the Isle of Thanet. The arm of the sea which separates it from the mainland had just ceased to be navigable when the Tudors came to the throne. Now its old bed forms desolate grass flats surrounded by tidal ditches. This flat marshy country is from four to six

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miles broad and about twenty miles long. It is protected from the North Sea by a dike in the Dutch fashion. The connection with the Low Countries used to be closer than it is now. England supplied the raw materials for the industrial cities, such as Ghent and Bruges. The sixteenth- and seventeenth-century cottages are all identical with the corresponding cottages in Flanders. Sandwich, once the chief naval dockyard of England, is an old Dutch town, so far as its buildings are concerned. Its importance finally ceased in the seventeenth century when its harbor silted up in consequence of the closing of the sea channel between Thanet and the mainland. If you go there, you will find quiet Dutch streets, a glorious Norman church, and in the old Townhall contemporary pictures of sea fights with the Dutch. In the intervals of fighting their Protestant kinsfolk for the sake of trade, they got over some Flemish men 'cunning in waterworks,' as their records say. But even these engineers were powerless against the tides of the Narrow Seas, which remorselessly rolled up sand till Sandwich joined with Ravenna in Italy to exemplify how puny are the efforts of man to stay the hand of Fate.

The witness of Sandwich, the lonely marsh telling of the lost sea passage, and the wonderful group of Norman churches, and in the far distance to the west the towers of Canterbury Cathedral, all proclaim that we are in the midst of a district where events have happened which shaped England. It is natural that it should be so, for we are at the very focus of the Narrow Seas.

Place yourself at the southwest angle of the finest of all these Norman churches, the church of Minster in Thanet, now some four miles from the apex of a large shallow bay dividing the two capes, the North Foreland, in Thanet, and the South Foreland, near Dover on the mainland in Kent. Parts of the church are older than the Normans: the small tower behind us is mainly Saxon, but some of its masonry is Roman. Inside the church there is an oak chest said to have been brought over with William the Conqueror — the heavy luggage of some Norman knight. This is the spot which best overlooks what in old times was the main gateway into England from the French coast. The marshes at our feet stretch up to Canterbury to the west; on the south their seashore looks toward France; and on the north another shore touches the estuary of the Thames. Till near the end of the Middle Ages these marshes formed the sea passage; and the traffic to London passed through it, avoiding the dangerous voyage round the North Foreland.

Roman soldiers guarded forts, Richborough and Reculver, — Rutupiæ and Regulbium, — which still exist at either end of it. Reculver retains only the foundations, with twin mediæval towers to mark the desolateness of its present site. Richborough still shows the massive Roman walls round the huge enclosure. Then Thanet was an island, and Minster in Thanet overlooked the seaway near the Richborough end. From that position you can see the spot where Hengist and Horsa landed with the first band of Saxons, and also, one hundred and fifty years later, Saint Augustine — the missionary, not the theologian. The first Saxons and the first Christian missionaries landed in Thanet for the same reason, because both they and the inhabitants of Kent felt safer with an arm of the sea between them.

Till the beginning of the nineteenth century an old oak tree could be pointed out near the church, under which Augustine is said to have first preached Christianity to Ethelbert, the king of

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Kent. All the sermons to be delivered in New England next Sunday morning are derived from that ancestor which still haunts the sea winds in the churchyard of Minster in Thanet.

Ethelbert died at Reculver more than thirteen hundred years ago, and its modern desolateness seems to stand guardian over those simple remote times when the pagan king became Christian. Across the marshes you can on a clear day see the towers of Canterbury Cathedral. In St. Martin's Church, just above the Cathedral, is the font in which Ethelbert was baptized. Even in Ethelbert's time the building was a restoration; it was an old Roman church put in order for his Christian wife. In the Cathedral you are shown the stone in the pavement on which Becket fell as he was murdered by Reginald Fitzurse and his companion knights who with him had hurried across the Narrow Seas from France. 'The traitor will never rise again!' cried his murderers. It was a false boast, often repeated on like occasions. Becket is one of the greatest of those traitors who have 'risen again' in English history as immortal patriots, glorious for resistance to brute force by whomsoever wielded, King, Parliament, or People. Opposite to this spot, on the other side of the Cathedral, the armor of the Black Prince hangs, reminiscent of the battle of Crécy. In the Cathedral there is a Brenchley chapel. The modern Brenchleys were agricultural laborers in my father's parish, thus exemplifying the rule that the descendants of the mediæval barons are chiefly to be found among the peasantry.

Finally, coming back to modern times and to our observation post in the Minster churchyard, we could see thence, during the Great War, train after train of ammunition, in endless procession, pass along the little branch railway track which runs through the marshes from Canterbury to Minster, and thence past Richborough to Sandwich. Richborough had awakened from the sleep of centuries. At its feet the mouth of a small stream forms a harborage in the marsh, guarded from the air by the mist which for a thousand years had arisen each night finally to perform this last service to freedom, and protected from the sea by a devious passage amid sand banks. In my childhood I have watched a horse sucked down into the quicksands of that bay, the rider barely escaping. This spot again became a gateway from England to France. The English ammunition was transported across the Narrow Seas in barges or on train ferries. A battleship was moored with its guns trained on the bay across which the Romans, the Saxons, and Augustine had sailed.

Once more the scene has relapsed into its age-long quiet; and yet, as you stand and absorb it into your being, it takes its character from haunting memories, and from the solitary cry of a sea gull sounding like a stray echo from the past.

The small tower of Roman and Saxon masonry in the churchyard of Minster in Thanet, facing the Narrow Seas where the North Sea meets the English Channel, and Plymouth Rock, sheltered by Cape Cod from the Atlantic Ocean, are the two spots which mark the two origins — the English origin and the American origin, separated by a thousand years — of a new type of civilized culture, now becoming dominant wherever lands of temperate climate border upon seas and oceans.

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FRAGMENTS FROM EMILY DICKINSON

BY MARGARET HIGGINSON BARNEY

THE letters which follow, together with the shy, tentative fragments of verse, were written to my father, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, between the years 1879 and 1882. Dealing as they do with things intimate and precious, as his marriage, the birth and death of a loved child, and later the birth of a child who was 'willing to stay,' they were held back from the collection of Emily Dickinson's letters to Colonel Higginson now in possession of the Boston Public Library. Rereading them after many years, I was struck by their exceeding beauty of thought, and wondered if it were fair to shut such thoughts within the bounds of my own library. As I questioned whether to publish them, I came by chance on this sentence in an earlier letter: 'The name of "child" was a snare to me, and I hesitated, choosing my most rudimentary, and without criterion.'[1] That decided me, and if one person who has lost a child is helped by the thoughts of this luminous creature, the publishing is justified.

> If I can stop one heart from breaking
> I shall not live in vain;
> If I can ease one life the aching,
> Or cool one pain,
> Or help one fainting robin
> Unto his nest again,
> I shall not live in vain.
>
> — *Poems, First Series*

As was Emily Dickinson's custom, there is in these letters neither date nor name of the person addressed, nor, save once, a signature, other than the customary 'Your Scholar' which she used in signing her letters to Colonel Higginson during a period of over twenty years. Written on small, neat sheets of thin white paper, of uniform size, these letters were punctuated only with dashes, with an occasional fleet comma, as if not to be confined within conventional limits. Her handwriting ran clear and straight as the script of a mediæval missal, and had something of the same quality of the cloister, in its purity, its other-worldliness, its wistfulness. Yet it was fearless, boldly original, a thing of itself and like no other. Ink was not used, but rather the more direct and intimate medium of the lead pencil, her thought seeming to skim along on wings, as if it never touched the paper.

Contrary to the policy followed in the previous publishing of her letters and poems, I have retained her own form precisely, including her habit of capitalization, which was the Old English method of distinguishing every noun substantive. At the risk, by this means, of distracting the mind of the reader from the flowing cadence of her thought, it has seemed keenly interesting and vivid to give to the words the values which she gave them. To change this would be like scratching out the purple and blue and gold with which the capital letters of missals were made beautiful.

The first letter was written on the occasion of Colonel Higginson's marriage,

[1] Published in an article entitled 'Emily Dickinson's Letters,' by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in the *Atlantic Monthly* of October 1891.

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in the spring of 1879, to a niece of Longfellow's 'Being Beauteous.'

DEAR FRIEND,

To congratulate the Redeemed is perhaps superfluous for Redemption leaves nothing for earth to add — It is very sweet and serious to suppose you at Home, and reverence I cannot express is all that remains, I have read of Home in the Revelations — 'Neither thirst any more' — You speak very sweetly of the Stranger — I trust the phantom Love that enrolls the 'Sparrow,' enfolds her softer than a Child —

DEAR FRIEND,

I am tenderly happy that you are happy — Thank you for the Whisper — If I dared to give the Madonna my love —

The thoughtfulness I may not accept is among my Balms — Grateful for the kindness, I enclose those you allow — Adding a fourth, lest one of them you might think profane —

They are Christ's Birthday — Cupid's Sermon — A Humming-Bird — and My Country's Wardrobe — Reprove them as your own — To punish them would please me, because the fine conviction I had so true a friend —

YOUR SCHOLAR

Of the poems mentioned I have been unable to find the first two, under these titles or any other. The last two appeared in the second series of poems, published in 1891.

[*February* 1880]

DEAR FRIEND,

I am very glad of the Little Life, and hope it may make no farther flight than its Father's Arms — Home and Roam in one — I know but little of Little Ones, but love them very softly — They seem to me like a Plush Nation or a Race of Down —

If she will accept a vicarious kiss, please confide it to her — Does she coo with 'discraytion'? I am very grateful for the delight to you and Mrs. Higginson — I had thought of your Future with soft fear — I am glad it has come —

'Go travelling with us!'
Her Travels daily be
By routes of Ecstasy
To Evening's Sea.

YOUR SCHOLAR

The reference to 'discraytion' is from a story of Carlyle which Colonel Higginson always told with delight. He was once walking with Carlyle and James Anthony Froude in Kensington Gardens, when some small boys who were turning somersaults on a piece of greensward hard by asked Carlyle somewhat fearsomely if they might continue.

'Yes, my little fellow,' said Carlyle, with his fine Scotch burr, 'you may r-r-roll with discr-r-raytion!'

The following letter was written on the death of the beloved child for whom, for almost forty years, my father had hungered. (His first marriage was in 1847.)

DEAR FRIEND,

Most of our Moments are Moments of Preface — 'Seven weeks' is a long life — if it is all lived —

The little Memoir was very touching — I am sorry she was not willing to stay — The flight of such a fraction takes all our Numbers Home —

'Room for One More'[2] was a plea for Heaven — I misunderstood — Heaven must be a lone Exchange for such a parentage —

These sudden intimacies with Immortality, are Expanse — not Peace — as Lightening at our feet, instills a foreign Landscape. Thank you for the Portrait — it is beautiful, but intimidating — I shall pick 'Mayflowers' more furtively, and feel new awe of 'Moonlight.'

The route of your little Fugitive must be a tender wonder — and yet

A Dimple in the Tomb
Makes that ferocious Room
A Home —

YOUR SCHOLAR

[2] The title of a book published by Mrs. Higginson shortly after her marriage.

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This paragraph, omitted from a letter previously published, is here given for the startling beauty of the last lines: —

It reminded me too of 'Little Annie,' of whom you feared to make the mistake in saying 'Shoulder Arms' to the 'Colored Regiment'[3] but which was the Child of Fiction, the Child of Fiction or of Fact, and is 'Come unto Me' for Father or Child, when the Child precedes?

The following letter was written when a second little daughter had come to fill the aching void left by the death of the first-born. With the letter came a turquoise brooch, lost — alas — these many years ago by a careless nursemaid. But the box in which it came, a square white wooden box with roses painted on the lid, is now used by a little girl of a later generation in which to keep her treasures.

DEAR FRIEND,

Perhaps 'Baby' will pin her Apron or her Shoe with this? It was sent to me a few Moment's since, but I never wear Jewels — How I would love to see her!

Come show thy Durham Breast
To her who loves thee best —
Delicious Robin,
And if it be not me,
At least within my tree
Do thy crowing —

I am glad you are better, and if to cherish the Cherubim be not too intrepid, desire my love to Baby's Mama — I am glad you are with 'The Elms' — That is a gracious place —

[3] See 'The Baby of the Regiment' in Colonel Higginson's *Army Life in a Black Regiment.*

Here follows a poem, published in the second series of the collected verse, which begins 'How happy is the little Stone.' But instead of ending with 'In Casual Simplicity,' as does the published poem, there follow four lines of such power, of such profound and fearless thought, that it is difficult to understand why they were not included.

Obtaining but our own Extent
In whatsoever Realm —
'T was Christ's own personal Expanse
That bore him from the Tomb —

YOUR SCHOLAR

This little note came evidently with some shy offering of which, sad to say, there is no manner of recollection.

DEAR FRIEND,

Briefly, in Boston, please accept the delayed Valentine for your Little Girl —

It would please me that she take her first walk in Literature with One so often guided on that great route by her Father —

E DICKINSON

The last fragment is written on a half page without preface or signature, as if struck hot from the anvil of her soul.

Spurn the temerity —
Rashness of Calvary —
Gay were Gethsemane
Knew we of thee —

In the lower corner of the page is written in another hand, 'Wonderful twelve words! H. J.' [Helen Hunt Jackson].

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SURSUM CORDA

BY THEODORE MORRISON

Lift up your hearts, you whom the bright winds urge
To foot the red stains of the autumn sand,
To swim the green-lipped wave, and with swift hand
Scatter the white plumes of the leaping surge!
You know that from all weariness the purge
Is in the love of earth. You understand
How flesh becomes immortal when the white band
Of planets in the lonely air emerge.

Lift up your hearts before the swift life moulders.
You know that in the end all thoughts decay.
But when the mortal flame no longer smoulders,
You that have given the utmost spirit play
May fling your gauntlet down to all beholders.
Your hearts have been eternal for a day.

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HENRY FORD, EDUCATOR

BY JEROME DAVIS

I

HENRY FORD is known the world over as the automobile genius of history. There is no passable road in the world that is not traversed by his cars. His planes are in the air. He has developed a vertical organization extending from the raw ore in the depths of the earth over a railroad transportation system and ending in millions of throbbing automobiles. Yet all this great network of industry is a single unified mechanism. It is not so often realized that he has been making a significant experiment in the field of education.

I was fortunate in having a chance to talk with Henry Ford, the educator, recently. We were sitting in one corner of his Dearborn plant in the midst of thousands of moving machines and workers. Curiously enough, we were watching a class of fifty children learn the old-fashioned square dances. It was all part of Henry Ford's scheme of education, which we were discussing. 'The only way to really learn is by doing,' said Mr. Ford. 'The trouble with much so-called modern education is that it ignores the physical basis of life. We are training children to inhabit a paper world. We teach them to assume that ink is preferable to action.'

Mr. Ford went on to tell me of his plan to do experimental pioneering in the educational field. He is beginning to purchase school buildings for children and to train their bodies as well as their brains. Mr. Ford expresses it in this way: 'Hand work and brain work have been put at opposite poles, when as a truth of life there is neither one without the other. The trouble with the world is too much brain work without the normalizing balance of hand work.'

His experiment in the factory has grown to vast proportions. Actually he already has more students in just one department, that of the Trade School, than are enrolled in all Yale College. Altogether he has over forty-five hundred students and one hundred and sixty full-time instructors. His educational work is being conducted along lines so radically different from the average school that in many ways Henry Ford may be revolutionizing education as he once revolutionized transportation. Briefly, his plan may be called the 'project method.' The student learns by doing as well as by reading. No theoretical knowledge is given until the absolute necessity of it is brought home through a life experience. In other words, Henry Ford believes that we live our way into our thinking much more than we think our way into our living. Under the Ford plan the student spends two weeks in the factory, actually producing useful articles, to one in the classroom, and the work is so planned that each type supplements the other. The amazing thing is that such a keen interest is developed by the practical shop work that a student actually learns more in one week in the classroom than the average

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high-school pupil does in three. How different are the common standardized methods of scholasticism!

Instead of a driving, passionate interest there is often an active, inhibiting, blind resistance to all intellectual pursuits. The social pressure of the ordinary school is dead set against the 'scholastic grind' or even the intellectually curious. American educators have been sorely puzzled to know just what is wrong. Some scientific experts tell us that part of the difficulty is due to the unreality of abstract studies in contrast to the absorbing fascination of outside activities. On the one side there exists the realm of scholarship, of intellectual pursuits administered for the most part by the faculty. This scholastic world is often tolerated by the student body as a necessary evil accompanying the real benefits of the other side of school — the world of athletics, fraternities, moving pictures, and social events. Nearly all of these exist primarily for the pleasure of the students; most of them are created, administered, and conducted by them. This is 'the real school life' for the average undergraduate. He is immersed in it during the major portion of each waking day. It is in this world that the student thinks, acts, and lives. He breathes it in as naturally as a waiter accepts our tips.

How can we bridge the gap between the seeming unreality of the scholastic world — the realm of classrooms, of books, of papers — and the actualities in the world outside? How can we break the dualism which shackles the student mind? There is no problem involved in making a boy accept the reality of student activities; he acts these out in his daily experience, in his way of life. On the other hand, the things which he reads about in his assigned work, what he listens to in the classroom, are essentially unreal. In other words, the realm of student activities is real, it is vital, it is experimentally verifiable; but how unreal, how remote from his life, how impossible to verify in his experience, are so many of the facts that he reads about or listens to in the classroom!

Henry Ford has made a pioneer experiment in uniting theoretical book learning with practical applied adventure in the factory. A foreigner, having come to the United States, studied here, and been rewarded with an American graduate degree, was finally returning to his native country to teach his people. On the way he visited the Ford Trade School. It made a tremendous impression on the brilliant young man, who, as he was leaving, said regretfully, 'My education began in words and ended in words, and when I go back to my country I shall have nothing to offer my people.' In some respects he was like a phonograph. His brain could reproduce the words engraved thereon, but was incapable of originality, and his upkeep cost was high.

Before describing the fascinating picture of the school at work, let us briefly review its various phases. There might be said to be five departments in the Ford 'university.' Most important of these is the Henry Ford Trade School for boys from twelve to eighteen years of age, which is incorporated to operate without profit. It attempts to train boys so that they can earn their own living, and directs their energy toward work and not away from it. The school enrolls eighteen hundred, which may soon be increased to five thousand. It accepts those who have no chance to help themselves, those who are so handicapped by environment and other forces that without this opportunity they would not even have a chance to learn a trade, much less go to school. One hundred and eighty of the boys are

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orphans. Seven hundred and fifty are widows' sons. Four hundred are the children of Ford employees. Each boy receives at the start seven dollars and twenty cents a week, but his rate is being constantly increased according to his ability. Besides this, he receives two dollars a month for a savings account and a daily hot luncheon which, in the aggregate, costs the company one hundred thousand dollars annually. With the addition of the funds used for scholarships and thrift, the total expenditure is over a million. Including the various holidays, there are approximately five weeks of vacation with pay every year.

Many American colleges have to turn away students, but the applicants do not usually continue to seek admission indefinitely. The number of those on the permanent waiting list in the Henry Ford School totals over five thousand — striking testimony to its popularity.

Besides the Trade School there is the Ford Apprentice School for men from eighteen to thirty. At present this is training some twelve hundred workers to become toolmakers. The rate of pay is from six dollars to seven dollars and sixty cents a day, and the course takes three years.

Third, there is the Ford Service School, a two-year course of training for service in the foreign field. At the present time there are over three hundred and fifty enrolled from thirty different countries, including Chinese, Hindus, Mexicans, Turks, Persians, Frenchmen, Italians, Filipinos, Czechoslovakians, Porto Ricans, and Russians. The men are placed in a few manufacturing departments, but they spend most of their time in the assembly and repair divisions, and receive six dollars each working day.

Fourth, there are fifteen hundred and twenty-five special students who attend classes in metallurgy, metallography, electricity, mechanical drawing, and mathematics.

Fifth, Henry Ford has welcomed a research group of Yale men during the summer vacation. They are drawn from the scientific school, law school, divinity school, and college. The students are shifted from place to place, so that in the course of a summer they get some idea, although often an inadequate one, of the practical problems of industry. Over two hundred other college students are accepted, who spend equal periods at their college and in the Ford plant.

II

The Trade School is perhaps the most interesting of the experiments which are being conducted. It is restricted to boys who enter between the ages of twelve and fifteen.

No one can catch the spirit of the school without seeing it at first hand. On entering the classrooms the casual visitor might notice no striking differences between this school and any other. Here are hundreds of typical boys studying such subjects as English, mechanical drawing, mathematics, — including shop arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, — civics, auto mechanics, and science, including general physics, chemistry (qualitative analysis and quantitative analysis), metallurgy, and metallography. Further observation leads one to notice a striking fact — the boys are intensely interested in what they are studying and they know its practical value. For the entire Ford Plant, both at Highland Park and at Fordson, is a textbook and a laboratory. Chemistry and physics mean knowing how to analyze steel crank shafts. The necessity of metallurgy is brought home when the boys discover, to their amazement, that the heat treatment of a metal is in many

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ways more important than its composition. All the latest photomicroscopic instruments are available to the students. They make pictures of minute cross-sections of steel invisible to the human eye. The results show irregularities and imperfections, if they exist. Geography is made vivid by a description of the Ford sales and distributive organization throughout the world.

Each subject lives in the consciousness of the boy because he has to make a practical application of it two thirds of his time. Shop arithmetic, geometry, and trigonometry, instead of being abstract subjects, are necessary tools for the next two weeks of adventure. The classroom work becomes almost as exciting as learning signals in football practice. Furthermore, each boy realizes that he is being paid while he learns, yet is earning his own way and owes no one anything. At the end of the first year he would normally receive twenty-four cents an hour, by the close of the second year thirty-two cents an hour, and at the end of the third year forty cents an hour. When he is seventeen years of age a student should be earning forty-five cents. It must be remembered that he is also getting extras in the way of money for savings, lunches, and vacations. The school estimates that the boy produces one thousand dollars a year in useful material. This covers the upkeep of the school, but does not pay any interest on the enormous investment in buildings, machinery, and other equipment.

We pass from the classroom to the shop. Here the boys are even more alert. We see them making Ford tools. Indeed, so expert do they become that they turn out precision gauges which must have an accuracy of approximately 1/100,000 of an inch. Nearly all the cut-away motors used for demonstration purposes in the salesrooms are produced here. A large chart shows exactly the time which the boys take for a given process over skilled tool mechanics. In 1924 the students were using forty per cent more time. In 1925 this had been cut to thirty per cent. By September 1926 it was down to thirteen per cent. It must be remembered, however, that on the average each new boy starts by taking sixty per cent more time than the mechanical expert. The boys also spoil four per cent of their material. In the old days it used to cost thousands of dollars to paint the machines in the school department. To-day the boys put on all the surface coats. They handle all pump repairs and all of the smaller broken instruments. Formerly when tools had become badly worn they were scrapped. Now the Trade School repairs or rebuilds them and turns back fifty thousand dollars' worth of tools each month.

One can hardly appreciate what it means to maintain a school which is applying its theoretical knowledge unless one spends a day in the laboratory. The Trade School alone covers one hundred and twenty-two thousand square feet of space, with an additional thirty thousand square feet for classrooms. The equipment alone cost over a million dollars. Every bit of it is in constant use, turning out practical things. Here is one of the key differences between the Ford plan and the ordinary trade school. Mr. Ford insists that everything which is produced shall have a practical value. There is nothing done which the students might feel is useless. The result is that there is a creative joy in the work. On the other hand, to give experience to boys many tasks have to be provided which might not be necessary otherwise or which could be done differently. For example, worn-out automobiles are taken apart and rebuilt, although the cost is somewhat greater than to produce a new car.

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In other words, the jobs are fitted to the needs of the boys, not the boys to the needs of the machines. Fundamental in the principle of the school is the idea that, so far as possible, the boy is to be given a sense of responsibility by being trained on articles which are to be actually used. A careful record is kept of every boy's grade in each of his theoretical subjects, and of his industry in the classroom and in the shop.

It must not be thought that the boys do nothing but work. In the past they have had football and other forms of sport. Recently all forms of athletics have been discontinued at Mr. Ford's specific request. He feels the boys get exercise while at work. They also publish their own school paper, which maintains a higher standard of literary excellence than most of our newspapers.

III

Besides making a trip through the Trade School one should study concrete cases. A boy of fourteen started in 1923 at a wage of eighteen cents an hour. Two months later he had advanced to nineteen cents, and in another two months he went to twenty. Then for five successive months his pay was increased until at a year from the time he entered he was receiving twenty-seven cents. A year later he was receiving thirty-seven cents, and at the end of two years and ten months he was getting forty-five cents an hour. During that time he had thoroughly learned nearly all the important processes in making car parts, grinders, gauges, and sheet metal, and had been initiated into the intricacies of bench work, which includes filing, stamping, drilling, tapping, and hand reaming, also lathe work and machine construction. Thus at seventeen years of age he was already an expert mechanic and would be in a position to rise high in the Ford plant. He had, moreover, been drilled in the following basic school ideals: cleanliness, safety, accuracy, speed, and ingenuity. The student is taught that if he is satisfied with what the instructor can show him he can never know the satisfaction of helping to produce something better.

There is no insistence that all the boys shall become expert technicians. They have the opportunity of entering other occupational lines, according to their inclination and ability. Ten per cent of the boys go to night school. Two are now at the University of Michigan; one is at Annapolis. Eleven go to high school during the day and work in the afternoon shift.

So carefully have the boys been safeguarded that the only serious accident in the entire history of the school was the loss of one eye. Considering the number of serious if not fatal accidents in high-school football alone, and the fact that the ordinary school shelters students from all contact with our machine world, this is a remarkable record. Thirty per cent of those who finish the Ford School stay with the company, but there is no pressure brought to bear upon them. They have paid their own way, and they can go wherever they desire.

Some of the more brilliant boys have made discoveries which have resulted in vast economies for the company. Perhaps the most remarkable was an invention which saved a pound of copper for each car, thus effecting a saving of one thousand dollars a day.

Although there has been little time since the school was started in 1916 for boys to advance to positions of responsibility and leadership, one boy is already sales manager for a million-dollar business. Many are getting ten dollars a day.

There is little need for discipline,

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quite in contrast to the ordinary high school. It must be remembered also that the management has accepted boys from poor homes and an unfavorable environment. One hundred came even with the handicap of a juvenile court record. One of the instructors, who happens to be a graduate of a university, emphasized the fact that there are more boys in this school who have had bad heredity than perhaps in all the public schools of Detroit put together, and they have all had bad environments, yet the school pulls them through. The combination of learning and earning does the trick.

Such punishments as are used are novel. A boy may be required to take a shower bath every day for ten days straight. The worst sentence is sitting in the office for eight hours instead of working in the shop. No boy can stand that long.

There is no distinction of race, nationality, or creed. All are on an equality. Here is a Polish boy named Mauszewski. His father is dead, but he has a mother and two sisters. He came at fourteen, just three years ago. To-day nearly all his grades are A's.

Another boy, Ernest Blank, comes from a foreign family. In the days before prohibition his father was in the back room of a saloon, drinking. Brooding for a while at a table, he was heard to remark, 'What is life? Life is nothing more than a puff of smoke.' No one noticed him leave the room, but the quick report of a gun outside soon told the tragic story of suicide. Ernest was left with three sisters. As a result of his work at the Ford Trade School he is now getting over four hundred dollars a month, although only just twenty-two years of age. He told the Superintendent, 'In my first year in the school one boy wanted me to quit and get twenty-five dollars a week, which was more than I was getting at the time, but I would not do it. Now that boy is running an elevator for me, and is still getting the twenty-five dollars a week. He is just as bright as I am, too, only he did n't use his time right.'

A colored boy, one of the fourteen children of a man in the Ford employ, had been brought up in such a fanatical religious environment that his father for a long time refused to have the boy's hair cut. He feared that, just as Samson suffered harm, so would his boy. As a preliminary requirement for entrance into the Ford School, the boy had to be taken to the barber shop. To-day nearly half his grades are A — a remarkable achievement.

Another boy was the son of a man who came to his wife's funeral so drunk that he would have dumped the mother's body out of the coffin if it had not been for the officers. The son was taught by his father that stealing was good, but that getting caught was bad. As long as he had personal supervision in the Ford School he was exemplary, but the temptations of other employment were too great and he finally ended up in the penitentiary.

On my last visit to Detroit I talked with the man in charge of the experimental tool room, and found that he was a product of the school. When he was in grammer school, his father died, leaving three children. He had not only carried his work at the Trade School, but had used his evenings to finish a course at Detroit University. He now owns his own home and is supporting his brother and sister in school.

Perhaps the greatest satisfaction to Mr. Ford is to see the success of his boys, and thousands of them are going out over the country into positions of responsibility.

One especially interesting case is that of a Filipino who ran away from the Islands in order to come to the

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school. The police brought him to the plant when he was only fourteen. The usual physical examination before employment showed that he needed an operation for hernia. The company advanced him the necessary money, he finished the course at the school, and to-day he is going through the University of Michigan.

When one considers that the average grammar and high school in America do not give a boy an adequate training for an economic position, one realizes how far Mr. Ford has gone in transferring old educational habits into new channels. Just a short while ago one of the ablest college presidents in America visited the Henry Ford School. On his return he wrote: 'You will be interested to know that in each of the four departments of the college I told the story of our journey through your Trade School and the academic classes. I have also gathered the men of our Industrial Arts Department and talked with them about the college education that I had received in a day in Detroit, and asked them to remember in their instruction the things which you teach — safety, cleanliness, accuracy, speed, and so forth. I told them in great detail of the Trade School. You did a fine piece of missionary work the day we went with you through your wonderful school.'

It is conceivable that this experiment will eventually be adopted, with modifications, in all our cities. At any rate, it deserves careful study by all who are interested in education.

THE JUNIOR COLLEGE MENACE

AS SEEN FROM WITHIN

Criticism of collegiate education has never been so sharp as in the last few years, yet amid all this publicity there progresses, unnoticed by laymen and little understood even by educators, a reorganization of our high-school and college systems which may entrench and accentuate a hundredfold the very vices of American schooling which current critics so much deplore. Moreover, the crippling force of this new menace falls with special weight upon the brilliant and precocious student. I refer to the redivision of control between grade school, high school, and university, of which the junior high school and the junior college are the initial symptoms, and which in a predictably short time will give us everywhere in the United States a seven-year elementary course, a three-year junior high school, a four-year upper school, including the senior high-school and junior-college years, and, finally, universities offering a three- to four-year course leading to a Master of Arts or professional degree. This realignment of jurisdiction is as certain in public education as though the change were already everywhere complete; and protest is idle — even the searching and intelligent protest of Professor Palmer's recent article.

There does remain, however, the problem of so administering and so controlling the junior college that it

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can compensate in some degree for the four-year liberal college it seems destined to supplant. This problem Professor Palmer has not touched — partly from preoccupation with other issues, partly from unfamiliarity with actual conditions. Yet this is a matter of the greatest urgency, since the outlook for higher education in America is desperate indeed if a change in junior-college control is not effected before the movement reaches its final stage.

In itself, the junior-college idea has much to recommend it. To many students who could not otherwise go to college it offers, at slight expense and without leaving home, two years of further schooling. As junior colleges are usually situated in large towns where opportunities for employment abound, self-supporting students easily secure these two college years. Moreover, many young men and women who could afford only two years at the university are enabled, by first attending a local junior college, to go away for the more valuable final years and obtain an otherwise impossible degree. Furthermore, parents who consider their children too young to send away can keep them at home for two added years, seemingly without impeding their educational progress.

But only seemingly. For the location, administration, and instructional methods of these junior colleges as at present conducted often nullify their educational effectiveness.

The average junior-college student still lives at home under close parental surveillance, and so misses the maturing experience of fending for himself. Moreover, the nonresident junior college can never impress its students so deeply as a university community that absorbs not only their class time but the whole of its students' life. The junior-college boy goes back from his classes to the family circle, whose point of view continues to dominate his mind, so that his resistance to new ideas is stiffened and he misses the mental loosening up that comes from transplantation into new surroundings.

But alas! The average junior college has few new ideas to impart even to the receptive learner. Usually these colleges are offshoots of the public high-school system. They begin in a small way through postgraduate courses, and after they have attained some size are still frequently housed under the same roof with the high school and taught by instructors who also handle high-school classes. Even when they are housed separately they continue to be administered by persons whose whole past experience has been in high-school work, and their faculties and executive staffs are manned by promotion from the high-school ranks. This is true in practically every city where the junior college is part of the public-school system — even in so large an institution as Crane Junior College in Chicago. The boards of education which control these junior colleges are likewise experienced mainly in high-school and grade-school problems, and, being often composed of men who themselves lack university training, are ill equipped to build up an institution on collegiate lines. In short, the junior college is to all intents and purposes a mere extension of the high-school course; and the inevitable result is that its students still receive the treatment and instruction adapted perhaps to the high-school age, but little calculated to stimulate the independent thought, the methods of original research, and the rational self-control which college life teaches and demands.

For instance, most junior-college courses are based upon textbooks, and not on library reading and research.

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When library reading is assigned, it is not of the kind to stimulate investigation of a wide range of material, but merely the requirement of certain pages or chapters in a specified book; and so it is not in any sense research, but only more expanded textbook study. The instructors in junior colleges, though sometimes better pedagogues than those who handle freshman sections in a great university, are seldom scholars in any real sense, almost never productive scholars. Faculty contacts are thus less stimulating, and study and teaching more superficial. In just those years when intellectual habits and interests should be awakened, when the student will — if ever — learn to think for himself, he is lulled into acceptance of third-hand information and ideas. The young assistants at the university who teach freshmen may be inexperienced pedagogues and unfinished scholars, but they are scholars in the making; their ways and dreams are the ways and dreams of scholarship.

The faculty strength of the average junior college is also hampered by the method of appointing instructors. In four-year colleges and universities the department head selects his own instructors, or, if the department is organized as a committee with a rotating chairman, appointments are canvassed in department meetings. In either case the approval of the president is largely formal. But instructors are chosen in public junior colleges, not by department authority, but by the president, or even by the city superintendent of schools. This opens the way for the entrance of persons without the special expertness which a department would demand, enables an executive to pack the faculty with personal supporters, gives the superintendent and board members an equally vicious patronage, and, by a divided allegiance, prevents the esprit de corps characteristic of a well-organized university department.

Not only do faculties thus tend to be weakened, but the range of ideas and discussion in the junior-college classroom is restricted in ways unknown to the university. The local institution is too near its public, and this public exercises an interfering and sometimes demoralizing control. Too many local pastors scrutinize the reading lists; too many parents are frightened by the theoretical radicalism of exploring youth, and want the mental traveling curtailed. State universities complain of popular pressure, but the long-distance pressure they protest is nothing to that of father-on-the-spot!

Finally, the value of a genuine college experience comes, not alone from books, but from the social and intellectual contacts of student life. In the university, students have developed activities in which the theory of the classroom can be tested independently — in which the student can experiment with life and make instructive mistakes without those tragic practical consequences which the real world inflicts. The junior-college faculty, habituated to the detailed supervision of extracurricular interests proper to the secondary school, employs the same method with these older students, with the result either of killing interest in extracurricular affairs or of depriving them of developmental value.

The average graduate of the junior college, when he enters the university, is thus immature in life, work, and thought; and, unless methods in the junior college change, the universities will one day be swamped by these immature juniors from without. University training is bitterly criticized on the ground that it fails to stimulate intellectual initiative in its students.

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What will be the effect as junior colleges multiply and prolong the intellectual childhood of American youth for two more years? The Association of University Women and the Association of University Professors — as the two national bodies most vitally concerned with college education — might well devote themselves to this problem before present errors harden into institutional practice. If American education is extended to offer added years in the university — so that our university degree may approximate that from European institutions — we must see to it that the added years represent added education and not just added time. And this will not be true if junior college consists merely of heavier high-school work.

One hears it said that junior colleges are peculiarly adapted to handling the masses who seek higher education without capacity for absorbing it, and that they form a protective sieve for the universities, which will be thus saved from lowering standards to the mob level. But we have no assurance that, by junior-college aid, such students will not go on to the higher institutions in greater numbers. And what of the brilliant youth caught in the junior-college trap? The student of superior mentality is now passed through the lower schools with greater rapidity. He is ready for college young. His parents fear to send him away. He is placed in a local junior college. There he starves intellectually, and grows warped and bitter under administrative repression. I read recently with some curiosity an account of strife in a Western junior college where the leading students seem to have been driven into unseemly revolt. How, I ask myself, did they 'get that way'?

The same difficulty presents itself in a minor form in the junior high school, which has been an offshoot of the grade-school system and manned pretty largely by teachers and principals elevated from the grade-school force. Many high-school teachers testify that sophomores entering from the junior high are as irresponsible as the old high-school freshman, and need another year to train them to any sort of self-direction in their work.

The previous line of educational growth in the United States has been a settling downward in the system of subjects and of method. The high school of to-day is the college of yesteryear. But the junior college, reversing this process, bids fair to turn to-morrow's college into a mere grandiose high school. Time alone can show whether, as the two new educational institutions become established, they can develop suitable personnel and standards of their own, or whether the blight of their origin is ingrained in their very make-up and the already thin substance of American education is to be diluted this much further. There is an heredity in institutions as in individuals, and the junior college was born in the high-school family. Certainly if junior-high-school positions are to be forever the reward of grade-school excellence, and if junior-college jobs are filled indefinitely from the high-school ranks, then higher education in America has received a body blow. Whether the city boards of education under which the two-year colleges increasingly operate can resist the inevitable pressure toward this course remains to be seen. And one also wonders whether, in the present state of popular sentiment that makes possible the frequent proposal and occasional passage of the so-called anti-evolution bills, it is safe to expose college training to the short-range public scrutiny which is the lot of any local junior college.

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IN PRAISE OF IZAAK WALTON

BY HERBERT HOOVER

As the head of the Department of Commerce, and thus charged with such responsibility for our game fisheries as weighs upon the mind of the Federal Government, I wish to state a fact, to observe a condition, to relate an experiment, to define a proposition, to offer a protest, and to give the reasons for all.

The fact I refer to is that our game fishing is decreasing steadily and rapidly. The condition is that the present method of rehabilitation through hatcheries and distribution of fry and fingerlings is a failure because of high infant mortality. The experiment in the case indicates that artificial hatching can be made successful if the fingerlings are carried through infancy to childhood. The proposition is further to extend these nurseries in coöperation with the Izaak Walton League of America and all fish clubs. The protest is that even this is useless unless we can check pollution of our streams. The reason for it all is that fishing is good for the soul of man.

I

Man and boy, the American is a fisherman. That comprehensive list of human rights, the Declaration of Independence, is firm that all men (and boys) are endowed with certain inalienable rights, including life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness — which obviously includes the pursuit of fish. America is a well-watered country, and the inhabitants know all of the fishing holes. The Americans also produce millions of automobiles. These coördinate forces of inalienable right — the automobile and the call of the fishing hole — propel men and boys to a search of all the water within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles during week-ends alone. They extend it to a radius of five hundred miles on summer holidays. The radii of operations of all these men and boys greatly overlap. All of this has overworked the fishing holes, and the time between bites has become longer and longer, and the fish have become wiser and wiser.

Some millions of fishermen have invented thousands of new lures of seductive order and devised many new and fearful incantations, with a host of new kinds of clothes and of labor-saving devices to carry them about.

We have indeed made stupendous progress in physical equipment to overcome the mysteries of fish. We have moved upward from the rude but social conditions of the willow pole with a butcher's-string line, fixed with hooks ten for a dime, whose compelling lure is one segment of an angleworm and whose incantation is spitting on the bait. We have arrived at the high state of a tackle assembled from the steel of Damascus, the bamboos of Siam, the silk of Japan, the lacquer of China, the tin of Bangkok, the nickel of Canada, the feathers of Brazil, and the silver of Colorado — all compounded by mass production at Chicago, Illinois, and Akron, Ohio. And for magic and incantations we have

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progressed to application of cosmetics to artificial flies and to wonders in special clothing with pigeonholes for varied lures and liniments, and to calling a bite a 'strike.' Nor do I need to repeat that fishing is not the rich man's sport, even though his incantations are more expensive. I have said elsewhere that all men are equal before fishes. But I ask you if, in the face of all this overwhelming efficiency and progress, there is less time between bites.

However, our fishermen can put in many joyous hours at home, polishing up the rods, reels, and lures, discussing new flies, when the imponderable forces of spring begin to move their bones. They could not get such joy out of a collection of live angleworms, and that is all a part of what we are trying to get at anyway — recreation and soul satisfaction.

But I am off the track, because the Department of Commerce deals not in the beatitudes but in statistics. Moreover we must also maintain the economic rather than the biologic method in discussion or some other department of the Government will accuse Commerce of invading its authority. Nevertheless I may say, as an aside, that the fishing beatitudes are much amplified since Izaak Walton, for he did not spend his major life answering a bell. He never got the 'jumps' from traffic signals or the price of wheat. The blessings of fishing include not only Edgar Guest's 'wash of the soul' with pure air, but they also now include discipline in the equality of men, meekness and inspiration before the works of nature, charity and patience toward tackle makers and the fish, a mockery of profits and conceits, a quieting of hate and a hushing to ambition, a rejoicing and gladness that you do not have to decide another thing until next week.

To return, then, to the economics of this sport. Having done everything to improve the tackle, lures, and incantations, we must conclude that the distance between bites has been increased because of rising ratio of water to fish. In other words, there are fewer fish.

From the number of fishing licenses issued in licensing states the Bureau of Fisheries estimates that ten million people went game fishing in the year 1926. Any calculation of twenty years ago will show that not one million went fishing in a year. But I have no sympathy with attempts at disarmament of the gigantic army which every year marches against the fish, nor do I suggest any limitations on its equipment of automobiles, tackle, or incantations. I am for force — more force and more fish.

Despite the statistical efficiency of our department, I do not know how many fish each one of the army captured last year. Judging by my own experience, the number was not large. I spent several days searching fishing holes at various points between Chesapeake Bay and the Pacific; I tried to find some spot where not more than six automobiles were already camping, or where the campers did not get up before daylight and thus get the two or three fish which were off guard at that time of day. The State of New Jersey secures an accounting from its licensees of the number of game fish caught. It averages about 4.5 fish per fisherman per annum. Fishermen are not liars, and therefore I conclude that even in that well-organized state it was heavy going.

Now I want to propose an idea. I submit that each fisherman ought to catch at least fifty fish during the season. I should like more than that myself, but that ought to be demanded as a minimum under the 'rights' as implied in the Declaration, provided

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it includes one big one for purposes of indelible memory, conversation, and historic record.

And at once I come to a powerful statistic, — that is, fifty fish times ten million men and boys, — the purpose of which I will establish presently. This minimum ideal of a national catch of five hundred million game fish is of fundamental importance if we as a nation are to approach a beatific state for even two weeks in the year.

And, as we are thinking nationally, five hundred million fish divided among one hundred and twenty million people is not so much as you might think at first, for it is only about 4.1 fish per person and it includes the little ones as well, and each of us is supposed to eat 1095 times a year, less whatever meals we miss while fishing.

At this point someone will deny that we have ever taken five hundred million fish in a year. I agree with him that we have not attained any such ideal average in long years. If it had been true, the moral state of the nation would have been better maintained during the last calendar year. There were lots of people who committed crimes during the year who would not have done so if they had been fishing, and I believe that the increase in crime is due to a lack of those qualities of mind and character which impregnate the souls of all fishermen except those who get no bites. Unless we can promise at least fifty fish per annum per person, including that occasional big one for recounting and memory purposes, we may despair of keeping the population from further moral turpitude.

II

Nearly fifty years ago the game fishermen in certain localities began to complain bitterly to their Congressmen about the expanding distance between bites, which in economic terms is called the 'lag.' As an equal opportunity for fishing must be properly considered by any great government as a necessity to public tranquillity, measures were at once taken. The great government said: 'We will now add artificial means to those of the natural birth and distribution of fish.'

Thereafter the Federal Government built forty game-fish hatcheries. The state governments built 191 hatcheries for game fish, and private enterprise constructed sixty more. In these mass-production works, the maternal carelessness of laying eggs out loose in the water to be eaten by cannibalistic relatives and friends was to be halted, and the eggs were thereafter carefully safeguarded in glass jars and troughs and temperatures. The baby fry and fingerlings thus born in security and reared up in comfort to half an inch long or so were then placed in private railway cars and distributed back to the streams, being thereupon started on their happy way to be eaten by the same relatives and friends, as fresh meat instead of fresh eggs.

We have steadily increased in zeal in these endeavors to beat the lag between bites, until during the last few years these 291 hatcheries, working on fifteen species of game fish, have turned out an annual average of one billion, one hundred million infant game fish to be duly launched into life among the cannibals.

In addition to these paternalistic and maternal endeavors on the part of the Government, I am aware that Mother Nature has herself been busy also. Private enterprise, in the shape of responsible mother fish, is working upon the same problem; it is probably doing more than the paternal Government, for all I know — private enterprise usually does. One thing we do know: it takes a host of fingerlings to provide for the survival of a single fish

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of blessed memory. At a particular control station over Alaskan salmon it is estimated that 1,668,750,000 eggs and fry were launched into life and 3,740,000 adult fish came back. It is thought that all who escaped infant mortality did come back — so that the loss was 99.77 per cent. Or, in other words, it took 450 fry to make a fish. At this rate the annual one billion, one hundred million fry and fingerlings from the whole battery of hatcheries would produce one third of a fish per fisherman per annum.

I may say parenthetically that I introduce these statistics of birth registration and infant mortality among fish because it will relieve your minds of anxiety as to accuracy. But if anyone feels that these figures may be wrong, he has my permission to divide or multiply them by any factor based upon his own experience with the time element in bites, the size of fish, or the special incantations.

In any event one billion, one hundred million bureaucratic-mothered fry from all our combined government hatcheries meant only 2.2 fry for each fish in the modest minimum national ideal I have insisted upon. And if anybody thinks that it takes only 2.2 fry to make a fish he is mightily mistaken. I conclude statistically, from my own experience of the time between bites, that the Alaskan figure of mortality should be corrected from 99.77 per cent to 99.99 per cent.

It is a solemn fact that only some microscopic percentage of those fry or fingerlings, whether synthetic or natural, ever live to that state of grandeur which will serve as inspiration to polish the tackle or ensure the approach to the battle in renewed hope with each on-coming season. And we lose ground every year, sector by sector, as the highways include more fishing holes in the motor routes. We must either multiply the output of our hatcheries by some fearful number or find some other way out.

III

Some four years ago I expressed to Commissioner O'Malley, when inducting him into the headship of the Bureau of Fisheries, my complete skepticism in regard to the effectiveness of our synthetic incubation and its statistical relations to the realistic life of a fish. My general thesis was that these infants did not have a dog's chance to gain that maturity which was required by public policy. He and his able assistant, Mr. Leach, thereupon started experiments to see if we could not apply mass-production methods in the nursing of infant game fish to an age when they could survive traffic accidents or do battle with cannibals or enter the cannibal ranks themselves — in any event hope to survive. It was my aspiration that, if these adolescent youths could not win in open combat, at least some of them, reared to three inches long, might make a full meal for a cannibal in the place of two hundred fry fresh out of the eggs, and then we should save 199 or so. These experiments were seriously successful. And the same authorities, Messrs. O'Malley and Leach, are convinced that by this same means we have improved the fighting chance of these children of fish up to about a fifty-fifty go, and thereby our one billion, one hundred million governmental fingerlings might serve as a base to produce the national ideal of five hundred million big ones. I again refer you to my previous statement on the safety factor in the magic of statistics.

Nor was it so expensive. One hundred bass couples in specially prepared pools produced two hundred thousand offspring and raised them to three inches long for a total outlay of five hundred

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dollars, omitting rent and experts, or four fish for a cent. Likewise trout were carried along in life under the shelter of hated bureaucracy until they could do battle with their enemies.

After this preliminary experience I appealed two years ago to fish and game clubs throughout the country to coöperate with us in establishing more experimental nurseries — the Department of Commerce to furnish free fingerlings, free breeding stock, and free technical supervision. It was one of the conditions of this appeal that all streams in each neighborhood should be stocked with the product so as to give the boy a chance also. Fifteen chapters of the Izaak Walton League, sixteen clubs and private individuals, five states and municipalities, have cooperated to establish nurseries in nine states. Pennsylvania leads with fourteen stations; Minnesota is next with thirteen stations. The State of New Jersey, working independently on the same general basis, has done wonders.

Last year was our first year; 4,667,000 fish were raised up to battling age in these coöperative nurseries and delivered into the streams. The annual capacity of these nurseries when going full blast is probably near twenty million fish.

IV

Now the purpose of these statistics is to demonstrate that we need more nurseries. We ought to have several hundred. They are inexpensive compared to the annual outlay on tackle and the automobile journey to the fishing holes. When you get through at any fishing hole you will be glad to have paid for several hundred fish at the rate of four to a cent. And by stocking all streams in the neighborhood we are offered a large opportunity for establishing fealty from the small boy to the ideals of the sportsman. He may for sound reasons of his own continue to use his worn fly or even a worm, but be assured he will grow up to refined tackle and expensive incantation later on.

Our Government, national and state, is to-day spending nearly $2,000,000 a year on game-fish hatcheries. We are convinced of their futility unless we can carry their work this one stage further. That stage should be accomplished through local effort and coöperation, with the Federal Government standing ready to furnish instruction, advice, breeding stock, and fingerlings free to any chapter or club which will undertake the task. If every state in the Union would respond as Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey have responded, the job would be done.

The hatcheries are the necessary works for mass production of infant fish. That is a technical job requiring large expense, high skill, and training. Clubs cannot well undertake to run them, and we have long since accepted their care as a proper function of the Federal and state governments. But the nurseries require only a few thousand dollars for plant, and but a few hundred dollars annually for operation. It is our view that the nurseries are the only agency that will make the hatcheries worth while. If our nurseries could turn out five hundred million three-inch fish, we could trust the natural mothers to supply the balance.

I appeal to the fishermen of America to take up this great hope of permanent game fishing in our country. It is your problem, and the remedy for a departing sport lies with you and not in demanding that an already maternally and paternally responsible Government do the whole job. Unless something like this is done, our sons will not be catching the limit. It is the real hope of triumph over the discouragement between bites.

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V

And there is another phase. Aside from the cannibalistic enemies of infant and adolescent fish, acting in lively alliance with the organized army of ten million fishermen, we have still another fish enemy to deal with. That is pollution. Herein is the poison cup which we give to eggs, fry, fingerlings, adolescents, and adult fish alike.

Now if we want fish we have to reserve some place for them to live. They all occur in the water, but it happens that Nature adapted them — except, perhaps, the lowly catfish and lowlier carp — to clean water.

And this question of pollution has a multitude of complications and suffers much from a lack of understanding. There are as many opinions about pollution as there are minds considering it. Those who are unconcerned are not under the spell of the fishing lure. Pollution exists in different waters in different degrees — from ships, factories, coal mines, chemical works in cities and towns, to mention only a few of them. Many of these things injure public health and destroy the outdoor appeal of the streams, and all of them damage the fish.

But after all we are an industrial people. We have to work at least eight hours a day and all but two or three weeks in the year, and we cannot abolish our industries and still pay for fishing tackle. So I have long since come to the conclusion that what we really need in every state is that there should be a survey by our state authorities of all the streams, and a division of them into three categories.

The first category would include the streams that have not yet been polluted. Immediate protection would be given to these streams or parts of them, in order that they should never be polluted; no industry would be allowed to settle upon them unless there was adequate guaranty that there would be no pollution. The second category would include the streams that are polluted to the finish. There are many of these that could never be recovered as a matter of practical fact without the displacement of hundreds of thousands of people from their homes through the crushing of their industries. The numbers who would benefit by clearing the streams would be infinitesimal compared to those who would be involved in the suffering and loss implied in such an operation. Then we should have a third category of streams — those that are perhaps partially polluted, but in which we could get correction by systematic and sound action and thus gradually restore them to the first category.

There is also the problem of pollution of our coastal waters. I have discussed that elsewhere and will not enter upon it now. The sane handling of our stream pollution is one of the most important of conservation measures for our country. For various reasons concerned with States' rights it can be but slightly a Federal problem. But States' rights are state responsibility, and the mental complex of some states which leads them to pass on their problems to the Federal Government deserves psychopathic treatment by indignant fishermen.

VI

Now the reasons for all this are some of them economic in their nature, some moral, and some spiritual. Our standards of material progress include the notion and the hope that we shall lessen the daily hours of labor on the farm, at the bench, and in the office — except for public servants. We also dream of longer annual holidays and

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more of them, as scientific routine and mass production do our production job faster and faster. But when they do the job at all they dull the souls of men unless our leisure hours become the period of reaching life's highest objective, which is obviously following the gentle art of fishing.

We are decreasing hours. Those infallible clocks of progress, the humble statistics, tell us that the hours of work of the gainfully employed have steadily decreased during the whole of thirty years. The great majority of us (except public officials) really work no more than eight hours a day, except during the stress of planting or harvest or elections. If we work eight hours and sleep eight hours we have eight hours left in each day in which to ruminate and make merry or stir the cauldron of evil.

Our stage of civilization is not going to depend upon what we do when we work so much as what we do in our time off. The moral and spiritual forces of our country do not lose ground in the hours we are busy on our jobs — their battle time is the time of leisure. We are organizing the production of leisure. We need better organization of its consumption. We devote vast departments of government and great agencies of commerce and industry, science and invention, to decreasing the hours of work, but we devote comparatively little to improving the hours of recreation. We associate joy with leisure. We have great machinery to produce joy, some of it destructive, some of it synthetic, some of it mass-produced. We go to chain theatres and movies; we watch somebody else knock a ball over the fence or kick it over the goal bar. I do that and I believe in it. I do, however, insist that no other organized joy has values comparable to the joys of the out-of-doors. We gain less from the other forms in moral stature, in renewed purpose in life, in kindness, and in all the fishing beatitudes. We gain none of the constructive rejuvenating joy that comes from return to the solemnity, the calm and inspiration, of primitive nature. The joyous rush of the brook, the contemplation of the eternal flow of the stream, the stretch of forest and mountain, all reduce our egotism, soothe our troubles, and shame our wickedness.

And in outdoor experience we make a physical effort that no sitting on cushions, benches, or side lines provides. To induce people to take its joys, they need some stimulant from the hunt, the fish, or the climb. I am for fish. Fishing is not so much getting fish as it is a state of mind and a lure of the human soul into refreshment.

But it is too long between bites; we must have more fish in proportion to the water.

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THE SIMPLE ANNALS OF FASCISMO

WHAT HAPPENED AT MOLINELLA

BY GAETANO SALVEMINI

I

MOLINELLA is a commune of fifteen thousand inhabitants, twenty miles from Bologna. The population consists chiefly of agricultural laborers. Up to the time of the Fascist reaction, Molinella was regarded in Italy as one of the most impregnable strongholds of Socialism; the local Socialist organizations comprised a total of forty-seven hundred members. By thirty years of iron discipline the workers of Molinella had created a coöperative system which roused the admiration of all those who went to see it. A wide area of land was cultivated by an agricultural coöperative organization, to which were added a coöperative building society and a central coöperative store, with seven branches, which did all the wholesale and retail buying and selling for the needs of its members. The coöperative organization had a reserve of a million lire in the bank, in addition to its buildings, machinery, and stock.

Molinella was one of the last communes conquered by the Fascists. The offensive began in September 1922. The local landowners organized themselves in a Fascio, decreed a general boycott of all the workers belonging to Socialist associations, and canceled all outstanding contracts with them. Workers were brought in from the neighboring regions of Ferrara, Bologna, and Venetia, in order to reduce the local workers to destitution; the newcomers were paid more than the local rates of wages.

So far, nothing had been done which went beyond the rights of owners engaged in an economic struggle with the workers. But on September 12, 1922, the Fascists began pillaging and burning. And on the day after the 'March on Rome,' in October 1922, the premises of all the organizations, including the people's library, were confiscated by the Fascists, who took over the buildings and installed their offices and their members in them. The leaders of the Socialist organizations had to fly in order to escape death. The landowners issued a notice announcing that they would give out no work except to workers belonging to the Fascist unions.

On November 8, although there was no law authorizing him to do so, the prefect of the province of Bologna instructed an agent to administer the commune and to liquidate the coöperatives. The agent sold the stock, tools, and cattle, confiscated the million lire reserve, and allowed the Fascists to take possession of the lorry belonging to the coöperatives. In this way the fruits of thirty years of labor and sacrifice were destroyed in a few weeks.

The person who directed the fight against the workers is the secretary of

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the Fascio, Augusto Regazzi. Before attaining glory as a Fascist leader, Regazzi had been condemned to a fortnight's imprisonment for striking and wounding, and had been prosecuted, but acquitted for lack of evidence, for alleged fraud in connection with military supplies.

In his book, *Un Anno di Dominazione Fascista*, Giacomo Matteotti mentions, for the period from November 1922 to October 1923, seventy cases of violence at Molinella, some of which would be incredible were they not clearly proven.

On August 9, 1923, Regazzi led a punitive expedition against the family of a farmer named Pietro Marani. In court Pietro's father described the affair as follows: —

That afternoon I was with my family — my wife and three sons and two daughters-in-law. We were working in the fields. About 4.30, I suddenly heard a motor car; it stopped at Manardi's house and Fascists got out of it. Expecting one of the usual punitive expeditions, we all hurried indoors. Soon after, forty Fascists arrived; they must have been armed with guns or revolvers, for they fired several times. One of them told us to come out, because he meant to knock us down. We did not go out, but told them that they had no right to call us out as we were in our own house. They stopped talking and began trying to tear down a door and a window.

My sons were armed with their tools, but we were helpless in face of the violence of the aggressors. We fled to the upper story.

The Fascists then climbed on to the roof, beat it in, smashed the ceiling, and began throwing tiles into the room. We were frightened to death and hid under the beds. In the room in which the crime was committed my wife and I were under the big bed with our son Augusto; Pietro had hidden under a smaller bed.

While stones and plaster continued to rain through the roof, the entrance door gave way, leaving the assailants a free run of the house. In a few moments four men came into the room in which we were hidden. At first I only recognized Domenico Bussi, who overturned the little bed under which my Pietro was hiding. At that moment another Fascist, whom I recognized as Regazzi, fired the shot which killed my son almost instantly. The noise of a motor car, going off posthaste, indicated to us that the assailants were making off.

In court the dead man's widow gave the following account: —

I heard the Fascists' threats. In my fright I took my nineteen-months-old baby in my arms and sought refuge in the upper story in the room of my mother-in-law; both of us were terrified. When we heard them beginning to break up the roof, we took refuge under the beds, clasping the children against our breasts; they were in danger of being stifled by the dust of the plaster. I heard two shots, and then a cry from my mother-in-law: 'They have killed Pietro.' I forced myself to keep up my courage; I got on my bicycle and went for the doctor. But on the way one of the Fascists came up to me and threatened to hit me with his bludgeon, shouting that he would send me into the next world to keep company with my husband; so another woman had to go for the doctor.

On August 12, 1923, the Fascists went round the fields and farmhouses striking at everybody with their clubs — men and women, youths, and children, all members of four families. On the following day a peasant woman, Albertina Galliani, was taken to the Fascist headquarters; there she was threatened with death, while her sick husband was dragged from his bed in her presence and bound hand and foot to a chair.

The Fascio issued a proclamation, on August 12, granting to 'the trade-unionists still belonging to the Socialist League a twelve hours' truce to enable them to submit: after that the struggle will be resumed without mercy.'

On April 6, 1924, during the general elections, a worker named Angelo

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Gaiani, sixty years of age, who declared he would vote for the Socialists, was attacked as he came out of the polling booth and killed instantly with a bludgeon. Two days after this murder the Bologna magistrates issued a warrant for the arrest of the murderer, Oreste Ciuti. The police declared that Ciuti was 'undiscoverable,' although he went about openly in the streets of Bologna and carried out his duties as a member of the Fascist Militia (*Voce Repubblicana*, October 14, 1924).

On August 14, 1924, Augusto Matarelli, formerly a butcher in the coöperative store, was flogged in bed, where he had lain since an earlier beating. A few hours later he was found hanging in his stable. Dr. Tonini, in charge of the post-mortem, having expressed a suspicion that this might be a cleverly camouflaged murder, was flogged in his turn and had to flee the country.

On September 12, 1924, a young man, Angelo Frazzoni, was mortally wounded by gunshot. No one ventured to go out into the dark to help him. His father tried to go out, but was followed by a Fascist and turned back. His mother cried out: 'You traitors, you have killed my son and you want to kill my husband too!' The Fascist answered, 'Shut the door,' and remained on guard to prevent any neighbors from going for the doctor.

II

The authors of these crimes remained 'persons unknown.' But the murder of Pietro Marani, which had caused more sensation than the others, could not be attributed to persons unknown, since everyone had recognized Regazzi and since the family of the victim had denounced him. The magistrates were compelled, therefore, to order Regazzi's arrest.

From September 15, 1923, to October 14, 1924, this order could not be carried out, the police officials declaring that Regazzi was 'unknown' and could not be found. Regazzi, meanwhile, was constantly in the principal streets of Bologna, went to the theatre at Molinella, attended ceremonies together with the other Fascist authorities, and made speeches which were reported in the newspapers. He was still 'unknown' and still 'undiscoverable' when he attended a banquet at which he was presented with a gold medal. Among those invited to the banquet were the prefect of police at Bologna and the Minister of Justice, who, instead of having the guest of honor arrested, contented themselves with declining the invitation. On September 25, 1924, at Molinella, two shots were fired at a passing motor car. Regazzi, the 'unknown' and 'undiscoverable,' went to the spot to investigate the matter, *with the local commissioner of police*. While still 'undiscoverable,' Regazzi took part in a meeting of the County Council, presided over by the Minister of Justice, and jointly with the Minister affixed his signature to a proclamation.

During October 1924, when the assassination of Matteotti seemed to have profoundly shaken the Fascist dictatorship, the Opposition papers launched a campaign for the arrest of Regazzi and other Fascists against whom warrants were out. Then a veritable 'Regazzi scandal' began. The Minister of Justice tried to evade responsibility by throwing the whole blame for the failure to arrest him on the Home Office. The Fascists of Bologna held demonstrations in Regazzi's honor and proclaimed their solidarity with him. The Fascist papers defended and praised him. The police went to his house to arrest him, but he had been warned; it was said that it was the commissioner of police who warned him, at the theatre, where

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he had gone to pass the evening as usual. At last, after official negotiations between the Government and the Fascist leaders of Bologna, Regazzi gave himself up.

On that very day the Fascist Deputy, Farinacci, Mussolini's right hand, wrote to his paper, *Cremona Nuova:* —

> It is an honor to be arrested for having fought the enemies of the nation and of Fascism. We hope that the Bench will rapidly perform its task, and we are certain that Regazzi will soon be restored to Fascism, to which he gave his faith and his enthusiasm and for which he has made sacrifices. If Regazzi is guilty (which has to be proved) his error cannot be judged as a breach of common law, nor he himself an ordinary offender. A higher criterion must be adopted, that which crowns with immortality the vindicators of the supreme rights of nations against the tyranny either of kings or of demagogues, even when their deeds violate the existing penal laws. The Fascists did not extend their offensive against Bolshevism in their personal interest. They acted with a national aim. It will never be possible to condemn Regazzi.

When the case opened at Bologna against Regazzi and the other Fascists who took part in the attack on Marani's farm, there were to be seen on the walls in the neighborhood of the courts the words 'Evviva Regazzi!' (Long live Regazzi!) in big black characters.

Regazzi admitted that he had taken part in the expedition, but denied that he had fired the fatal shot. Another man had fired it, he declared, but he would not say who. The depositions of the dead man's relatives, of the persons who had seen from a distance what went on, of the peasants whom the Regazzi 'squad' had attacked before it arrived at Marani's farm, were precise, consistent with one another, and remarkably courageous. When the widow had finished her evidence, she turned to the jury and said: —

> Gentlemen of the jury, you perhaps have wives and children yourselves; you will realize my sorrow. It may be that these persons will all be acquitted, but your consciences will not acquit them.

The Fascist counsel for the defense mocked at these words, calling them 'bombastic rhetoric,' and asked for an acquittal. The only sin of the defendants, he said, was that they had put an end to the tyranny of the Reds.

The jury did not admit the guilt of the defendants (March 6, 1925). They even denied that Regazzi had illegally borne arms, though he himself had admitted this.

The acquittal of all the defendants was received with loud applause and shouts of 'Evviva Regazzi!' The Fascists in the court hoisted Regazzi on their shoulders and carried him out in triumph, singing Fascist songs.

Regazzi was immediately appointed a member of the Provincial Fascist Directory. Farinacci, commenting on the verdict in his paper, maintained once more that in this particular case, as in all similar ones, the defendant must not be confused with an ordinary criminal; consequently the jury of Bologna 'did very well in not confusing an episode of our revolution with ordinary crimes of common law.'

III

Under this system of oppression the population of Molinella took up an attitude of passive resistance, which it maintained with wonderful solidarity as long as possible.

The laborers remained loyal to their unions and refused all work offered by the Fascist labor exchange. It meant destitution. In order to live, or at least to eat, the strikers collected edible

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snails in the hedges and valleys, or they went into the fields, already harvested, in order to glean a few ears of wheat or maize. Gleaning is the poor folks' customary right. The peasant carefully collects even the most miserable fruits of the earth. But this gleaning was considered a revolt. By collecting a sack of rice or wheat one can live without having to eat the bread of the Fascist unions. The gleaning women were chased away, pursued, their ears boxed, their faces smeared with black. Five women who had been struck complained on September 26, 1924, to a noncommissioned officer of the police. They were threatened with arrest. A hundred women then gathered in front of the police station, declaring that they also had committed the same offense and should therefore be arrested as well.

One day in September 1924, the poor people arranged a secret meeting amid the reeds of a marsh. Two hundred and fifty day laborers working within reach were told of the projected meeting at the last moment. The women had been away since the morning, their gleaners' sacks on their backs, and they had covered thirty kilometres on foot. The organizers had arrived on bicycles during the night, and had hidden in the reeds until 2 P.M.

The meeting discussed and passed a resolution in which the workers demanded the restoration of political liberty. They protested against the acts of violence which had been committed and once more affirmed their loyalty to their unions.

This meeting, and the fact that an interminable list of signatures had been published in honor of Matteotti's memory, made the Fascists fear that the Socialist organizations were coming to life again. They appointed two agents with the purpose of crushing every sign of opposition. The agents forced the landowners to dismiss the last of their non-Fascist workers; they stopped all works which would allow non-Fascist workers to gain even the barest livelihood; they increased the measure of beatings and pillagings. Every reported outrage in the papers, every word of criticism, every protest, brought forth fresh episodes of violence.

During the night of October 31, 1925, a Fascist squad, after shouting songs until two o'clock in the morning under the windows of Erminio Minghetti, an ex-service man, set fire to his house.

It was nearly 3 A.M. when Minghetti's little daughter, nine years old, rushed into her parents' room, crying, 'Mother, the house is on fire!' Minghetti jumped out of bed, ran to his little girl's room, and saw the roof already in flames. He rushed to the stairs to try to get out, but the staircase was on fire. He ran back to his children, the little nine-year-old girl and a baby of six months, and to his wife and his old mother, whose leg was broken. All were suffocated by the smoke. It was impossible to escape by the stairs: the tumble-down old house was in flames. Minghetti jumped out of the window in his shirt, found a ladder, ran up it, and came down with his children on his back, then his wife, then his old mother. Neighbors came and gave shelter to the wife and children and the old woman, all shivering in the cold. The neighbors brought Minghetti clothes of some sort to put on. He sat there on a chair and watched the destruction of his home, his only possession, while women put compresses on his legs, which were terribly injured. (*Voce Repubblicana*, November 5, 1925)

In three days alone, in November 1924, 142 persons were imprisoned, many of them women (*Corriere della Sera*, November 28, 1924). The town was placed under the supervision of an imposing armed force.

After the attempt by the demented Miss Gibson on Mussolini's life on April 7, 1926, there ensued days of

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still more acute oppression. Five workingmen were kidnapped by Regazzi and other leaders and dragged to the former headquarters of the Socialist coöperatives, now commandeered by the Fascio. They were first questioned by a captain of the carabineers and the police commissioner. These authorities then having left the room, a squad of Fascists rushed in and bludgeoned the captives. By the time the carabineers put in an appearance, one of the workmen, Bagni by name, was lying unconscious on the floor, bathed in blood. This was the seventh beating he had received. Among Socialists and trade-union organizers in Molinella it has become quite a topic of conversation to recount how many beatings each has received and to discuss whose record is the longest. In the night of April 7, police and Fascists searched a number of houses and arrested sixty-three workingmen whom they dragged off handcuffed to prison at Bologna. On April 9, fifty-five of these men were released. Eight, among whom were Bagni and the others beaten the previous day, were detained until the twelfth, the aggravating circumstance against them being the blows they had received.

Yet after all this there were still in Molinella in April 1926, when the Trade-Unions Act came into operation, 539 men and 469 women who refused to become members of the Fascist unions. On April 10 the foremen of the marsh-reclamation works gave notice that on the twelfth all workers who had joined the non-Fascist organizations would be dismissed. On May 6 the house owners of Molinella were summoned to the Fascio and ordered to give notice to quit to all families whose members had not joined the Fascist unions: 'You give the notice and the Fascio will look after its execution.' On May 31 the commissioner of police at Molinella said to workers: 'We cannot kill you, but we will make you die of hunger.' On June 27 the president of the Fascist trade-union published the following ukase: —

FASCIST TRADE-UNION OF THE AGRICULTURALISTS OF THE COMMUNE OF MOLINELLA

MOLINELLA, *June* 27, 1926

DEAR FRIEND, —

In conformity with the existing Trade-Union Act, and with a view to ending an irregular and exceptional situation in our commune, we repeat that no worker can be admitted to work unless provided with the ticket of the Fascist unions; anyone who presents himself as a member of free trade-unions or with any other qualification must be rejected.

This applies also to the gleaning of corn and other crops. It is not fair that anyone who is an opponent of the existing régime, and therefore unwilling to give his labor to agriculture, should withdraw a part, however small, of the produce from those who have in the sweat of their brows created it.

These measures are issued in full agreement with the Fascist Local Branch.

NERI ALFONSO, *President*

On July 1, 2, and 3, two hundred women were arrested for gleaning without the ticket of the Fascist union.

IV

In October 1926 the eviction of the tenants began. Here are the reports sent day by day by an anonymous correspondent living in Molinella. No Italian paper published them. They reached me in London two weeks after they had been written.

September 30, 1926

Here we are practically under martial law. Police and carabineers in mufti go the rounds making house-to-house searches and arresting people without regard to age and condition. At Selva di Molinella numerous arrests were made. At San Martino in

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Argine, Ettore Stagni (decorated for war services) and others have been arrested. Ten families will be evicted with their household goods in lorries belonging to the artillery and brought to Bologna, where they will be quartered in the old customs barracks in Piazza Malpighi, which have been cleared for the purpose. Other military lorries are lined up in the square in front of the Law Court in Bologna, ready to start on other evictions. The assistant chief of police of Bologna will superintend operations.

Yesterday (September 29) the women were received by the vice mayor of Molinella, who said to them: 'You shall not be left out in the rain, but they will take you away because you cannot remain any longer at Molinella unless you enter the Fascist unions.' The same thing was repeated to them by the police commissioner of Molinella: 'You can go where you like, or else you will be taken to Bologna. There, if you wish, you can join the unions. You can also remain outside them if you can find work there. But you must not even think of staying on here at Molinella.' I need not tell you the answers of the women. They insisted on remaining in their own parish and declared that, if taken away in the evening, they would return in the morning.

To-day the women sent a deputation to Bologna, accompanied by a barrister, which was received by the secretary of the chief of police, who could do nothing but shrug his shoulders. He acknowledged that these doings were worthy of a madhouse, but 'they' wished these things to be done and one is obliged to act in this way.

The barracks are meant to house forty families, a number which will be reached by degrees. Then operations are to be suspended to see what effect is produced on the recalcitrants by this first internment of families from Molinella in Bologna.

October 1

This morning the evictions began.

Yesterday at about 8 P.M. the houses of ten families to be evicted were surrounded so that no one could leave. The men had already taken to the fields, so that only women, children, and old men remained in their homes.

At 7.30 this morning (October 1) some porters and the carabineers insisted on the women being present while the furniture was being loaded up and taking note of what was being loaded. All pressure and threats proved useless.

When the women tried to leave the houses, they were seized by the carabineers and brought before the local police. The old people and children were taken in by the neighbors. At 11, the women were still at the police station. There was a going and coming of women taking them food. The courtyard of the police station was surrounded by some twenty carabineers.

In the meantime porters continued to load up the lorries and had not finished by midday.

The district is like enemy territory in war time. A cordon of carabineers surrounds its boundaries; there is no road, path, or outlet which is not barred.

It is not the authorities who command here, but Regazzi, who, in a fast car, flies backward and forward between Bologna and Molinella and the surrounding villages.

At this moment, 5 P.M., news comes in that, as the women refused to be removed on the lorries with their furniture, they have been taken to Bologna on lorries under the escort of carabineers.

We do not yet know whether they have been taken to S. Giovanni in Monte (prisons of Bologna) or to the barracks where the evicted families are to be interned.

The number of men arrested has reached 34, among whom is Gaetano Bagni. It is absolutely forbidden for their families to send them food.

October 2

Yesterday the lorries loaded with furniture and those carrying the women and some of the children and old people reached Bologna, the remainder of the latter being still at Molinella. They were all taken to the barracks in Piazza Malpighi. At 8 P.M. there were still two lorries of furniture waiting to be unpacked in the square.

Only part of the furniture has been unloaded — beds, tables, chairs, and so forth. Chickens, pigs, firewood, and wine were left on the spot at the mercy of anyone.

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When the lorries had left, the secretary of the Fascio gave orders to families belonging to the Fascist unions to take possession of the houses. Many of these refused to do so, and had for answer that if they continued to refuse they would suffer the same fate as the others.

The barracks in Bologna to which the women were taken are surrounded by carabineers and police — no one is allowed to enter, except relations already living in Bologna. To-day no one has given them any food, and they are not allowed to go out. Toward eleven o'clock one of them, under escort, was allowed to go out and buy something for all the others with the few pence they had in their pockets.

And to-morrow? Bear in mind that among them is the old Mainardi, aged seventy, who is ill, and who at home could only feed on bread and broth; he has charge of three small children, two of whom are of school age. A police officer is searching Bologna for relatives to take them in and look after them and persuade them to make their home permanently in Bologna. A sister of one of the interned women was not allowed to take her child in with her.

Their lawyer is taking steps to know whether they are under arrest, in which case they are entitled to prisoners' rations, but if they have only been taken there as free citizens they have a right to circulate freely. So far he has had no satisfaction.

October 8

The evictions and arrests still continue.

On the evening of October 3, the following were arrested: Domenico Burnelli, seventy-six years old; Carlo Bianchi, seventy-four years old; Algeri Poggi, a disabled ex-soldier; Alberto Buriani; Ungarelli, aged fifteen; Zanghi, aged fifteen; and two women, Ines Gamberini and Angiolina Burnelli.

On October 4 the military lorries removed the furniture of seven more families, including that of a widow and of two men over seventy.

On October 5 eight more suffered the same treatment.

On October 7 notification was given of four further evictions.

As most of the evicted families had already left their homes, the police officials had to break in the doors to remove the furniture.

In the barracks at Bologna there is no change, except that a daily food allowance is made of four lire for grown-ups and two for children. Old Mainardi, they say, went out of his mind last night.

October 11

Among the evicted is Natalina Piazzi, aged seventy-three, who lost her son in the war and had lived in her house for over forty years. The Bianchi husband and wife are both over seventy, and had lived forty-eight years in the house from which they were evicted: their three sons served in the war. Domenico Burnelli, aged seventy-six, whose three sons fought in the war, has lived for nearly sixty years in the house from which he has been evicted. He was not allowed to take shelter with his own son, and when the son claimed the right of taking charge of his parents both father and son were arrested. The old Frazzoni and his wife have been evicted three times in four years and their son was killed by the Fascists in 1924.

The material damage is not inconsiderable, considering the poverty of the people. Their furniture was loaded carelessly on the military lorries; part got broken in the loading, part during transit, some remains on the spot with no one to look after it.

Relations and friends of evicted families, even though inscribed in Fascist unions, are not allowed to take charge of furniture and other goods left in the houses.

Some families are without means and live from hand to mouth; others are helped by their neighbors. Help is urgently needed for the worst cases.

The government authorities have given orders that no permits to go out be given, as they fear that the people would all go back to Molinella. They offer them work in Apulia, Sardinia, Tuscany, or the Marches. The object is to split up the solid block of opposition. However, the people are not to be cajoled or cowed into submission. They keep repeating: 'We have done nothing wrong; we have a right to remain in our native town, and directly we are set at

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liberty we shall return there because it is the place of our birth, and we are attached to it. Why offer us work in Sardinia and Apulia when there is plenty of work going in Molinella? Is it our fault that the landowners have boycotted our labor? Why has the Government not stopped forcing us to live the life of vagabonds?'

In all fairness I must add that the attitude of the population has been and is kindly to our members. All disapprove the turning on to the streets of so many old and respectable families. Many landlords hoped that the Government would step in in time.

There are landlords who go and offer their evicted tenants help and money, but they beg it to be kept secret from the Fascists; otherwise, not only would they be bludgeoned, but their businesses would also be ruined. The workers refuse such help.

It is common knowledge that the Fascists, fearing the landlords would not have the writs executed, get the proprietors to give up their papers and act in their name. The expenses of eviction, they say, are not borne by the landlord, but by the Fascio of Molinella.

November 19

The evictions continue. In the last week and the first days of this week notices of eviction have been served upon eighty-one families. In the village of Marmorta on Monday (November 15) thirteen evictions were carried out, eleven being tenants of houses belonging to the commune. In Molinella seven families were evicted on Tuesday and three on Wednesday. As regards the other threatened evictions we are still quite in uncertainty. Those evicted are always taken to the barracks at Bologna.

V

Things drag on still, in the same monotonous way, as oppressive as a nightmare. By these means the working people of Molinella are being 'reconciled with their country' — in the terminology of the 'new era.'

At the Conference of the International Labor Office at Geneva on October 15, 1926, the question of Molinella was raised. From the rambling reply of Signor De Michelis, the representative of the Fascist Government, I extract the following sentences: 'A certain number of members of the old Red unions have joined the Fascist unions and it is possible that they have not quite forgotten their old methods. . . . The Fascist unions set up a labor exchange, which gave work in the first place, of course, to members of Fascist unions, but *as far as possible* they offered work also to non-Fascist workers [he does not mention that it was on condition that they became Fascists]. . . . Works to regulate the course of a small river near Molinella had been started; the non-Fascists, who had refused the work offered by the Fascist labor exchange, found jobs in these works; they were, however, dismissed, as this state of things disturbed the normal course of agricultural work. . . . The Red union, which contained only three or four (!) remaining members, was dissolved, because it carried on a political campaign which endangered public peace. . . . The evictions were carried out under a new law which allows landlords to sign new agreements with their tenants; some landlords of Molinella took advantage of the new law to give notice to their tenants in regular form. . . . Molinella is an islet of rebellion; the authorities acted in a legal and normal way; there has been no infringement of trade-union liberties; the non-Fascist union was dissolved by the legal methods in order to safeguard the public peace.'

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CHINA, NOW

BY JOHN McCOOK ROOTS

I

FIVE years ago, at the height of one of those perennial civil wars which have racked North China ever since, a quiet, elderly Chinese in neat Western costume landed at Hongkong, the British-owned island just off the southern coast. He had come to seek England's help in establishing an efficient civil government in Canton. But, although he was banqueted by the Governor, the desired assistance did not materialize. Sun Yat-sen was indignant. 'The British,' he said, 'think that I am not of sufficient importance. They want a strong man with whom to deal. But whatever happens they will eventually have to reckon with me. For I am the strong man of China.'

Sun Yat-sen was right. Since his death two years ago he has become in the realm of ideas a more powerful figure than any militarist who ever cursed the country. More than that, his political organization, the Kuomintang (National People's Party), has beaten the Northern war lords at their own game over two thirds of China proper. Most significant of all, the Chinese Revolution, for which he gave forty years of ceaseless effort, and of which the present Nationalist movement is the concrete expression, is fast becoming a nation-wide reality. The China of the 'opium war' and of the Treaty of Nanking; the China of the Boxer Protocol and the Twenty-one Demands; the China, in short, of the 'sleeping giant' variety, is gone forever. The giant is awake — dazed and fuddled and irritable after its long sleep.

It is important, before we consider the immediate problem presented by this revolution, to notice where it originated. Ever since foreign nations have had diplomatic relations with China, these relations have been with Peking, capital city of the Manchu emperors. It was here, in 1792, that the 'Son of Heaven' first received homage from a British ambassador. Here England, the United States, and other nations sent their ministers and built their legations. It was against Peking that Japan waged war on China in 1895, while the mass of the Chinese people along the Yangtze and in the South sat back and shrugged their shoulders. Peking, again, was the capital of the new government that in 1912 assumed power as the Republic of China. And it has remained the capital ever since, although the name 'republic' soon became a mere euphemism applied by tactful diplomats to the succession of military swashbucklers who alternately bought and fought their way into power.

To the outside world, then, and to the Orient at large, Peking represented China. The literary world took up the idea. Many volumes were written in which the dominant note was the temple bell, the squeak of the wheelbarrow, or the sombre wail of a funeral horn outside the Forbidden City, while

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whole histories were made to revolve about the 'dragon throne.' Diplomats and their governments took it for granted, for all treaties had been made with Peking, negotiations must be carried on with someone, and any constitutionally organized authority, however vaporous, was to be preferred to none at all. Finally, certain foreign business interests encouraged the Peking fiction. The whole system of concession areas, limited customs schedule, and extraterritorial legal status was based on treaties concluded with the old régime in Peking.

It is this habit of interpreting the Chinese through Peking that seems to be responsible for much of the current misunderstanding of modern China. Whether or not Peking itself is doomed does not concern us here, although some Nationalists are already talking of turning it into a public museum on a massive scale. Nor will factions in the Southern ranks postpone the necessity of a shift of emphasis. What must concern us is that North China can no longer be regarded as the key to the Chinese puzzle. If we would find that key we should look among the rice fields of the South. Canton — home of revolution and base of the Nationalist movement — best represents the embryo nation, and no view of China which does not attempt to see through the eyes of Chinese nationalism is worthy of serious consideration to-day.

Less than a year ago the Nationalist Government was a nonentity outside its own Kwangtung Province. Until last August the only people who paid any attention to Canton were Hongkong merchants whose trade had been nearly wiped out by an anti-British boycott. The rest of the country, writhing under militarist oppression, was indifferent. In February 1926, I journeyed overland by rail, river, and flagstone highway from Wuchang to the South China coast. Military governors, appointees of General Wu Pei-fu, were governing Hupeh and Hunan with an iron hand, and growing rich on the opium traffic. Farmers were struggling desperately with the famine caused by floods and crop failure. Many of them had never even heard of the 1911 Revolution, and it was not surprising to find that most of them knew little about the Cantonese and cared less.

Back in Central China a month later I tried to explain some of the experiments that were being worked out down South by the political heirs of Sun Yat-sen. There was no response from the Chinese, and even tales of Red Russian advisers failed to stir the foreign press. Canton was six hundred miles by train, houseboat, and sedan chair — a full fortnight's journey traveling 'light.' No man in his senses, they said, would give orders to drag cannon over mountains and rice fields even if he had the army to back them. Of much greater interest was the ten-million-dollar military note issue that Wu Pei-fu planned to force on Hankow merchants in order to hit back at Chang Tso-lin.

The change came with dramatic suddenness. In mid-July 1926 an eager band of Southerners started north. The National Revolutionary Army, they called themselves; Commander in Chief, Chiang Kai-shek; political affiliation, the Kuomintang; political faith, Sun Yat-senism. In a little over a month they had reached the Yangtze River. In a little over two months they had taken Wuchang and driven Wu Pei-fu out of Hupeh Province. Four months and they had set up a Central China administration in formal opposition to the Peking régime. And when, last March, they took Shanghai and Nanking, all the world knew that this was something vastly

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different from the usual civil war. Chinese nationalism at last had found expression in terms which brooked no evasion.

People often ask, 'Why have the Nationalists been so successful?' The question is hardly surprising, considering the rapidity of their advance and the hitherto effete quality of most Chinese armies. One answer is that a long period of gradual preparation and development had made of the original National Revolutionary troops who left Canton last July an army nucleus whose only notable resemblance to the conventional Northern soldier lay in the color of their skins. Another might be that in the Nationalist campaign, unlike other campaigns in China, the army is not even the chief element in the offensive. The movement lies deeper than any uniform. It is rooted in the minds of the masses.

Let us consider for a moment the inception of this Nationalist movement and the growth of its political medium, the Kuomintang. The central figure in our new perspective will be Sun Yat-sen; the centre, Canton.

II

Sun Yat-sen was born in Kwangtung Province in 1866. Manchu officialdom, two years before, had succeeded in suppressing the great Taiping rebellion which lasted fourteen years and caused twenty million deaths. That frenzied effort to shake the tyranny of Peking and modernize China had sprung from the South, and the next revolution might be expected from the same quarter. Kwangtung had been the first district to admit the foreigner into the Empire. It was quite fitting that it should be first also to sponsor the inevitable adjustment to those new ideas that had come in with him. So Manchu rulers took special precautions against the turbulent Cantonese, and one famous viceroy, Chang Chih-tung, is said to have purchased law and order at the rate of fifty executions a week.

The youthful Sun Yat-sen, meanwhile, had left a promising medical career to devote himself to the task of reforming his country. The first move, he saw clearly, was to eject the corrupt and incompetent Northern monarchy. He organized a band of eighteen 'dare-to-dies.' But in 1895 his plans were discovered, his seventeen accomplices decapitated, and he himself was forced to flee the country.

Exile provided Sun with an opportunity to examine the political systems of the United States, England, and Switzerland — a study which influenced much of his later writing on political democracy. In 1901 he founded in Japan the Tung Men-hui (Alliance Society), a secret revolutionary organization which was later to develop into the Kuomintang. In view of the persistent suspicion that this Chinese political faction owes its existence to Soviet inspiration, it may not be superfluous to point out that the Alliance Society came into being two years before a split among Russian Social Democrats produced the first Bolsheviki.

During the decade from 1901 to 1911 the Tung Men-hui directed its efforts toward dethroning the Manchus, who were themselves foreigners, who exercised a tyranny as irksome as it was inept, and whom many Chinese held responsible for their country's humiliating international status. A widespread underground campaign was bared on October 10, 1911, by the accidental explosion of a bomb in the Hankow concession area. The ensuing revolution resulted in the abdication of the Manchus and the inauguration of a republic under the presidency of Sun Yat-sen, with headquarters at Nanking. Their immediate object

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attained, members of the Tung Men-hui undertook a campaign for spreading republican ideas, and drew up a programme calling for compulsory education, universal suffrage, compulsory military service, and reciprocity between China and the Powers. But the revolutionists soon found that they could not hold their gains without coöperation from the North. So they accepted advances from the chief general of the Manchu régime, Yuan Shih-hai, who consented to desert his former masters on condition that the South would not push its progressive ideas too far, the immediate results being that Sun yielded to Yuan the office of President and to Peking the distinction of remaining China's capital.

The compromise was fatal. Yuan was a military opportunist and cared nothing for the reforms of Sun Yat-sen. As head of the army he consolidated his own position in the North, sent out his lieutenants as tuchuns to rule the various provinces, and prepared to bring back the monarchy with himself as emperor. When the Tung Men-hui in 1912 joined with other revolutionary organizations to form a new revolutionary party, the Kuomintang, President Yuan declared it to be a menace to the State and ordered its suppression. After his death in 1916 his generals fell to fighting among themselves. The world forgot about Sun Yat-sen.

But the People's Party lived on. Sun saw that nothing could be gained by trying to coöperate with military feudalism, and in 1918 he reverted to his old base, Canton, set up a Kuomintang government based on his own 'Three People-Principles' of Nationalism, Democracy, Socialism, and waited till he should be strong enough again to challenge Peking.

The year 1921 saw him leading an armed rabble two hundred miles north in a pathetic attempt at a second revolution. He had unlimited faith in the power of his ideas. Asked how he expected, with his ill-trained recruits, to make any impression on the disciplined forces of General Wu Pei-fu, military dictator of Central China, he replied, 'Wu's troops won't fight my men. They will throw down their arms.' Sun Yat-sen did not lack idealism, but he did lack realism. The expedition failed because of insufficient technical preparation, and treachery at home compelled the political crusader to hasten back to Canton. In 1922 he was driven temporarily from the city. On March 12, 1925, he died.

Two years before his death, however, Sun Yat-sen had taken a step which was to hasten and intensify the whole Nationalist movement, the full effect of which China and the world are only just beginning to realize to-day. This was the appeal to Russia. It was not a spontaneous action. Sun's whole life had been bound up with the West, and every instinct prompted him to seek help from America. He tried — unofficially, of course — and failed. He sounded Germany and England with no success. Japan had already decided to throw in her lot with the North. But he was a firm believer in the necessity of foreign assistance for China's revolution, and the Kuomintang badly needed such assistance. Rebuffed by the Great Powers, Sun Yat-sen turned to the Soviet Ambassador, and arrangements were finally concluded whereby an unofficial group of Russian military instructors and political advisers agreed to take up service with the Kuomintang government. In this way Russia, although officially maintaining the conventional relations with Peking, tacitly admitted that the future lay with the South.

Michael Borodin and his colleagues

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landed at Canton in September 1923. Some of them were employed in training hundreds of young student officers in Whampoa Cadet School, others helped with the organization of the various departments within the Kuomintang, while Borodin himself soon won the confidence of his Chinese associates by his sound advice and his intensely practical turn of mind. All this, together with a certain amount of aid in the shape of military supplies 'on account,' was of immediate value to the Canton régime. But the most distinctive contribution of the Soviet Advisory Staff was its emphasis on Sun Yat-sen's old maxim, 'Get out among the people!' A member of the Russian Society of Red Professors, now teaching at the Chinese (Sun Yat-sen) University in Moscow, has explained it as follows.

'So far,' he writes, 'the Kuomintang still spoke in the language of the petty-bourgeois revolutionary. . . . Attracted by their own military aims and political combinations, Sun Yat-sen, and the whole Kuomintang, had broken away from the vast masses and degenerated into a specifically military group which was swallowed up by its own particular business. But no revolutionary party which aims at being supported by the vast masses can ignore the organization of those masses, their education, and their ideas on the problems and aims of the fight.'

The language is studiously Marxian, but the passage expresses, even though from a Russian point of view, the real facts in the situation. Borodin changed all that. Laborers were encouraged to strike for higher wages and shorter hours. Farmers were organized into unions and were urged to demand a greater share of their own produce. These two classes together represented some eighty-five per cent of the population, and in appealing directly to them the Kuomintang, now a genuine 'People's Party,' found a hitherto untapped source of strength.

For nearly a year the new régime remained in Canton consolidating its position. Men who are well-known to-day then had reputations in the making. T. V. Soong, brother-in-law of Sun Yat-sen, brought honesty to the Department of Finance and multiplied the yearly provincial income by nine; Sun Fo, son of Dr. Sun and Mayor of Canton, modernized and beautified the ancient city; General Chiang Kai-shek, head of the Whampoa Cadet School, trained a body of Kuomintang youths to be officers in the Revolutionary Army; Eugene Chen, canny Minister for Foreign Affairs, had the task of initiating foreign Powers into the new conception of Canton, rather than Peking, as the key to China's future, and of the Nationalist Government as the only genuine political organization in the country. And binding all together was a common devotion to the departed leader and to his political ideas. Every Monday morning all government employees, in camp and in office, bowed three times before the portrait of Sun Yat-sen and repeated his last 'will.' Student, merchant, laborer, civil official, and army chief — all united in allegiance to him and to the Party he had founded.

Then came the time to redeem the failure of 1921 and carry Kuomintang rule northward to the Yangtze. Sun Yat-sen had sanctioned this idea in his 'Three Stages' scheme, in which a preliminary (military) stage of conquest was to be followed by a period of Party dictatorship on behalf of the people (tutelage), crowned only after a long process of popular education by the final (constitutional) stage. And late in July 1926 the National Revolutionary Army left Canton for the

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North with results which are mentioned earlier in this article, and which grow more significant with every cable dispatch from across the sea.

III

So much for the background. But this alone will hardly interpret the revolution which H. G. Wells has characterized as greater than the American, the French, or even the Russian, and we must risk a little analysis. And since foreign interests, whether commercial or philanthropic, are perhaps the chief bar to an impartial assessment of the situation, we shall postpone for the moment all such considerations and confine ourselves to the revolution proper. The Nationalist cyclone has struck. What does it contain of good or ill?

Many of its consequences are threatening, and they must be faced. Prominent among them is one phase of the labor movement — the destructive phase through which every such movement must pass. It would be superfluous to detail the excesses to which crowds of ignorant coolies have gone in their blind trust of those who tell them that relief from a miserably low standard of living will come only through organized violence. Impossible demands, arson, and murder have played their part in the unreasoning conflict. Labor unions have not infrequently usurped powers of arrest, trial, and execution in open and sometimes armed defiance of the Nationalist Government, the latter not daring to act for fear of losing popular support. Not least discouraging is the existence of certain unscrupulous labor leaders who exploit the credulity of the workers, force large concessions from employers, and pocket a good proportion of the profits for private consumption.

Then there is that nemesis of many a hopeful enterprise in modern China — irresponsible militarism. As indicated before, Chiang Kai-shek's student army which initiated the Nationalist drive last July was a hand-picked organization. Drilled for months in Kuomintang principles, they were in a political sense well educated in addition to being well disciplined. They had a cause. They rarely indulged in looting. In all these respects they were vastly superior to the bandit-ridden armies of the North. But, with continued Southern victories, more and more outside soldiery flocked into the revolutionary camp. Systematic attempts were made to distribute these among loyal Kuomintang units, but the influx of raw material rapidly grew too large to be assimilated, and after the capture of Shanghai last March the tried revolutionary nucleus was nearly lost in the shuffle. This, of course, was a danger which Nationalist leaders faced when they set out to expand over two thirds of China within six months. It is a situation which produced tragic consequences at Nanking, and will have to be remedied if the Revolutionary forces are to preserve any vestige of the discipline and devotion which were responsible for all their early victories.

Very difficult to evaluate, because so hard to identify and so easily confused with other elements in the situation, is the influence of Marxian communism. Among many foreigners in China there is hardly a more capricious or magic phrase than 'communistic influences.' It is like a red rag to a bull; the mere mention of it causes certain people to stop thinking. That these influences exist is hardly surprising in an enterprise which has owed so much in other ways to Soviet support. That they have also been exaggerated and exploited with a view to discrediting the whole Nationalist movement is too obvious for comment. The abstract doctrines involved in communism —

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class war, theory of surplus value, materialistic interpretation of history — are not remotely understood by the great masses of ignorant farmers and coolies, while even ideas concerning common ownership of property and government by the 'workers' exist chiefly in the minds of a small but well-organized group of Chinese radicals. The Soviet Advisory Staff aid and abet these extremists, and are themselves tolerated by the Government only because they have proved indispensable in practical matters of organization and administration. But although Sun Yat-sen in his 'Three People-Principles' denounced the class war as 'a disease rather than a cure' and Marx as 'a social pathologist rather than a social physiologist,' and although the great majority of Party leaders disclaim any sympathy with communism, yet it is true that 'communist influence' as distinct from communist practice is present within at least two classes of the community. Among peasants and laborers it is apt to take the form of violence against propertied interests, merchants, and landowners. Among students it is cropping out in disregard for authority, emphasis on purely practical subjects such as science and economics, and studied contempt for the arts and for religion. Much of the ruthlessness of the Nationalist movement is indirectly due to communist philosophy, and although it is not likely to have a permanent effect on any people who, like the Chinese, have been reared for three thousand years in the doctrine of the 'mean,' yet it is a factor in the bewildering situation and must be met.

There remains the danger of schism within the Kuomintang itself. Factions in the Party there have always been, and until the day of his death Sun Yat-sen had to contend with the machinations of former associates. With the advent of the Russians and the introduction of systematic propaganda among the masses, the character of these splits tended to become less a matter of personalities and more a question of policies. At the General Congress of the Kuomintang in January 1924, the issue was clearly drawn between the Right Wing, composed of the merchants, the compradores (native middlemen), and the older and more conservative members, and the Left Wing, with which were affiliated the labor and peasant leaders and a few radical intellectuals, and of which a small but aggressive Chinese Communist Party formed the outer fringe. An open break between the two factions was inevitable after Sun Yat-sen's death in March 1925. In August of that year the Lefts scored a coup d'état and seized power. In March 1926, Chiang Kai-shek, then head of Whampoa Cadet School, became annoyed at the growing power of the communists among the masses and in the army, and instituted a 'clean-up' campaign. Most of the Russian advisers had to leave Canton, and at the General Party Congress in May it was voted that thereafter no communists should be allowed in positions of high authority. But the communists soon returned to favor, and the exigencies of the Northern expedition last summer brought a semblance of unity, while a strong Moderate group, representing the best of both factions, arose within the Kuomintang.

But the aftermath of victory has opened the old wounds afresh. The recent Party rupture has been labeled a split between 'communists,' with headquarters at Hankow, and the 'anticommunists' in Shanghai and Nanking. This is hardly a fair distinction, since there are government leaders at Hankow who are not in sympathy with communism and who

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would be as much in favor of eliminating that doctrine as General Chiang Kai-shek himself. But the whole question of radicalism, sharpened by personal animosities, is nevertheless a very fundamental factor in the dispute. The Hankow civil authorities, having catered to organized labor, were dominated by it. The Nanking group, headed by General Chiang and much of the army, represented the more conservative moderate and Right sections of the Party. The irony of the situation to those who had looked to the Nationalist Government for permanent civil rule has been that military force proved at Nanking, as on past occasions, to be the only method of checking an attempted control of the Kuomintang by the extreme Left, or communist wing.

IV

But the natural thing for anyone with interests at stake in China is to criticize this revolutionary movement which momentarily threatens all foreign and many native interests. Those who believe that the Chinese are 'a country of four hundred million children' will only smile at what is going on over there to-day. Those who still insist on identifying Nationalism with Bolshevism, Sun Yat-sen with Nicolai Lenin, Canton with Moscow, will only rage at it. Those who cling to China as she is, on the ground that China as she might be is not worth the price of revolution, can hardly be expected to discern any good in that revolution. But there are also those who believe that revolution all along the line is not only necessary but inevitable, who believe that unless there were good with the bad the Chinese people would never tolerate their Nationalists, and who are eager to seek out and emphasize that good. It is these who will be willing to consider briefly some of the hopeful elements in the situation.

First of all, most careful students of Chinese politics during the past hundred years will concede that Canton's experiment has been the most successful attempt at modern government since China opened to the West. Judged by Western standards the Nationalist Government, with its background of barely a decade, has a long way to go. Judged, however, by Manchu despotism and by the anarchy of the last fifteen years in Peking, it stands alone as the best organized authority in the land.

North China since 1917 has been split among warring chieftains. The only law was the word of the militarist who controlled the capital. There was a constitution, but it was not enforced. There was a parliament, but its members were openly for sale. There was a succession of presidents, chief executives, and premiers, but they were mere pawns in the hands of the war lord of the hour. In striking contrast stands the recent record of the Nationalist Government. Since the summer of 1925 it has been run, broadly speaking, according to law and not according to individual caprice. There is no democracy, for the Nationalists realize the folly of a democracy of ignorance. The source of power is the Kuomintang. But membership in the Kuomintang is open to all who are literate, who subscribe to the 'Three Principles' of Sun Yat-sen, who secure recommendation from five Party members, and who agree to submit to Party discipline. This intra-Kuomintang democracy elects a Central Executive Committee which in turn appoints all officials of the Nationalist Government.

As well in fact as in theory has the Party of Sun Yat-sen achieved results. Mention has already been made of some of the practical ways in which

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Nationalist officials have improved the cradle of the revolutionary movement — Kwangtung Province. But in Central China, too, the fundamentals of civil rule, public honesty, and social legislation are being put into sporadic if not universal effect. Countless incidents which never get into press dispatches, but which form part and parcel of everyday life in Wuhan (consolidated municipal area of Wuchang, Hankow, and Hanyang), bear witness that the new day ushered in by the Nationalists is not all murk and gloom. The dikes along the Yangtze River which had been going to pieces for thirty years, threatening starvation to ten million people annually, the Nationalist Government repaired at a cost of $3,000,000 in silver. There is the settlement by negotiation of the British concession problem, whereby a section of land which had been under foreign management for over half a century was finally turned over to Chinese control. There is the redemption by the Minister of Finance of several millions of worthless paper notes circulated under the Wu Pei-fu régime. These and other items which are considered of no news value outside China show how the Nationalist Government is bettering the record of its militarist predecessors.

Deeper yet, and more significant because independent of any political factions, is the psychological effect of this revolutionary campaign on the nation at large. We of the West went through our revolutions one at a time. There was the literary renaissance of the fourteenth century, the religious reformation of the sixteenth, political upheavals in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the industrial revolution ever since. China faces hers all at once. And unofficially, but in a very real sense, the Nationalist Government, representing the political revolution, represents also the other three — intellectual, religious, economic.

Intellectually the Nationalist movement heralds a definite break with the past. The so-called literary revolution, to be sure, led by Dr. Hu Shih and others, was launched independently of the Canton experiment, and many scholars are fearful that the new government will seriously limit freedom of thought. But essentially the movement is a youth movement. Since 1919 Chinese students have taken the lead in a vigorous, if not always reasonable, campaign to awaken the people of China to a sense of their rights, their wrongs, and their power. And the Kuomintang, composed largely of younger men, has always had the enthusiastic support of the student element. Under Northern militarist rule these youths were suppressed, imprisoned, sometimes executed. Under Nationalist rule they are encouraged in every way to organize, to demonstrate, and often, *mirabile dictu*, to study.

The religious revolution may be said to include also the social revolution, for the oldest and most indigenous of religious practices, ancestor worship, is inextricably bound up with that pillar of Chinese society, the family system. In a formal sense, of course, there exists a widespread revolt against the conservatism and superstition that have become associated in varying degrees with Confucianism, Taoism, and even Buddhism. Sometimes this revolt accepts Christianity as meeting the demands both of religion and of progress. Sometimes it is frankly and militantly antireligious. But there has been much superstition in China, as in Russia, and in so far as the intellectual awakening is bettering this condition it is performing a real service for the future.

On the social side the Nationalist Government gives, as it were, official

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sanction to tendencies which have long been latent but which have remained sporadic and confused under a conservative régime which was loyal to the old social order. Prominent among these tendencies which the advent of the Nationalists has changed from the exception to the rule is the freeing of the son from paternal and the student from tutorial domination. Formerly it was the father who regulated every act of his son's life, from choosing his wife to receiving worship of his own ancestral tablet after death, and it was the teacher who so commanded the respect of pupils that they would never walk beside him on the street but always a half pace behind. In breaking with these venerable traditions Nationalist youth have not infrequently carried their 'emancipation' to ridiculous extremes, but in the main this movement, like that for raising the social and political status of women, is exerting a very healthy influence on modern Chinese society.

In the economic field China is changing from a country of handworkers, small shops, and trade guilds to a modern nation with machinery, large-scale production, and labor unions. Industrialization seems inevitable. The Nationalists recognize this, but are determined that this industrialization shall be for the mutual benefit of employer and employed. In past years factories in China admittedly have not fulfilled this ideal. Some employers have honestly tried to improve the condition of their workers, under circumstances made very difficult by the generally low standard of living in China. But advantage has not infrequently been taken of the large supply of cheap labor in a land where there were no factory laws and no government capable of enforcing them. Here again there were strikes in large cities such as Shanghai and Hankow long before the revolutionary forces captured them for the South. But the Kuomintang had bid definitely for labor support in the Congress of 1924; it organized unions to strike for higher wages, shorter hours, and better working conditions, and the Nationalist Government, as the creature of the Party and dependent on labor for political support, has usually given labor leaders carte blanche to do as they pleased. These strikes have sometimes meant the difference between fifteen and twelve hours a day, between seven and six days a week, between a monthly wage of four dollars and one of eight. And although the destructive elements already mentioned bid fair temporarily to wreck production, thus making any efforts toward better distribution a trifle premature, the fact remains that the Nationalist movement constitutes perhaps the best guaranty available that future Chinese industrial workers will get their due from the start.

Supremely, then, the revolutionary nationalism which has won its way up from Canton is the official spokesman for an awakened China. It is the outward and visible sign of a people's progress toward nationhood. If the Nationalists seem to be abandoning some good with the bad or to be swallowing some bad with the good, we may at least reflect that they are trying to do in a decade and among four hundred millions what took Europe, with half that population, five centuries of revolution to accomplish.

V

There remains the international aspect of China's revolution. The Nationalist Government has demanded complete diplomatic equality with foreign nations — the same that Russia in 1924 had wit enough to extend.

During the campaign to secure this

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equality the Chinese have often assumed the foreigner in China to have been, in the order named, a bully, a thief, and a tyrant, and have in many instances resorted to a system of organized calumny. Many foreigners, on the other hand, have assumed that all Chinese Nationalists were directly or indirectly in the pay of Moscow, that their demand for equality was inspired from that source, and that they have never had cause to dislike the strangers in their midst. In such an atmosphere of falsehood, fear, and mutual suspicion it is indeed hard to find the facts. But seek them we must, in justice alike to the Chinese and to ourselves.

China's attitude toward the West might be divided roughly into three periods — the period of contempt, the period of fear, and the modern period where respect, suspicion, and dislike are mingled in varying and baffling degrees.

During the first period the foreigner was regarded as a 'barbarian,' and it was this situation that forced Lord McCartney, when he first presented his credentials from the British sovereign to the Manchu emperor in 1792, to present them kneeling on both knees.

The second period — that of the foreign 'devil' — came in shortly after China was opened up to Western intercourse. This was the time when the much abused unequal treaties had their origin. White traders wished protection for their persons and their properties. White missionaries desired in addition the safeguarding of their native converts. So, after China had been defeated in war, treaties were drawn up at various times during the middle of the last century guaranteeing to foreigners residing in the country the right of trial in their own courts (extraterritoriality), the exclusive control of certain areas (concessions) on Chinese soil, the right to fix and manage China's customs receipts, and the right to preach the Gospel. It must be emphasized that these treaties, although obviously 'unequal,' were not at the time at all unreasonable. They were indeed the only possible arrangement with a ruler who was only too anxious to isolate the foreign devil and to be rid of all responsibility for him, and whose people felt as yet neither interest nor pride in the matter.

The sequel, therefore, was not surprising. Given their own laws and concentrated in little communities amid an alien civilization, the foreigners proceeded to dig themselves in as comfortably and as permanently as possible. They established at considerable pains their own cumbrous legal mechanism. They built up their leased allotments of waste land into little oases of natural charm, municipal efficiency, and commercial security. At the request of the Chinese emperor they took over management of the Maritime Customs, later adding to this responsibility the control of the Chinese Post Office and of the Salt Inspectorate. These enterprises, it should be remarked, were served by the foreigners with exemplary skill and integrity. The Customs and the Salt Gabelle became the only dependable sources of revenue in the country, while the postal service grew to be as efficient as any in the West.

In addition to these undoubted benefits, the foreign business men in those days brought to the Far East an expansion of trade that could never have developed under the old Chinese system, while there rapidly grew up a large class of compradores and office employees who owed their livelihood and often their prosperity to the foreigner.

Foreign missionaries, on the other hand, brought hospitals, schools, and the Christian message to a land where there was no medical science or sanitation, no modern education, and little sense of spiritual values.

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This was all very well while the Chinese people remained sunk in political lethargy. Even the Boxer uprising and the 1911 Revolution failed to bring much reaction against the special rights of foreigners. But with the founding of Sun Yat-sen's Kuomintang Government in Canton in 1918, and the student movement of 1919, the flames of patriotism kindled from the South began to play searchingly on the whole treaty system. Nationalism is and always has been inclined to be intolerant of anything foreign. The foreign missionary was accused of being too paternalistic, the foreign business man of being patronizing and often openly contemptuous. Certain of the lesser Chinese merchants, always jealous of foreign enterprise, began to feel that they had been robbed of their rightful inheritance. Chinese intellectuals, originally scornful of foreign education and foreign religion, began to condemn schools and churches as part of a cultural penetration designed to denationalize their youth. More recently, Chinese industrial laborers have come to regard foreign as well as Chinese employers as exploiters, while the belief was encouraged that most Western residents were hostile to anything they had not themselves introduced, and that the majority were in China solely for what they could get out of her.

These suspicions and accusations were not entirely groundless. There have been business men in the past, as there are within Shanghai's barbed-wire defenses to-day, who would have agreed with a Britisher crossing the Pacific with me two years ago that the Chinese were 'animals,' and acted accordingly. And among the missionaries, despite the presence of very many devoted, capable, and open-minded workers, there were some in the past, as there are in the present, who were intolerant with the intolerance of conscious superiority, who shuddered at modern nationalism as at modern science, and who were apt to rouse in the Chinese either antagonism or contempt.

Since 1925 the antiforeign sentiment has been crystallized by that surest of revolutionary catalytics — martyrdom. We Americans who in our youth were taught to associate the 'Boston massacre' with the Declaration of Independence will understand the significance of such episodes in moulding the cult of patriotism. Nationalist China has had several of these 'incidents' and already possesses a formidable list of revolutionary martyrs. After the firing into a Shanghai mob by foreign-officered police on May 30, 1925, there were a half dozen of them. When a fire hose failed to check a Hankow riot on the following June 11, foreign forces used their guns and several more were added to the roll. The shooting by British and French sailors from Shameen into Canton on June 23 of the same year resulted in fifty more.

It must be emphasized that the only possible charges against the foreigners in connection with these shootings are that either they did not take proper preventive measures or they fired too hastily. There may have been unnecessarily prolonged shooting, as at Shameen, but there was no deliberately planned slaughter.

But the point to be grasped in all its implications, if we are to understand the Chinese psychology, is that Chinese have been killed on Chinese soil, or soil originally Chinese, by foreign forces engaged in defending interests acquired by treaties which are now regarded as a national indignity. The fact that some of those shot in the three incidents mentioned were unarmed and defenseless is a consideration which has not served to mitigate the indictment of Chinese opinion, and one which Kuo-

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mintang agitators have seized on with notable success in order to unite the masses in a common protest.

The so-called 'unequal treaties' which seventy-odd years ago gave to foreigners the privileged status referred to above are a much exploited factor in the Nationalist campaign. There are Chinese who will unblushingly attribute all of China's ills to these international agreements. There are foreigners who will assert with marked emphasis and some warmth that the treaties have nothing to do with the case. It hardly need be suggested that the truth lies somewhere between these two extremes. There is plenty that is wrong with China for which no foreign treaty can be held responsible. But it is also true that times have changed since the mid-nineteenth century, and that permeating the whole Chinese psychology, giving point to every accusation against the foreigner, there is now a deep-rooted resentment that the struggling nation should not be master in its own domain. It is a fact that the treaties play an important part in determining Chinese opinion, and neither the fact nor the opinion is likely to change merely because we choose to ignore it.

The situation among the masses is this. Almost every Chinese has been told that these treaties were forcibly imposed on China for the benefit of foreign Powers. And for the vast majority, too ignorant to understand the complications involved, who know only that they and their country have 'eaten bitterness' for the past fifteen years or more, it is sufficient to be told that this miserable national condition is a direct result of the unequal treaties. Absurd as it may seem, there is just enough truth in this position to justify it in the eyes of an unscrupulous minority whose chief interest lies in rousing China's dumb millions to political consciousness.

Such is the basis of the popular support given to the anti-imperialist movement. Every nation having unequal treaty relations with China — this still includes America — is regarded as imperialistic. 'Down with Imperialism' and 'Down with the Foreigners' are slogans peculiarly fitted to express the negatives of patriotism to unlearned masses who find this the easiest way to express their pent-up feelings. These phrases just suit their emotional state, while Chinese radicals and Russian advisers, eager to produce a class-conscious union of farmers and laborers, have in them a rallying cry both simple and appealing.

Turning from the ignorant masses to the sober opinion of educated Nationalist officialdom, we find an equally unequivocal position. Eugene Chen refers to the treaties as a 'system of invisible conquest in the form of international control.' 'Chinese nationalism,' he says, 'demands back the independence of China. Our terms are cancellation of the unequal treaties on which the régime of foreign imperialism in China is based.' Chiang Kai-shek states the case with soldierly directness: 'We shall have equality, and any treaties which do not give us that equality with other nations of the world shall cease to exist as far as we are concerned.'

Through the clash of rival interests in China to-day it is indeed difficult to discern any fundamental truth. But beneath the catchwords of 'communism' on the one hand and 'imperialism' on the other the immediate tendencies of the conflicting forces are fairly apparent. British, Americans, and Japanese, with property interests at stake, think in terms of what they possess and want to hold. Russia, whose abandonment of her treaty rights in China has constituted one of her chief claims to Nationalist good will, thinks in terms of what she has not

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and wants to obtain. The former labor under the psychological disadvantage of appearing to defend a relic of the old régime, while the latter, with everything to gain and nothing to lose, has the psychological advantage of appearing to support the new.

This distinction is a most important one. Both foreign groups are working for their own interests. But whereas Russia is doing it through the medium of the Nationalist movement, England, America, and Japan appear to have been doing it through the medium of that very treaty system which the Nationalist Government is so determined to alter. Viewed in this light, it is not difficult to understand either the success of the Russians or the measurable failure of the Powers. For, despite conciliatory gestures of recent months on the part of the latter, the root of the trouble remains. And, until a mutually satisfactory agreement is reached on the whole treaty question, foreign enterprise in China will remain at best a stalemate.

There are those who wish to see foreign business and foreign missions reinstated by force of arms. Even granting such a policy to be possible, it would be possible only in centres within range of foreign guns — namely, the coastal cities and those along the Yangtze Valley. And this would mark only the first step. Reinstatement proper depends not only on the foreigner but also on the Chinese. Strikes and boycotts have proved effective in the past — as Japan and Britain have learned to their cost — and labor unions could and probably would so obstruct the process of trade as to make persistence under such conditions more costly than withdrawal.

There are those who want intervention in order to save China from the Bolsheviki. To persons who mean by this the saving of China for British or American business it might be suggested that a possible method for competing with Bolshevist enterprise would be to adopt the policy of enlightened self-interest which the Bolsheviki themselves have found so successful.

To those who mean the saving of China for the Chinese it might be pointed out that the millions who swarm within China's house at present are in no mood to be set in order by the West. Any attempt at the exercise of an international police power, however benevolent, might well produce or strengthen Bolshevism in China, as it did nearly a decade ago in Russia, more surely than any other means. If the Chinese are to kill the Bolshevist ogre, they will probably have to do most of the killing themselves.

The end of the Peking régime looms nearer, and with it the end of the old treaty system. Transition there certainly will be — a transition attended by extensive loss to foreigners and infinitely more to those Chinese of all classes who have long depended on the stability of foreign institutions. Many foreign concerns will have to pull themselves up by the roots and start afresh. But although the new order carried up from the South may hold in store much temporary misery and loss for Chinese and foreigner alike, the facts are that it has already arrived, that nothing now can permanently check its development, and that in its sensitiveness to the spirit of foreign diplomacy, as in its inward and fundamental vitality, it is something quite different from any Chinese régime we have ever known before. To realize these facts, in all their implications, is the beginning of wisdom in dealing with China to-day.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE POSITIVE NEGATIVES OF NEW ENGLANDERS

THE telephone rang. I answered it.

'I don't suppose,' said the familiar voice of a favorite friend, 'that you could go to lunch with me, and the matinée.'

'Why don't you?' I asked. 'Don't you want me to?'

'Wh — wh-a-a-t?' gasped the favorite friend's familiar voice.

'If you suppose,' I said, in my most didactic tone, 'that I cannot accept your invitation, why did you extend it?'

After a pause my friend burst into a peal of laughter, followed by 'Because I am a New Englander, and don't want to commit myself — to having really asked you, in case you said you could not go. Maybe it is a sort of self-defense, and maybe it —'

I accepted and we went, but the matinée did not interest me nearly so much as did my recollections of other New Englanders and their negatives, or, if not positive negations, — if there can be such a thing, — at least noncommittalisms.

'You can never get a definite answer out of a New Englander,' one of General Stark's descendants said to me, the first year I came to this delightful corner of our country.

We were driving home from her farm, the car laden with apples. We stopped at the home of her laundress; yard overflowing with children, but no sign of apple trees, or of any other crop.

'I thought you might like a basket of apples,' said the great-granddaughter of the General, as a worn little woman came to the gate. 'Would you?'

'Wa-al,' drawled the woman, 'ef I'm to have any apples, I do-ant know but as na-ow's as good a time as any ter have apples.'

The basket of apples was handed out, into a phalanx of uplifted arms, and as we drove off my hostess made that remark: 'You can never get a definite answer out of a New Englander.'

That evening my sister-in-law said to me, 'Let's have a party. Go telephone so-and-so and so-and-so. That's a dear.'

I did as I was bid, and each guest made answer in words to this effect: 'Yes, I think I can come.' 'Will you let me know, definitely, when you know if you can?' was my invariable query. 'But I think I *can*.' That was all. Puzzled, I reported to my sister. 'Oh,' said she, 'is n't that lovely?' — and began at once to prepare her menu, counting guests. 'You can't prepare until you know definitely,' I suggested. 'Oh, they'll all come,' she tossed my suggestion aside. She did not even understand it.

Next — I wanted to make an appointment with my dentist. In his outer office I made known my desire to his attendant. She opened his engagement book, ran down the pages, paused, pencil poised above a blank space. 'On Tuesday, at 2.30, I think he can see you,' and began to write my name. 'Will you telephone me, when you are certain?' I suggested. 'Oh, I think 2.30 Tuesday is all right'; and, with no uncertainty, she inscribed my name in the fair white space.

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Once, in the editorial offices of a Boston newspaper, I outlined a series of stories I wished to write.

'I think they will be very acceptable,' said the austere editor.

That thought was permissible. I knew enough, even then, of editorial uncertainties to appreciate this. But when a letter came from that editor it baffled me.

'It is possible,' wrote the gentleman, 'that we shall publish the first of these stories in the magazine section of our next issue, June 5. And I see no reason, now, why we should not be able to use one every Sunday — for a while, at least.'

Such a letter, to-day, would carry with it not a shadow of doubt. But in that early season of my residence in New England it brought naught but sorrow. 'Why did n't he return the stories, if he 's so uncertain about them, and let me try to place them elsewhere?' I wailed to a near-by friend.

He stretched forth his hand. I gave him the letter. He read it and, with puzzled look, glanced from the written words to me. 'What 's uncertain about *that?*' he demanded. And he was right, for the stories appeared as the editor had implied they might, on Sunday, June the fifth, and on every other Sunday for a long, long while.

Recently another friend, and this time from my own New Orleans, was in town and we lunched together.

'What will you have?' he asked, consulting the menu.

'Scrod, I think.' I tried to tell him what scrod was.

'All right. I'll have it,' said he. 'Now — have you decided?'

'I think I'll have scrod,' I answered quickly, and skipped from food to talk of home. The waiter came and, with pad and pencil, stood beside my friend.

'Scrod for me,' said he, 'and salad, and — have you made up your mind yet,' — his tone implied large tolerance of woman's unstable mentality, — 'what you want to eat?'

'I told you — scrod.' I was irritated at his stupidity. You see, I have lived five years in Boston.

IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE

READING a letter in a current periodical asking for donations of old magazines for poor intellectuals in Europe, I was reminded by some imp of mischief of the high stacks of old magazines in my attic, and with an unwonted generosity I got them down. It required a huge roll of heavy brown paper, a ball of twine, and hours of patient toil to wrap them all into neat, secure packages. At the post office my enthusiasm received its first cooling. The postage was horribly high, and I began to wish my magazines were back in the attic, patiently awaiting the junkman. But, refusing to stop there, I cheerfully paid out the postage for every magazine. Homeward bound, I tried to take my mind off my slim purse by thinking of the many people, starving for reading material, that my magazines would make happy, and of the nice letters of appreciation with which they would surely reward me. How they would enjoy some of the stories in the *Atlantic* and *Century*, and how their views of Americans as grasping money-lenders would be modified by the liberal *Nation* and *New Republic!* A warm feeling of satisfaction for a good deed well done came over me.

The letters came, simply hordes of them, dozens of letters for every magazine. And in each letter there came, not the charmingly phrased laudations or clever criticisms of American letters I had so expected, but only profuse thanks, and always a request for something, from medicine to pianos. The

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recipients of my magazines must have thought me only a lesser Henry Ford.

Some came with stories that were truly pathetic. One poor Vienna workingman, Gustav by name, wanted me to help him support his too large household, consisting of himself, his wife, his mother, his mother-in-law, an extremely aged grandmother, a brother disabled in the war, five children of another brother killed in the war, and seven children of his own. He also wanted some medicine, a tonic for the grandmother, — he allowed me to use my judgment about the kind, — and a hot-water bottle.

One woman, an artist, sent me some of her portraits of famous Americans, done in pen and ink, to sell among my friends. In this group she included Henry Ford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Jackie Coogan, as well as J. P. Morgan, William Allen White, and most of our presidents.

Of the poorer classes many asked for help to come to America as immigrants, either through the loan of money or by exerting my influence to get them past the immigration authorities. Having less influence even than money, I had to refuse them outright.

One letter came from an inventor, who wanted me to finance the manufacturing of an 'electrical lamp' he had invented, which was destined to revolutionize the electric lighting industry. The tone of his letter implied that he was really offering a rare privilege rather than making a request, and he was sure that in this 'land of wealth and kindness' I could easily find enough investors to give his lamp the necessary financial backing.

Almost all the letters were written in good English, although the stilted style seemed foreign to our tongue. The phraseology was too polite to sound sincere.

Both in politeness and in ingenuity one supposedly Austrian composer surpassed all the others. He began by sending me a letter in fine English asking for a piano — or, rather, enough money to buy a piano. He would repay me by composing a waltz and naming it for me. This honor was not to be scorned. He was no amateur, he said, but a composer of note, who had already won high honors. He enclosed newspaper clippings, — I am sure they were faked, — to prove his high place among European composers. He also sent me his picture; he had the face and bearing of an artist. To substantiate his promise he already sent me the first part of the waltz that was to bear my name.

Although it gave promise of much beauty and I was delighted by the prospect of having a famous Austrian composer name a composition for me, I still felt I should have to forgo the honor. I had no money to give him a piano, and should have had to send him mine. I was not quite sure the exchange would be equitable. Anyway, how could I appreciate the waltz if I had no piano on which to play it? I accordingly wrote to him that I was unable to comply with his request, expressing the deepest regret.

But he was not to be dismissed that easily, and came back with the whole waltz, a beautiful thing, although I cannot vouch for its originality. The notes were written with a remarkable accuracy and the whole piece was decorated in a way that made me think of the embellishing of manuscripts in the Middle Ages. He must have put hours and hours of time simply into preparing this sheet of music, not considering the time it had taken to compose it, if he had composed it. And, best of all, he had kept his promise in naming it for me. There was my name in the title, charmingly hand-lettered in gold. In the accompanying

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letter he seemed sure that I could no longer refuse him. And it was only with the deepest regret that I still had to deny him his piano.

'DODY'

ALTHOUGH I was only a youngster when my grandfather was with us, a few of the pictures and experiences that we enjoyed together stand out in my mind with distinctness above a misty haze of forgotten ones. I clearly recall a man in a gray fur overcoat who took my brother and me cutter-riding behind a brown-and-white spotted horse. I remember the hours just before bedtime when 'Dody' — our childish name for Grandfather — held us on his knees before a red, snapping fire and with his jackknife cut round and round apples without once breaking the curling red-and-white peeling. I often think of the times when he picked us up from a fall, telling us to say 'Jehoshaphat' like a man instead of crying. I recall, too, how we searched through his bulging pockets for boxes of animal crackers. But with greatest pleasure I remember how Grandfather and Grandmother took Paul and me to the cottage to spend the long summer days. These bits of our associations with my grandfather still remain in my memory, much as the gold dust clings to one's fingers long after the butterfly has slipped through. The times I remember best are the days at the cottage — probably because there we did the same things again and again until they were indelibly engraved on our minds.

The cottage was a low square hut tucked under old oaks, walnuts, and elms, on a cliff above the cedar. It was built so close to the edge that it seemed to us only the heavy branches of the old trees that bent low against the roof or scraped the green-painted sides prevented the summer winds from shoving it from its foundation of four stone blocks and tumbling it into the water below. The tall grass, too, grew closely about the cottage, so thick and rank that it almost concealed the white stone step in front. Grandma always declared it 'looked a sight' when we unloaded our things, so we all helped to clean house. After the scrubbing was done and the tackle repaired, we left Grandma on the roofless but shady porch and climbed down the steep path to the river on our way fishing.

Most often we fished for 'croppies' on the point, a stony strip of land jutting out into the river. With Dody between us we sat on a wide flat rock in the shade of overhanging shoots of willow and white birch. When the line whirred far out into the water, we settled back quietly like good fishermen to await results. Everything about us was quiet and hushed excepting the steady lap of water against the rocks, the muffled gurgle of the spring on one side of us, and once a far-off train whistle, so faint that it emphasized its own remoteness. We watched the sun playing on the water, tracing gold lines on the crest of every soft, swirling eddy. The 'shiners' sparkled as they swished about in the minnow trap. Blue-and-bronze dragon flies, their delicate wings aflutter, poised over the fish poles. Wasps trailing long legs toppled drunkenly above the water spiders, scudding and darting on the smooth surface of a quiet strip of backwater. Birds with pointed, stiff-beating wings dipped the water or made slow shadows across it as they sailed over. Longest we watched the red bobber as it danced and dipped far out in the current, finally disappearing, a signal for Grandpa to jerk his line and slowly wind his reel until a glistening silvery croppie flopped at our feet.

When Grandfather said the bass would be getting jealous if we did n't visit them, we took the dim narrow

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trail along the bank of the river to the old bass hole. We followed through the clean-growing maples, the shadowy-patterned birches, and the dark pines, redly blanketed with needles, until we rounded the bend and came to the bass hole, black and quiet in the dusky twilight of the pines. After Grandpa had plunked the sinker into the deep black water, Paul and I ran off to the woods to play, leaving Dody leaning against the broad trunk of an old pine. We climbed to the crest of the hill, through the pines, over logs and boulders, and, as the trees thinned, through the hot sun until we came to a huge walnut tree on the top of the hill. In its shade we rested a few minutes, watching over the woods — the glistening cottonwoods, the black pines, and the pale birches. They always looked the same to us as they had the day before, and we told each other they were like Dody, for we always found him just as we had left him, a never-failing wonder to us then.

Soon we started down the hill, following a miniature brook that tumbled sleepily from tiny pool to pool down through a steep-sided cut in the hill. Tall pines bent over the gap, dimming the light to duskiness. Locust trees chafed their feathery leaves together in winds that faltered between motion and rest. Birds concealed in the shadowy branches lilted and caroled in hurried runs of melody while we jumped from one mossy rock to another. We slipped through the trees wondering if Dody had moved, but we always found him leaning quietly against the old pine trunk. Often we asked him what made him sit so still. Invariably he smiled slowly and told us, 'Perhaps it's the magic in this tree trunk; you try it and see.' So, because we wanted to be like Dody, we sat beside him and leaned close against the tree, but before we could test its magic power the slow, penetrating quiet of the woods put us to sleep.

Many evenings after supper at the cottage we rowed up the river to set the trout lines. Before we pushed off the point, the sun had slipped behind the pines, leaving the western sky brilliantly washed in red, the hills and trees outlined with fire, and the whole scene glowingly mirrored in the water. We rowed by the sand bar where a long-legged heron stood on one foot in a shallow pool, through the pond where the water lilies grew, their pale petals flushed from the sunset and their big leaves swaying with a sudden motion, to Catfish Channel, where the fish flopped above the surface, rippling the flaming water. We strung the long line across the river. Grandpa baited the hooks with shining minnows (we called them 'minnies' then), which darted and flopped on the end of their line. Then we floated downstream in the slowly changing light. The brilliancy of the sky softened to limpid gold and faded away. The long pointed shadows of the pines leaned farther into the river, pushing the red and gold still lingering on the water deep into its black depths. The birds hushed their songs to twitters, except the thrushes, who began their antiphonal evening chants as the woods lapsed into darkness. The sound of our oars dipping and dripping rhythmically and the faint purling sound of the spring rose liquid in the evening quiet. When our boat struck the rocks on the point Grandmother spoke from the shadows where she awaited us. 'Is that you, John?' With her we sat on the rocks as the night mist fumed on the river and watched as the water brimmed with wavering, twinkling stars and the fireflies wheeled in the woods about us. Then Grandmother slapped at a mosquito and declared that it was bedtime.

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Of the furnishings of the cottage I remember little, except that Dody had chosen them and that Grandmother termed them 'outlandish.' The poinsettia-covered sofa where we napped on rainy days, the two brightly painted green and red cupboards, and the brilliant yellow curtains strung on a wire to divide the room, Grandmother called 'heathenish' and often laughingly told Grandpa that he must have acquired his taste for color in the South during the War of Emancipation. Although Grandmother did not share Dody's fondness for the bizarre, it pleased Paul and me, as did the old freak chair that glided smoothly back and forth instead of rocking.

The dishes, too, were unusual. Paul and I drank our milk from two huge beer mugs, presents from one of Grandfather's patients. Dody often teased Grandmother about bringing up children to drink out of beer mugs. So, to prevent any future evil effects, she conscientiously warned us never to drink anything except milk from the mugs. At that, Grandfather usually looked up from his fish, his eyes twinkling, and asked, 'Why, Louisy, what's your objection to good water?' Then he chuckled, a signal for Paul and me to smile tolerantly. We had no idea why Grandpa's cup irritated Grandmother, too. It was an old-fashioned moustache cup, decorated with a skull and crossbones. She sniffed every time she set it beside his plate, declaring her intention to throw the horrible thing in the river some day. Each year Grandmother threatened to replace the sinister dishes and refurnish the cottage; yet, as Grandfather's chuckle indicated, we drank from our beer mugs and napped on a poinsettia-covered sofa as long as we passed the summers there.

All this happened long ago, as I was reminded last summer when I visited the cottage again. The rains and snows had erased all signs of green paint and had washed the earth away from a foundation block, causing one corner of the cottage to warp and dip. The old stone step had crumbled and cracked, and weeds were growing through the crevices. The platform-like porch had rotted until one board had broken through and the corners had decayed. I peered through a broken window, but turned away when I saw that the cupboard doors had been broken off and the shelves emptied, that the mice had scissored the poinsettia-covered sofa and scattered the excelsior over the floor.

I climbed down the old path, almost indistinct now, to the point to watch the sunset, but the river had changed its course and now raced over the point, even lapping the old stone where Grandfather, Paul, and I had squatted while we fished for croppies. As I watched, the water caught the brilliancy of the western sky and rippled in spreading waves where fish flopped above the surface. In the gold light I leaned over the old rock and read my Grandfather's name carved on the stone: —

DR. BAIN
STONY POINT — 1912

Probably the work of some camper who had known Dody.

The gold in the west softened and the flame on the river slowly disappeared in the deep, black water until the timber across from me was only a bank of shadow. The thrushes began their evening chants and the river filled slowly with stars. As I slapped at a mosquito the distant horns of my friends' cars honked blatantly through the woods.

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JALNA: A NOVEL

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

[When Captain Philip Whiteoak and Adeline Court were married in India in 1848, they were the most brilliant couple in their military station. But the inheritance of property in Canada prompted Philip to sell his commission and bring his wife and infant daughter Augusta to Ontario. A great stone manor house was built and a thousand acres of wilderness transformed into the semblance of an English park. 'Jalna' the estate is called, after the military station where the couple first met.

The story is of the present time. Adeline, her husband long since dead, is an indomitable old woman, eagerly on the verge of completing a full century of life. She has two surviving sons, themselves old men: Nicholas, whose wife left him for a young army officer, and Ernest, a bachelor. A third son, Philip, is dead. His two marriages embarrassed the declining estate with six children. From the first marriage came Meg, the only girl, and Renny, now master of the cohesive little Whiteoak clan. From the second came Eden and Piers, now in the twenties, Finch, sixteen, and Wakefield, nine.

As the story opens, Eden has fractured Whiteoak tradition by writing a volume of poems which has been accepted by a New York publisher. The event is the theme of animated family discussion in picturesque scenes at the dinner table and in the rooms of Nicholas and Ernest. Renny is disgusted with Eden for giving up his legal study for poetry; he threatens Eden that by autumn he must make up his mind to enter business or help with the estate. Piers, whose taste is for farming, baits the poet with sarcasm, but brings down upon his own head the warning that there must be no 'nonsense' with Pheasant, a girl whose existence has been a cause of distress to the Whiteoaks. The story proceeds from this point.]

IV

It was almost dark when Piers crossed the lawn, passed through a low wicket gate in the hedge, and pressed eagerly along a winding path that led across a paddock where three horses were still cropping the new grass. The path wandered then down into the ravine; became, for three strides, a little rustic bridge; became a path again — still narrower — that wound up the opposite steep, curved through a noble wood, and at last, by a stile, was wedded to another path that had been shaped for no other purpose but to meet it on the boundary between Jalna and the land belonging to the Vaughans.

Down in the ravine it was almost night, so darkly the stream glimmered amid the thick undergrowth and so close above him hung the sky, not yet pricked by a star. As he climbed up the steep beyond, it was darker still, except for the luminous shine of the silver birches that seemed to be lighted by some secret beam within. A whippoorwill darted among the trees catching insects, uttering, each time it struck, a little throaty cluck, and showing a gleam of white on its wings. Then suddenly, right over his head, another whippoorwill burst into its loud, lilting song.

When he reached the open wood above he could see that there was still a deep red glow in the west, and the young leaves of the oaks had taken a burnished look. The trees were lively with the twittering of birds seeking their rest, their love-making over for the day — his just to begin.

His head was hot and he took off his cap to let the cool air fan it. He wished that his love for Pheasant were a calmer love. He should have liked to stroll out with her in the evenings, just pleasantly elated, taking it as a natural thing — as natural as the life of these birds — to love a girl and be loved by her. But it had come upon him suddenly, after knowing her all his life, like a storm that shook and possessed him. As

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he hurried on through the soft night air, each step drawing him nearer to the stile where Pheasant was to meet him, he tormented himself by picturing his disappointment if she were not there. He saw, in his fancy, the stile, bare as a waiting gallows, mocking the sweet urge that pressed him. He saw himself waiting till dark night and then stumbling back to Jalna filled with despair because he had not held her in his arms. . . . What was it that had overtaken them both that day when, meeting down in the ravine, she had been startled by a water snake and had caught his sleeve and pointed down into the stream where it had disappeared? Bending over the water, they had suddenly seen their two faces reflected in a still pool, looking up at them not at all like the faces of Piers and Pheasant who had known each other all their days. The faces reflected had had strange, timid eyes and parted lips. They had turned to look at each other. Their own lips had met.

Remembering that kiss, he began to run across the open field toward the stile.

She was sitting on it, waiting for him, her drooping figure silhouetted against the blur of red in the west. He slackened his pace as soon as he saw her, and greeted her laconically as he came up.

'Hullo, Pheasant!'

'Hullo, Piers! I've been waiting quite a while.'

'I could n't get away. I had to stop and admire a beastly cow Renny bought at Hobbs's sale to-day.'

He climbed to the stile and sat down beside her. 'It's the first warm evening, is n't it?' he observed, not looking at her. 'I got as hot as blazes coming over. I was n't letting the grass grow under my feet, I can tell you.' He took her hand and drew it against his side. 'Feel that.'

'Your heart is beating rather hard,' she said, in a low voice. 'Is it because you hurried or because — ' She leaned against his shoulder and looked into his face.

It was what Piers had been waiting for, this moment when she should lean toward him. Not without a sign from her would he let the fountain of his love leap forth. Now he put his arms about her and pressed her to him. He found her lips and held them with his own. The warm fragrance of her body made him dizzy. He was no longer strong and practical. He wished in that moment that they two might die thus happily clasped in each other's arms in the tranquil spring night.

'I can't go on like this,' he murmured. 'We simply must get married.'

'Remember what Renny has said. Are you going to defy him? He'd be in a rage if he knew we were together here now.'

'Renny be damned! He's got to be taught a lesson. It's time he was taught that he can't lord it over everyone. He's spoiled, that's the trouble with him. I call him the Rajah of Jalna.'

'After all, you have the right to say who you will marry, even if the girl is beneath you, have n't you?'

He felt a sob beneath her breast; her sudden tears wet his cheek.

'Oh, Pheasant, you little fool,' he exclaimed. 'You beneath me! What rot!'

'Well, Renny thinks so. All your family think so. Your family despise me.'

'My family may go to the devil. Why, after all, you're a Vaughan. Everybody knows that. You're called by the name.'

'Even Maurice looks down on me. He's never let me call him Father.'

'He deserves to be shot. If I had ever done what he did, I'd stand by the child. I'd brave the whole thing out!'

'Well, he has, in a way. He's kept me. Given me his name.'

'His parents did that. He's never liked you or been really kind to you.'

'He thinks I've spoiled his life.'

'With Meggie, you mean. Picture Meg and Maurice married!' He laughed and kissed her temple, and, feeling her silky brow touch his cheek, he kissed that, too.

She said: 'I can picture that more easily than I can our own marriage. I feel as though we should go on and on, meeting and parting like this forever. In a way, I think I'd like it better, too.'

'Better than being married to me? Look here, Pheasant, you're just trying to hurt me!'

'No, really. It's so beautiful, meeting like this. All day I'm in a kind of dream, waiting for it; then after it comes the night, and you're in the very heart of me all night.'

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'What if I were beside you?'

'It could n't be so lovely. It could n't. Then in the morning, the moment I waken, I am counting the hours till we meet again. Maurice might not exist. I scarcely see or hear him.'

'Dreams don't satisfy me, Pheasant. This way of living is torture to me. Every day as the spring goes on it's a greater torture. I want you — not dreams of you.'

'Don't you love our meeting like this?'

'Don't be silly! You know what I mean.' He moved away from her on the stile and lighted a cigarette. 'Now,' he went on, in a hard, businesslike tone, 'let us take it for granted that we're going to be married. We are, are n't we? Are we going to be married, eh?'

'Yes. — You might offer me a cigarette.'

He gave her one and lighted it for her.

'Very well. Can you tell me any reason for hanging back? I'm twenty, you're seventeen. Marriageable ages, eh?'

'Too young, they say.'

'Rot. They would like us to wait till we're too decrepit to creep to this stile. I'm valuable to Renny. He's paying me decent wages. I know Renny. He's good-natured at bottom for all his temper. He'd never dream of putting me out. There's lots of room at Jalna. One more would never be noticed.'

'Meg does n't like me. I'm rather afraid of her.'

'Afraid of Meggie! Oh, you little coward! She's gentle as a lamb. And Gran always liked you. I'll tell you what, Pheasant, we'll stand in with Gran. She has a lot of influence with the family. If we make ourselves pleasant to her there's no knowing what she may do for us. She's often said that I am more like my grandfather than any of the others, and she thinks he was the finest man that ever lived.'

'What about Renny? She's always talking about his being a perfect Court. Anyhow, I expect her will was made before we were born.'

'Yes, but she's always changing it or pretending that she does. Only last week she had her lawyer out for hours, and the whole family was upset. Wake peeked in at the keyhole and he said all she did was feed the old fellow peppermints. Still, you can never tell.' He shook his head sagaciously and then heaved a gusty sigh. 'One thing is absolutely certain. I can't go on like this. I've either got to get married or go away. It's affecting my nerves. I scarcely knew what I was eating at dinner to-day, and such a hullabaloo there was over this book of Eden's. Good Lord! Poetry! Think of it! And at tea time Finch had come home with a bad report from one of his masters and there was another row. It raged for an hour.'

But Pheasant had heard nothing but the calculated cruelty of the words 'go away.' She turned toward him a frightened, wide-eyed face.

'Go away! How can you say such a thing? You know I'd die in this place without you!'

'How pale you've got,' he observed, peering into her face. 'Why are you turning pale? Surely it would n't matter to you if I went away. You could go right on dreaming about me, you know.'

Pheasant burst into tears and began to scramble down from the stile. 'If you think I'll stop here to be tortured!' she cried, and began to run from him.

'Yet you expect me to stay and be tortured!' he shouted.

She ran into the dusk across the wet meadow, and he sat obstinately staring after her, wondering if her will would hold out till she reached the other side. Already her steps seemed to be slackening. Still her figure became less clear. What if she should run on and on till she reached home, leaving him alone on the stile with all his love turbulent within him? The mere thought of that was enough to make him jump down and begin to run after her, but even as he did so he saw her coming slowly back, and he clambered again to his seat just in time to save his dignity.

She stopped within ten paces of him.

'Very well,' she said, in a husky voice, 'I'll do it.'

He was acutely aware of her nearness in every sensitive nerve, but he puffed stolidly at his cigarette a moment before he asked gruffly: —

'When?'

'Whenever you say.' Her head drooped and she gave a childish sob.

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'Come here, you little baggage,' he ordered peremptorily.

But when he had her on the stile again a most delicious tenderness took possession of him, and withal a thrilling sense of power. He uttered endearments and commands with his face against her hair.

All the way home he was full of lightness and strength, though he had worked hard that day. Halfway down the steep into the ravine a branch of an oak projected across the path above him. He leaped up and caught it with his hands, and so hung aloof from the earth that seemed too prosaic for his light feet. He swung himself gently a moment, looking up at the stars that winked at him through the young leaves. A rabbit ran along the path beneath, quite unaware of him. His mind was no longer disturbed by anxiety, but free and exultant. He felt himself one with the wild things of the wood. It was spring and he had chosen his mate.

When he crossed the lawn he saw that the drawing-room was lighted. Playing cards, as usual, he supposed. He went to one of the French windows and looked in. By the fire he could see a table drawn up, at which sat his grandmother and his uncle Ernest playing at draughts. She was wrapped in a bright green-and-red plaid shawl, and wearing a much-beribboned cap. Evidently she was beating him, for her teeth were showing in a broad grin and a burst of loud laughter made the bridge players at the other table turn in their chairs with looks of annoyance. The long, aquiline face of Uncle Ernest drooped wistfully above the board. On the blackened walnut mantelpiece Sasha lay curled beside a china shepherdess, her gaze fixed on her master with a kind of ecstatic contempt.

At the bridge table sat Renny, Meg, Nicholas, and Mr. Fennel, the rector. The faces of all were illumined by firelight, their expressions intensified: Nicholas, sardonic, watchful; Renny, frowning, puzzled; Meg, sweet, complacent; Mr. Fennel, pulling his beard and glowering.

Poor creatures, all, thought Piers, as he let himself in at the side door and softly ascended the stair — playing their little games, their paltry pastimes, while he played the great game of life!

A light showed underneath Eden's door. More poetry, more paltry pastime. Had Eden ever loved? If he had, he'd kept it well to himself. Probably he only loved his Muse. His Muse — ha! ha! He heard Eden groan. So it hurt, did it, loving the pretty Muse? Poetry had its pain, then! He gave a passing thump to the door.

'Want any help in there?'

'You go to hell,' rejoined the young poet, 'unless you happen to have a rag about you. I've upset the ink.'

Piers poked his head in at the door.

'My shirt is n't much better than a rag,' he said. 'I can let you have that.'

Eden was mopping the stained baize top of the desk with blotting paper. On a sheet of a writing pad was neatly written what looked like the beginning of a poem.

'I suppose you get fun out of it,' remarked Piers.

'More than you get from chasing a girl about the wood at night.'

'Look here, you'd better be careful!' Piers raised his voice threateningly, but Eden smiled and sat down at his desk once more.

It was uncanny, Piers thought, as he went on to his room. However had Eden guessed? Was it because he was a poet? He had always felt, though he had given the matter but little thought, that a poet would be an uncommonly unpleasant person to have in the house, and now they had a full-fledged one at Jalna. He did n't like it at all. The first bloom of his happy mood was gone as he opened the door into his bedroom.

He shared it with sixteen-year-old Finch. Finch was now humped over his Euclid, an expression of extreme melancholy lengthening his already long, sallow face. He had been the centre of a whirlpool of discussion and criticism all tea time, and the effect was to make his brain, never quite under his control, completely unmanageable. He had gone over the same problem six or seven times and now it meant nothing to him, no more than a senseless nursery rhyme. He had stolen one of Piers's cigarettes to see if it would help him out. He had made the most of it, inhaling slowly, savoring each puff, retaining the stub between his bony fingers till they and even his lips were burned, but it had done no good. When he

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heard Piers at the door he had dropped the stub, a mere crumb, to the floor and set his foot on it.

Now he glanced sullenly at Piers out of the corners of his long, light eyes.

Piers sniffed. 'H'm. Smoking, eh? One of my fags, too, I bet. I'll just thank you to leave them alone, young man. Do you think I can supply you with smokes? Besides, you're not allowed.'

Finch returned to his Euclid with increased melancholy. If he could not master it when he was alone, certainly he should never learn it with Piers in the room. That robust, domineering presence would crush the last spark of intelligence from his brain. He had always been afraid of Piers. All his life he had been kept in a state of subjection by him. He resented it, but he saw no way out of it. Piers was strong, handsome, a favorite. He was none of these things. And yet he loved all his family, in a secret, sullen way — even Piers, who was so rough with him. Now, if Piers had been *some* brothers, one might ask him to give one a helping hand with the Euclid. Piers had been good at the rotten stuff. But it would never do to ask Piers for help. He was too impatient, too intolerant of a fellow who got mixed up for nothing.

'I'd thank you,' continued Piers, 'to let my fags, likewise my handkerchiefs, socks, and ties, alone. If you want to pinch other people's property, pinch Eden's. He's a poet and probably does n't know what he has.' He grinned at his reflection in the glass as he took off his collar and tie.

When Piers had divested himself of all his clothes he threw open the window. A chill night wind rushed in. Finch shivered as it embraced him. He wondered how Piers stood it on his bare skin. It fluttered the pages of a French exercise all about the room. There was no use in trying — he could not do the problem.

Piers, in his pajamas now, jumped into bed. He lay staring at Finch with bright blue eyes, whistling softly. Finch began to gather up his books.

'All finished?' asked Piers, politely. 'You got through in a hurry, did n't you?'

'I'm not through,' bawled Finch. 'Do you imagine I can work with a cold blast like that on my back and you staring at me in front? It just means I'll have to get up early and finish before breakfast.'

Piers became sarcastic. 'You're very temperamental, are n't you? You'll be writing poetry next. I dare say you've tried it already. Do you know, I think it would be a good thing for you to go down to New York in the Easter holidays and see if you can find a publisher.'

'Shut up,' growled Finch, 'and let me alone.'

Piers was very happy. He was too happy for sleep. It would ease his high spirits to bait young Finch. He lay watching him speculatively while he undressed his long, lanky body. Finch might develop into a distinguished-looking man. There was something arresting even now in his face, but he had a hungry, haunted look, and he was uncomfortably aware of his long wrists and legs. He always sat in some ungainly posture, and, when spoken to suddenly, would glare up, half defensively, half timidly, as though expecting a blow. Truth to tell, he had had a good many, some quite undeserved.

Piers regarded his thin frame with contemptuous amusement. He offered pungent criticisms of Finch's prominent shoulder-blades, ribs, and various other portions of his anatomy. At last the boy, trembling with anger and humiliation, got into his nightshirt, turned out the light, and scrambled over Piers to his place next the wall. He curled himself up with a sigh of relief. It had been a nervous business scrambling over Piers. He had half expected to be grabbed by the ankle and put to some new torture. But he had gained his corner in safety. The day, with its miseries, was over. He stretched out his long limbs.

They lay still, side by side, in the peaceful dark. At length Piers spoke in a low, accusing tone.

'You did n't say your prayers. What do you mean by getting into bed without saying your prayers?'

Finch was staggered. This was something new. Piers, of all people, after him about prayers! There was something ominous about it.

'I forgot,' he returned, heavily.

'Well, you've no right to forget. It's an important thing at your time of life to pray

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long and earnestly. If you prayed more and sulked less, you'd be healthier and happier.'

'Rot. What are you givin' us?'

'I'm in dead earnest. Out you get and say your prayers.'

'You don't pray yourself,' complained Finch, bitterly. 'You have n't said prayers for years.'

'That's nothing to you. I've a special compact with the devil, and he looks after his own. But you, my little lamb, must be separated from the goats.'

'Oh, let me alone,' growled Finch. 'I'm sleepy. Let me alone.'

'Get up and say your prayers.'

'Oh, Piers, don't be a —'

'Be careful what you call me. Get out.'

'Shan't.' He clutched the blankets desperately, for he feared what was coming.

'You won't get up, eh? You won't say your prayers, eh? I've got to force you, eh?'

With each question Piers's strong fingers sought a tenderer spot in Finch's anatomy.

'Oh — oh — oh — Piers — please — let me up! Ow — eee — eee!' With a last terrible squeak Finch was out on the floor. He stood rubbing his side cautiously. Then he almost blubbered: 'What do you want me to do, anyway?'

'I want you to say your prayers properly. I'm not going to have you start being lax at your age. Down on your knees.'

Finch dropped to his knees on the cold floor. Kneeling by the bedside in the pale moonlight, he was a pathetic young figure. But the sight held no pathos for Piers.

'Now, then,' he said, 'fire away.'

Finch pressed his face against his clenched hands.

'Why don't you begin?' asked Piers, rising on his elbow, and speaking testily.

'I — I have begun,' came in a muffled voice.

'I can't hear you. How do you expect the Almighty to hear you if I can't? Speak up.'

'I c-can't! I *won't!*'

'You *shall.* Or you'll be sorry.'

In the stress of the moment, all Finch's prayers left him, as earlier all his Euclid had done. In the dim chaos of his soul only two words of supplication remained.

'Oh, God,' he muttered hoarsely, and, because he could think of nothing else and must pray or be abused by that devil Piers, he repeated the words again and again in a hollow, shaking voice.

Piers lay listening blandly. He thought Finch the most ridiculous duffer he had ever known. He was a mystery Piers would never fathom. Suddenly he thought: 'I'm fed up with this,' and said: —

'Enough, enough! It's not much of a prayer you've made, but still you've a nice, intimate way with the Almighty. You'd make a good Methodist of the Holy Roarer variety.' He added, not unkindly, 'Hop into bed now.'

But Finch would not hop. He clutched the counterpane and went on sobbing, 'Oh, God!' The room was full of the presence of the Deity to him, now wearing the face of the terrible, austere Old-Testament God, now, miraculously, the handsome, sneering face of Piers. Only a rap on the head brought him to his senses. He somehow got his long body back into bed, shivering all over.

Eden threw the door open. 'One might as well,' he complained in a high voice, 'live next door to a circus. You're the most disgusting young . . .' and he delivered himself of some atrocious language. He interrupted himself to ask, cocking his head, 'Is he crying? What 's he crying for?'

'Just low-spirited, I expect,' replied Piers, in a sleepy voice.

'What are you crying for, Finch?'

'Let me alone, can't you?' screamed Finch, in a sudden fury. 'You let me alone!'

'I think he's sniveling over his report. Renny was up in the air about it,' said Piers.

'Oh, is that it? Well, study will do more than sniveling to help that.' And Eden disappeared as he had come.

The two brothers lay in the moonlight. Finch was quiet save for an occasional gulp. Piers's feelings toward him were magnanimous now. He was such a helpless young fool. Piers thought it rather hard that he had been born between Eden and Finch. Wedged in between a poet and a fool. What a sandwich! Of a certainty he was the meaty part.

His thoughts turned to Pheasant. She was of never-failing interest to him — her pretty gestures, her reckless way of

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throwing her heart open to him, her sudden withdrawals, the remoteness of her profile. He could see her face in the moonlight as though she were in the room with him. Soon she would be, instead of snuffling young Finch! He loved her with every inch of his body. He alone of all the people in Jalna knew what real love was. Strange that, being absorbed by love as he was, he should have time to play with young Finch and make him miserable. No denying that there lurked a mischievous devil in him. Then, too, he had suffered so much anxiety lately that to have everything settled, to be certain of having his own way, made him feel like a young horse suddenly turned out into the spring pastures, ready to run and kick, and bite his best friend from sheer high spirits.

Poor old Finch! He gave the bedclothes a jerk over Finch's protruding shoulder and put his arm around him.

V

Two weeks later Pheasant awakened one morning at sunrise. She could not sleep because it was her wedding day. She jumped out of bed and ran to the window to see whether the heavens were to smile on her.

The sky was radiant as a golden sea, and just above the sun a cloud shaped like a great red whale floated as in a dream. Below her window, shutting in the lawn, the cherry orchard had burst into a sudden perfection of bloom. The young trees stood in snowy rows like expectant young girls awaiting their first communion. A cowbell was jangling down in the ravine.

Pheasant leaned across the sill, her cropped brown hair all on end, her nightdress falling from one slim shoulder. She was happy because of the gay serenity of the morning, because the cherry trees had come into bloom for her wedding day; yet she was depressed, because it was her wedding day and she had nothing new to wear. Besides, she would have to go to live at Jalna, where nobody wanted her except Piers.

She was to meet him at two o'clock. He had borrowed a car, and they were to drive to Steed to be married. This was outside Mr. Fennel's parish. Then they were to go to the city for the night, but they must be back at Jalna the next day because Piers was anxious about the spring sowing. What sort of reception would the family at Jalna give them? They had been kind always, but would they be kind to her as Piers's wife? Still, Piers would take care of her. She would face the world with him at her side.

She drummed her white fingers on the sill, watching the sun twinkle on her engagement ring, which thus far she had dared to wear only at night. She thought of that blissful moment when each had stared into the other's face, watching love flower there like the cherry tree bursting into bloom. She would love him always, let him cuddle his head against her shoulder at night, and go into the fields with him in the morning. She was glad he had chosen the land as his job, instead of one of the professions. She was too ignorant to be the wife of a learned young man. To Piers she could unfold her childish speculations about life without embarrassment.

For the hundredth time she examined the few clothes she had laid in an immense shabby portmanteau for her wedding journey: her patent-leather shoes and her one pair of silk stockings, a pink organdy dress, really too small for her, four handkerchiefs, — well, she had plenty of them, at least, and one never knew when one might shed tears, — a nightdress, and an India shawl that had been her grandmother's. She did not suppose she would need the shawl, — she had never worn it except when playing at being grown up, — but it helped to make a more impressive trousseau, and it might be necessary to have a wrap at dinner in the hotel, or if they went to the opera. She felt somewhat cheered as she replaced them and fastened the spongy leather straps; after all, they might have been fewer and worse!

She got out her darning things and mended, or rather puckered together, a large hole in the heel of the brown stockings she was to wear on the journey. She mended the torn buttonholes of her brown coat, sprinkled a prodigious amount of cheap perfume over the little brown dress that lay in a drawer ready to put on, and found herself chilled, for she had not yet dressed.

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She hastily put on her clothes, washed her face, and combed her hair, staring at herself in the glass. She thought dismally: 'Certainly I am no beauty. Nannie has trimmed my hair badly. I'm far too thin, and I have n't at all that sleek look becoming in a bride. No one could imagine a wreath of orange blossoms on my head. A punchinello's cap would be more appropriate. Ah, well, there have been worse-looking girls led to the altar, I dare say.'

Maurice Vaughan was already at the table, eating sausages and fried potatoes. He did not say good-morning, but he put some of the food on a plate and pushed it toward her. Presently he said: 'Jim Martin is coming with a man from Brancepeth today. Have Nannie put the dinner off till one. We'll be busy.'

Pheasant was aghast. She was to meet Piers at two. How should she get away in time? And if she did not turn up for dinner Maurice might make inquiries, get suspicious. Her hands shook as she poured her tea. She could not properly see the breakfast things.

Maurice stared at her coldly. 'Did you hear what I said?' he asked. 'What's the matter with you this morning?'

'I was busy thinking. Yes, you want dinner at two, I heard.'

'I said one o'clock. I'd better give the order myself, if you have n't the wit.'

Pheasant regained her self-possession.

'How easily you get out of temper,' she said, coolly. 'Of course I'll remember. I hope Mr. Martin will be soberer than he was the last time he was here. He put a pickle in his tea instead of sugar, and slept all evening, I remember, in his chair.'

'I don't.'

'I dare say you don't. You were pretty far gone yourself.'

Vaughan burst out laughing. The audacities of this only half-acknowledged young daughter of his amused him. Yet, perversely, when she was meek and eager to please he was often unkind to her, seeming to take pleasure in observing how she had inherited a capacity for suffering equal to his own.

Maurice Vaughan was the grandson and the only male descendant of the Colonel Vaughan whose letters had persuaded Philip Whiteoak to remove westward from Quebec. He was an only child, who had come to his parents late in life. He had been too gently reared, and had grown into a heavily built, indolent, arrogant youth, feeling himself intellectually above all his associates, even Renny Whiteoak, whom he loved. At twenty he nourished the illusion that he would become a great man in the affairs of his country with no effort on his part. At twenty-one he became engaged to Meg Whiteoak, charmed by that ineffably sweet smile of hers and her drowsy quiescence toward himself. The parents of the two were almost beside themselves with pleasure.

Meggie would not be hurried. A year's engagement was proper, and a year's engagement she would have. Maurice, idle and elegant, attracted the attention of a pretty, sharp-featured village girl, Elvira Gray. She took to picking brambleberries in the wood where Maurice slouched about with his gun, the same wood where Piers and Pheasant now met. Maurice, while he waited impatiently for Meg, was comforted by the love of Elvira.

A month before the marriage was to take place, a tiny bundle containing a baby was laid one summer night on the Vaughans' doorstep. Old Mr. Vaughan, awakened by its faint cry, went downstairs in his slippers, opened the front door, and found the bundle, on which a note was pinned, which read: —

'Maurice Vaughan is the father of this baby. Please be kind to it. It has n't harmed no one.'

Mr. Vaughan fell in a faint on the steps and was found, lying beside the baby, by a farm laborer who read the note and quickly spread the news. The child was carried into the house, and the news of its arrival to Jalna.

As proper in the heroine of such a tragedy, Meg locked herself in her room and refused to see anyone. She refused to eat. Maurice, after a heart-rending morning with his parents, during which he acknowledged everything, went and hid himself in the wood.

It was found that Elvira, an orphan, had disappeared.

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Meg's father, accompanied by his brothers, Nicholas and Ernest, went to thrash out the matter with Mr. Vaughan. They were quite twenty years younger than he, but they all raged around the poor distracted man at once, in true Whiteoak fashion. Still, in spite of their outraged feelings, they agreed that the engagement was not to be broken, that the marriage must take place at the appointed time. A home could be found for the baby. They drove back to Jalna, after having had some stiff drinks, feeling that everything had been patched up, and it would be a lesson to the young fool, though rather rough on Meggie.

Meggie could not be persuaded to leave her room. Trays of food placed outside her door were left untouched. One night, after four days of misery, young Maurice rode over to Jalna on his beautiful chestnut mare. He threw a handful of gravel against Meggie's window and called her name. She made no answer. He repeated it with tragic insistence. Finally Meg appeared in the bright moonlight, framed as a picture by the vine-clad window. She sat with her elbow on the sill and her chin on her palm, listening while he, standing with the mare's bridle over his arm, poured out his contrition. She listened impassively, with her face raised moonward, till he had done, and then said: 'It is all over. I cannot marry you, Maurice. I shall never marry anyone.'

Maurice could not and would not believe her. He was unprepared for such relentless stubbornness beneath such a sweet exterior. He explained and implored for two hours. He threw himself on the ground and wept, while the mare cropped the grass beside him.

Renny, whose room was next Meg's, could bear it no longer. He flew downstairs to Maurice's side and joined his supplications to his friend's in rougher language. Nothing could move Meggie. She listened to the impassioned appeals of the two youths with tears raining down her pale cheeks; then, with a final gesture of farewell, she closed the window.

Meggie was interviewed by each of her elders in turn. Her father, her uncles, her young stepmother, — who had hoped so soon to be rid of her! — all exercised their powers of reasoning with her.

Meggie emerged from her retirement pale but tranquil. Her life suffered little outward derangement from this betrayal of her affections. However, she cared less for going out with other young people, and spent many hours in her bedroom. It was at this time that she acquired the habit of eating almost nothing at the table, getting ample nourishment from agreeable little lunches carried to her room. She became more and more devoted to her brothers, pouring out on them a devotion with which she sought to drown the image of her lover.

Maurice never again came nearer to Jalna than its stables. The friendship between him and Renny still endured. Together they went through the hardships of the War years later. When Pheasant was three years old, Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan died within the year, and she was left to the care of an unloving young father, whom she could already call Maurice. Misfortune followed close upon bereavement. Mining stocks in which nearly all of the Vaughans' money was invested became worthless, and Maurice's income declined from ten thousand a year to less than two. He made something from breeding horses, but as Pheasant grew up she never knew what it was to have two coins to rub together or attractive garments with which to clothe her young body. The thousand acres bought from the government by the first Vaughan had dwindled to three hundred. Of these only fifty lay under cultivation. The rest were in pasture and massive oak woods. The ravine that traversed Jalna narrowly spread into a valley through Vaughanlands, ending in a shallow basin in the middle of which stood the house, with hanging shutters, sagging porch, and moss-grown roof.

The one servant now kept was an old Scotchwoman, Nannie, who spoke but rarely, and then in a voice scarcely above a whisper. Beside Jalna, teeming with loud-voiced, intimate, inquisitive people, Vaughanlands seemed but an echoing shell, the three who dwelt there holding aloof in annihilating self-absorption.

Dinner at one, instead of half past twelve as usual, threw Pheasant's plans into confusion. She felt suddenly weak, defenseless, insecure. She felt afraid of herself. Afraid

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that she would suddenly cry out to Maurice: 'I'm going to run away to be married at half past one! Dinner *must* be at the regular time!'

Instead of this she said meekly: 'Oh, Maurice, I'm afraid I'll have to take my dinner at half past twelve. I 've an appointment with the dentist in Steed at two o'clock.'

She wondered why she had said that, for she had never been to a dentist in her life. She did not know the name of one.

'What are you making appointments with the dentist for?' he growled. 'What's the matter with your teeth?'

'I've been troubled by toothache lately,' she said, truthfully, and he remembered an irritating smell of liniment about her at odd times.

They went on with their breakfast in silence; she, a wave of relief sweeping over her at the absence of active opposition, drinking cup after cup of strong tea; he, thinking that after all it were better the child should not be at the table with the two men who were coming. Martin had a rough tongue. But then, what was the use of trying to protect Pheasant? She was her mother's daughter and he had had no respect for her mother, and he had very little for himself, her father. All the beastly allegations current about the countryside against him since his first mishap were not true, but they had damaged his opinion of himself, his dignity. He knew he was considered a rip, and always would be, even when the patch of white coming above one temple spread over his whole head.

As for Pheasant, she was filled by sudden unaccountable compassion for him. Poor Maurice! To-morrow morning, and all the mornings to come, he would be eating breakfast alone. To be sure they seldom spoke, but still she was there beside him; she carried his messages to Nannie; she poured his tea; and she had always gone with him to admire the new colts. Well, perhaps, when she was not there, he would be sorry that he had not been nicer to her!

When Maurice had swallowed the last mouthful of tea, he rose slowly and went to the bow window, which, being shadowed by a verandah, gave only a greenish half light into the room.

He stood with his back toward her and said: 'Come here.'

Pheasant started up from her chair, all nerves. What was he going to do to her? She had a mind to run from the room. She gasped: 'What do you want?'

'I want you to come here.'

She went to his side with an assumed nonchalance.

'You seem to be playing the heavy father this morning,' she said.

'I want to see that tooth you're talking about.'

'I was n't talking about it. It's you who are talking about it. I only said I was going to have it filled.'

'Please open your mouth,' he said, testily, putting his hand under her chin.

She prayed, 'Oh, God, let there be a large hole in it,' and opened her mouth so widely that she looked like a young robin beseeching food.

'H'm,' growled Maurice. 'It should have been attended to some time ago.' He added, giving her chin a grudging stroke: 'You've pretty little teeth. Get the fellow to fix them up properly.'

Pheasant stared. He was being almost loving. At this late hour! He had stroked her chin — given it a little dab with his fingers, anyway. She felt suddenly angry with him. The idea of getting demonstratively affectionate with her at this late hour! Making it harder for her to leave him.

'Thanks,' she said. 'I'll be a beauty if I keep on, shan't I?'

He answered seriously: 'You're too skinny for beauty. But you'll fill out. You're nothing but a filly.'

'This is the way fillies show their pleasure,' she said, and rubbed her head against his shoulder. 'I wish I could whinny! But I *can* bite.'

'I know you can,' he said, gravely. 'You bit me when you were five. And I held your head under the tap for it.'

She was glad he had reminded her of that episode. It would be easier to leave him after that.

He went into the hall and took his hat from a peg.

'Good-bye,' she called after him.

She watched him go along the path toward the stables, filling his pipe, walking

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with his peculiar, slouching, hangdog gait. She threw open the window and called after him: 'Oh, hullo, Maurice!'

'Yes?' he answered, half wheeling.

'Oh — good-bye!'

'Well — I'll be —' she heard him mutter, as he went on.

He must think her a regular little fool. But, after all, it was a very serious good-bye. The next time they met — if ever they met again — she would be a different person. She would have an honorable name — a name with which she could face the world. She would be Mrs. Piers Whiteoak.

VI

He had arrived on the very tick of two. She had been there twenty minutes earlier, very hot, but pale from excitement and fatigue; she had jogged — sometimes breaking into a run — for nearly half a mile, lugging the heavy portmanteau. She had been in a state of panic at the approach of every vehicle, thinking she was pursued. Three times she had fled to the shelter of a group of wayside cedars to hide while a wagon lumbered or a car sped by.

Piers stowed the portmanteau in the back of the car, and she flung herself into the seat beside him. He started the car — a poor old rattletrap, but washed for the occasion — with a jerk. He looked absurdly Sundayish in his rigid best serge suit, with an expression rather more wooden than exultant.

'They needed this car at home to-day,' he said. 'I'd a hard time getting away.'

'So had I. Maurice was having two guests to dinner, and it had to be later, and he wanted me there to receive them.'

'H'm. Who were they?'

'A Mr. Martin. And another man. Both horse breeders.'

'Receive them! Good Lord! You do say ridiculous things!' She subsided into her corner, crushed. Was this what it was like to elope? A taciturn, soap-shining lover in a bowler hat who called one ridiculous just at the moment when he should have been in an ecstasy of daring and protective love!

'I think you're very arrogant,' she said.

'Perhaps I am,' he agreed, letting the speed out. 'I can't help it if I am,' he added, not without complacence. 'It's in the blood, I expect.'

She took off her hat and let the wind ruffle her hair. Road signs rushed past, black-and-white cattle in fields, cherry orchards in full bloom, and apple orchards just coming into bud.

He remarked: 'Gran said at dinner that I need disciplining. You'll have to do it, Pheasant.' He looked around at her, smiling, and seeing her with her hair ruffled, her eyes shining, he added: 'You precious darling!'

He snatched a kiss, and Pheasant put her hand on the wheel beside his. They both stared at the hand, thinking how soon the wedding ring must outshine the engagement ring in importance. They experienced a strange mixture of sensations, feeling at the same moment like runaway children (for they had both been kept down by their elders) and like tremendous adventurers, not afraid of anything in this shining spring world.

They were married by the rector of Steed, a new man who had barely heard the names of their families, with perhaps a picturesque anecdote attached. Piers was so sunburnt and solid that he looked like nothing but an ordinary young countryman, and Pheasant's badly cut dress and cheap shoes transformed her young grace into coltish awkwardness. He hoped they would come regularly to his church, he said, and he gave them some very good advice, in the cool vestry. When they had gone and he examined the fee which Piers had given him in an envelope, he was surprised at its size, for Piers was determined to carry everything through as a Whiteoak should.

As they flew along the road which ran like a trimming of white braid on the brown shore that skirted the lake, Piers began to shout and sing in an ecstasy of achievement.

'We're man and wife!' he chanted. 'Man and wife! Pheasant and Piers! Man and wife!'

He stopped the wagon of a fruit vender and bought oranges, of which Pheasant thrust sections into his mouth as he drove, and ate greedily herself, for excitement made them thirsty. As they neared the suburbs of the city she threw the rinds into the

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ditch and scrubbed her lips and hands on her handkerchief. She put on her hat and sat upright, her hands in her lap, feeling that everyone who met them must realize that they were newly married.

Piers had spoken for rooms in the hotel which the Whiteoaks had frequented for three generations. He had not been there very much himself — a few times to dinner in company with Renny, twice for birthday treats as a small boy with Uncle Nicholas.

Now on his wedding day he had taken one of the best bedrooms with bath adjoining. His blood was all in his head as the clerk gave a surreptitious smile and handed the key to a boy. The boy went lopsidedly before them to the bedroom, lugging the antiquated portmanteau. All the white closed doors along the corridor made Pheasant feel timid. She fancied there were ears against all the panels, eyes to the keyholes. What if Maurice should suddenly pounce out on them? Or Renny? Or terrible Grandmother Whiteoak?

When they were alone in the spacious, heavily furnished hotel bedroom, utterly alone with only the deep rumble of the traffic below to remind them of the existence of the world, a sudden feeling of frozen dignity, of aloofness from each other, took possession of them.

He said: 'Not a bad room, eh? Think you'll be comfortable here?' And he added, almost challengingly: 'It's one of the best rooms in the hotel, but — if there's anything you'd like different —'

'Oh, no. It's nice. It'll do nicely, thank you.'

Could they be the young runaway couple who had raced along the lake-shore road, singing and eating oranges?

'There's your bag,' he said, indicating the ponderous portmanteau.

'Yes,' she agreed. 'I've got the bag all right.'

'I wonder what we'd better do first,' he said, staring at her. She looked so strange to him in this new setting that he felt as though he were really seeing her for the first time.

'What time is it?'

'Half past five.'

She noticed then that the sun had disappeared behind a building across the street, and that the room lay in a yellowish shadow. Evening was coming.

'Had n't you better send the telegrams?' she said.

'I expect I had. I'll go down and do that, and see that we've a table reserved; and, look here, should n't you like to go to the theatre to-night?'

Pheasant was thrilled at that. 'Oh, I'd love the theatre! Is there something good on?'

'I'll find out, and get tickets, and you can be changing. Now about those telegrams. How would it do if I just sent one to Renny, something like this: "Pheasant and I married. Home to-morrow. Tell Maurice." Would that be all right?'

'No,' she said, firmly. 'Maurice must have a telegram all to himself, from me. Say, "Dear Maurice — "'

'Good Lord! You can't begin a telegram, "Dear Maurice." It is n't done. Tell me what you want to say and I'll put it in the proper form.'

Pheasant spoke in an incensed tone: 'See here, is this your telegram or mine? I've never written a letter or sent a telegram to Maurice in my life, and I probably never shall again. So it's going to begin "Dear Maurice."'

'All right, my girl. Fire away.'

'Say, "Dear Maurice. Piers and I are married. Tell Nannie. Yours sincerely, Pheasant." That will do.'

Piers could not conceal his mirth at such a telegram, but he promised to send it, and after giving her body a convulsive squeeze, and receiving a kiss on the sunburnt bridge of his nose, he left her.

She was alone. She was married. All the old life was over and the new just beginning. She went to the dressing table and stood before the three-sectioned mirror. It was wonderful to see her own face there, from all sides at once. She felt that she had never really seen herself before — no wonder her reflection looked surprised. She turned this way and that, tilting her head like a pretty bird. She took off her brown dress and stood enthralled by the reflection of her charms in knickers and little white camisole. She turned on the electric light, and made a tableau with her slender milky arms upraised and her eyes

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half closed. She wished she could spend a long time playing with these magical reflections, but Piers might come back and find her not dressed.

A bell in some tower struck six.

She saw that her hands needed washing and hoped there would be soap in the bathroom. She gasped when she had pressed the electric button and flooded the room with a hard white light. The fierce splendor of it dazzled her. At home there was a bathroom with a bare floor on which stood an ancient green tin bath, battered and disreputable. The towels were old and fuzzy, leaving bits of lint all over one's body, and the cake of soap was always like jelly, because Maurice would leave it in the water. Here were glistening tile and marble, nickel polished like new silver, an enormous tub of virgin whiteness, and a row of towels fit only for a bride. 'And, by my halidom,' she exclaimed, for she was devoted to Sir Walter Scott, 'I am the bride!'

She locked herself in and took a bath, almost reverently.

Her hair was sleekly brushed and she was doing up her pink-and-white dress when Piers arrived. He had sent off the telegrams (and not neglected the 'Dear' for Maurice!) and had got orchestra seats for a Russian vaudeville. He took her to the Ladies' Drawing Room and set her in a white-and-gold chair, where she waited while he scrubbed and beautified himself.

They were at their own table in a corner where they could see the entire dining room; rows and rows of white-clothed tables, glimmering with silver, beneath shaded lights; a red-faced waiter with little dabs of whisker before his ears, who took a fatherly interest in their dinner.

Piers ordered the dinner. Delicious soup. A tiny piece of fish with a strange sauce. Roast chicken. Asparagus. Beautiful but rather frightening French pastries — one hardly knew how to eat them. Strawberries like dissolving jewels. ('But where do they come from, Piers, at this time of year?') Such dark coffee. Little gold-tipped cigarettes, specially bought for her. The scented smoke circled about their heads, accentuating their isolation.

Four men at the table next them did not seem able to keep their eyes off her. They talked earnestly to each other, but their eyes, every now and again, would slide toward her, and sometimes, she was sure, they were talking about her. The odd thing was that the consciousness of their attention did not confuse her. It exhilarated her, gave her a certainty of poise and freedom of gesture she otherwise would not have had.

She had carried the gold-embroidered India shawl that had been her grandmother's down to dinner, and when she became aware that these four dark men were watching her, speculating about her, some instinct, newly awakened, told her to put the shawl about her shoulders, told her that there was something about the shawl that suited her better than the little pink-and-white dress. She held it closely about her, sitting erect, looking straight into Piers's flushed face, but she was conscious of every glance, every whisper from the four at the next table.

When she and Piers passed the men on their way out, one of them was brushed by the fringe of her shawl. His dark eyes were raised to her face, and he inclined his head toward the shawl as though he sought the light caress from it. He was a man of about forty. Pheasant felt that the shawl was a magic shawl, that she floated in it, that it bewitched all it touched. Her small brown head rose out of its gorgeousness like a sleek flower.

The Russian company was a new and strange experience. It opened the gates of an undreamed-of and exotic world. She heard the 'Volga Boat Song' sung in a purple twilight by only dimly discerned foreign seamen. She heard the ragings and pleadings in a barbarous tongue when a savage crew threw their captain's mistress overboard because she had brought them ill luck. The most humorous acts had no smile from her. They were enthralling, but never for a moment funny. The moon-faced showman, with his jargon of languages, had a dreadful fascination for her, but she saw nothing amusing in his patter. To her he was the terrifying magician who had created all this riot of noise and color. He was a sinister man, at whom one gazed breathlessly, gripping Piers's hand beneath the shawl. She had never been in a theatre before. And Piers sat, brown-faced, solid,

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smiling steadily at the stage, and giving her fingers a steady pressure.

As they passed through the foyer, there was a dense crowd that surged without haste toward the outer doors. Pheasant pressed close to Piers, looking with shy curiosity into the faces about her. Then someone just behind her took her wrist in his hand, and slid his other hand lightly along her bare arm to beneath the shoulder, where it rested a moment in casual caress, then was withdrawn.

Pheasant trembled all over, but she did not turn her head. She knew without looking that the hand had been the hand of the man whose head she had brushed with her shawl. When she and Piers reached the street she saw the four men together lighting cigarettes, just ahead.

She felt old in experience.

It was only a short distance to the hotel. They walked among other laughing, talking people, with a great full moon rising at the end of the street, and with the brightness of the electric light giving an air of garish gayety to the scene. Pheasant felt that it must last forever. She could not believe that to-morrow it would be all over, and they would be going back to Jalna, facing the difficulties there.

From their room there was quite an expanse of sky visible. Piers threw the window open and the moon seemed then to stare in at them.

They stood together at the window, looking up at it.

'The same old moon that used to shine down on us in the wood,' Piers said.

'It seems ages ago.'

'Yes. How do you feel? Tired? Sleepy?'

'Not sleepy. But a little tired.'

'Poor little girl.'

He put his arms about her and held her close to him. His whole being seemed melting into tenderness toward her. At the same time his blood was singing in his ears, the song of possessive love.

VII

The car moved slowly along the winding driveway toward the house. The driveway was so darkened by closely ranked balsams that it was like a long, greenish tunnel, always cool and damp. Black squirrels flung themselves from bough to bough, their curving tails like glossy notes of interrogation. Every now and again a startled rabbit showed its downy brown hump in the long grass. So slowly the car moved, the birds scarcely ceased their jargon of song at its approach.

Piers felt horribly like a schoolboy returning after playing truant. He remembered how he had sneaked along this drive, heavy-footed, knowing he would 'catch it,' and how he had caught it, at Renny's efficient hands. He slumped in his seat as he thought of it. Pheasant sat stiffly erect, her hands clasped tightly between her knees. As the car stopped before the broad wooden steps that led to the porch, a small figure appeared from the shrubbery. It was Wakefield, carrying in one hand a fishing rod and in the other a string from which dangled a solitary perch.

'Oh, hullo,' he said, coming over the lawn to them. 'We got your telegram. Welcome to Jalna!'

He got on to the running board and extended a small fishy hand to Pheasant.

'Don't touch him,' said Piers. 'He smells beastly.' Wakefield accepted the rebuff cheerfully.

'I like the smell of fish myself,' he said pointedly to Pheasant. 'And I forgot that some people don't. Now Piers likes the smell of manure better because working with manure is his job. He's used to it. Granny says that one can get used — '

'Shut up,' ordered Piers, 'and tell me where the family is.'

'I really don't know,' answered Wakefield, flapping the dead fish against the door of the car, 'because it's Saturday, you see, and a free day for me. I got Mrs. Wragge to put me up a little lunch — just a cold chop and a hard-boiled egg, and a lemon tart and a bit of cheese, and — '

'For heaven's sake,' said Piers, 'stop talking and stop flapping that fish against the car. Run in and see what they're doing! I'd like to see Renny alone.'

'Oh, you can't do that, I'm afraid. Renny's over with Maurice this afternoon. I expect they're talking over what they will do to you two. It takes a lot of thought and talk, you see, to arrange suitable

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punishments. Now the other day Mr. Fennel wanted to punish me and he simply couldn't think of anything to do to me that would make a suitable impression. Already he'd tried —'

Piers interrupted, fixing Wakefield with his eye: 'Go and look in the drawing-room windows. I see firelight there. Tell me who is in the room.'

'All right. But you'd better hold my fish for me.'

Wakefield lightly mounted the steps, put his face against the pane, and stood motionless a space.

Pheasant saw that the shadows were lengthening. A cool, damp breeze began to stir the shaggy grass of the lawn, and the birds ceased to sing.

Piers said: 'I'm going to throw this thing away.'

'Oh, no,' said Pheasant, 'don't throw the little fellow's fish away!' A nervous tremor ran through her, more chill than the breeze. She almost sobbed: 'Ugh, I'm so nervous!'

'Poor little kid,' said Piers, laying his hand over hers. His own jaws were rigid, and his throat felt as though a hand were gripping it. The family had never seemed so formidable to him. He saw them in a fierce phalanx bearing down on him, headed by Grandmother ready to browbeat — abuse him. He threw back his shoulders, and drew a deep breath. Well — let them! If they were unkind to Pheasant, he would take her away. But he did not want to go away. He loved every inch of Jalna. He and Renny loved the place as none of the others did. That was the great bond between them. Piers was very proud of this fellowship of love for Jalna between him and Renny.

'Confound the kid,' he said. 'What is he doing?'

'He's coming,' said Pheasant.

Wakefield descended the steps importantly.

'They're having tea in the parlor just as though it were Sunday,' he announced. 'A fire lighted. It looks like a plate of Sally Lunn on the table. Perhaps it's a kind of wedding feast. I think we'd better go in. I'd better put my fish away first, though.'

Piers and Pheasant went slowly up the steps and into the house. Piers drew aside the heavy curtains that hung before the double doors of the drawing-room and led her into the room that seemed very full of people.

There were Grandmother, Uncle Nicholas, Uncle Ernest, Meg, Eden, and young Finch, who was slumped on a beaded ottoman, devouring seedcake. He grinned sheepishly as the two entered, then turned to stare at his grandmother, as though expecting her to lead the attack.

But it was Uncle Nicholas who spoke first. He lifted his moustache from his teacup and raised his massive head, looking rather like a sardonic walrus. He rumbled:

'By George, this is nothing more than I expected. But you pulled the wool over Renny's eyes, you young rascal.'

Meg broke in, her soft voice choked with tears: —

'Oh, you deceitful, unfeeling boy! I don't see how you can stand there and face us! And that family — Pheasant — I never spoke to you about it, Piers — I thought you'd know how I'd feel about such a marriage!'

'Hold your tongues!' shouted Grandmother, who so far had only been able to make inarticulate sounds of rage. 'Hold your silly tongues, and let me speak.' The muscles in her face were twitching, her terrible brown eyes were burning beneath her shaggy brows. She was sitting directly in front of the fire, and her figure in its brilliant tea gown was illumined with a hellish radiance. Boney, sitting on the back of her chair, glowed like an exotic flower. His beak was sunken on his puffed breast, and he spread his feathers to the warmth in apparent oblivion of the emotion of his mistress.

'Come here!' she shouted. 'Come over here in front of me! Don't stand like a pair of ninnies in the doorway!'

'Mama,' said Ernest, 'don't excite yourself so. It's bad for you. It'll upset your insides, you know.'

'My insides are better than yours,' retorted his mother. 'I know how to look after them.'

'Come closer, so she won't have to shout at you,' ordered Uncle Nicholas.

'Up to the sacrificial altar,' adjured Eden, who lounged near the door. His

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eyes laughed up at them as they passed toward Mrs. Whiteoak's chair. Pheasant gripped Piers's coat in icy fingers. She cast an imploring look at Nicholas, who had once given her a doll and remained a kind of god in her eyes ever since, but he only stared down his nose, and crumbled the bit of cake on his saucer. If it had not been for the support of Piers's arm, she felt that she must have sunk to her knees, she trembled so.

'Now,' snarled Grandmother, when she had got them before her, 'are n't you ashamed of yourselves?'

'No,' answered Piers, stoutly. 'We've only done what lots of people do. Got married on the quiet. We knew the whole family would get on their hind feet if we told them, so we kept it to ourselves, that's all.'

'And do you expect' — she struck her stick savagely on the floor — 'do you expect that I shall allow you to bring that little bastard here? Do you understand what it means to Meg? Maurice was her fiancé and he got this brat — '

'Mama!' cried Ernest.

'Easy, old lady,' soothed Nicholas.

Finch exploded in sudden, hysterical laughter.

Meg raised her voice. 'Don't stop her! It's true.'

'Yes, what was I saying? Don't dare to stop me! This brat — this brat — he got her by a slut —'

Piers bent over her, glaring into her fierce old face.

'Stop it!' he shouted. 'Stop it, I say!'

Boney was roused into a sudden passion by the hurricane about him. He thrust his beak over Grandmother's shoulder, and, riveting his cruel little eyes on Piers's face, he poured forth a stream of Hindu abuse.

'Shaitan! Shaitan ka bata! Shaitan ka butcka! Piakur! Piakur! Jab kutr!'

This was followed by a cascade of mocking, metallic laughter, while he rocked from side to side on the back of Grandmother's chair.

It was too much for Pheasant. She burst into tears, hiding her face in her hands. But her sobs could not be heard for the cursing of Boney; and Finch, shaking from head to foot, added his hysterical laughter.

Goaded beyond endurance, his sunburnt face crimson with rage, Piers caught the screaming bird by the throat and threw him savagely to the floor, where he lay, as gayly colored as painted fruit, uttering strange coughing sounds.

Grandmother was inarticulate. She looked as though she would choke. She tore at her cap and it fell over one ear. Then she grasped her heavy stick. Before anyone could stop her (if indeed they had wished to stop her) she had brought it with a resounding crack on to Piers's head.

'Take that,' she shouted, 'miserable boy!'

At the instant that the stick struck Piers's head, the door from the hall was opened and Renny came into the room, followed by Wakefield, who, behind the shelter of his brother, peered timidly yet inquisitively at the family.

All faces turned toward Renny, as though his red head were a sun and they sun-gazing flowers.

'This is a pretty kettle of fish,' he said.

'He's abusing Boney,' wailed Grandmother. 'Poor dear Boney! Oh, the young brute! Flog him, Renny! Give him a sound flogging!'

'No! No!' screamed Pheasant.

Nicholas heaved himself about in his chair, and said: 'He deserved it. He threw the bird on the floor.'

'Pick poor Boney up, Wakefield dear,' said Ernest. 'Pick him up and stroke him.'

Except his mistress, Boney would allow no one but Wakefield to touch him. The child picked him up, stroked him, and set him on his grandmother's shoulder.

Grandmother, in one of her gusts of affection, caught him to her and pressed a kiss on his mouth. 'Little darling,' she exclaimed. 'Gran's darling! Give him a piece of cake, Meg.'

Meg was crying softly behind the teapot. Wakefield went to her, and, receiving no notice, took the largest piece of cake and began to devour it.

Renny had crossed to Piers's side and was staring at his head.

'His ear is bleeding,' he remarked. 'You should n't have done that, Granny!'

'He was impudent to her,' said Ernest.

Eden cut in: 'Oh, rot! She was abusing him and the girl horribly.'

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Grandmother thumped the floor with her stick.

'I was n't abusing him! I told him I would n't have that girl in the house! I told him she was a brat, and so she is. I told him — bring me more tea — more tea — where's Philip? Philip, I want tea!' When greatly excited she often addressed her eldest son by his father's name.

'For God's sake, give her some tea,' growled Nicholas. 'Make it hot.'

Ernest carried a cup of tea to her, and straightened her cap.

'More cake,' she demanded. 'Stop your sniveling, Meggie.'

'Grandmother,' said Meg, with melancholy dignity, 'I am not sniveling. And it is n't much wonder if I do shed tears considering the way Piers has acted.'

'I've settled him,' snorted Grandmother. 'Settled him with my stick. Ha!'

Piers said, in a hard voice: 'Now, look here, I'm going to get out. Pheasant and I don't have to stop here. We only came to see what sort of reception we'd get. Now we know, and we're going.'

'Just listen to him, Renny!' said Meg. 'He's lost all his affection for us, and it seems only yesterday that he was a little boy like Wake.'

'Heaven knows whom Wakefield will take up with,' said Nicholas. 'The family's running to seed.'

'Will you have some tea, Renny?' asked Meg.

'No, thanks. Give the girl some. She's awfully upset.'

'I don't want tea!' cried Pheasant, looking wildly at the hostile faces about her. 'I want to go away! Piers, please, please, take me away!' She sank into a wide, stuffed chair, drew up her knees, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed loudly.

Meg spoke, with cold yet furious chagrin. 'If only he *could* send you home, and have done with you! But here you are, bound fast to him. You'd never rest till you'd got him — bound fast. I know your kind.'

Nicholas put in: 'They don't wait till they're out of pinafores — that kind.'

Eden cried: 'Oh, for God's sake!'

But Piers's furious voice drowned him out: 'Not another word about her! I won't stand another word!'

Grandmother screamed: 'You'll stand another crack on the head, you young whelp!' Crumbs of cake clung to the hairs on her chin. Wake regarded them, fascinated. Then he blew on them, trying to blow them off.

Finch uttered hysterical croaking sounds.

'Wakefield, don't do that,' ordered Uncle Ernest, 'or you'll get your head slapped! Mama, wipe your chin.'

Meg said: 'To think of the years I've kept aloof from the Vaughans! I've never spoken to Maurice since that terrible time. None of them have set foot in this house. And now his daughter — that child — the cause of all my unhappiness — brought here to live as Piers's wife!'

Piers retorted: 'Don't worry, Meg. We're not going to stay.'

'The disgrace is here forever,' she returned bitterly, 'if you go to the other end of the earth.' Her head rested on her hand, supported by her short plump arm. Her sweetly curved lips were drawn in at the corners, in an expression of stubborn finality. 'You've finished things. I was terribly hurt at the very beginning of my life. I've tried to forget. Your bringing this girl here has renewed all the hurt. Shamed me, crushed me. I thought you loved me, Piers — '

'Oh, Lord, can't a man love his sister and another too?' exclaimed Piers, regarding her intently, with scarlet face, cut to the heart, for he loved her.

'No one who loved his sister could love the daughter of the man who had been so faithless to her.'

'And besides,' put in Nicholas, 'you promised Renny you'd give the girl up.'

'Oh, oh,' cried Pheasant, sitting up in her chair. 'Did you promise that, Piers?'

'No, I did n't.'

Nicholas roared: 'Yes, you did! Renny told me you did!'

'I never promised. Be just, now, Renny! I never promised, did I?'

'No,' said Renny. 'He did n't promise. I told him to cut it out. I said there'd be trouble — '

'Trouble — trouble — trouble,' moaned Grandmother. 'I've had too much trouble. If I did n't keep my appetite, I'd be dead. Give me more cake, someone. No — not

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that kind — devil's cake. I want devil's cake!' She took the cake that Ernest brought her, bit off a large piece, and snortled through it: 'I hit the young whelp a good crack on the head!'

'Yes, Mama,' said Ernest. Then he inquired patiently, '*Must* you take such large bites?'

'I drew the blood!' she cried, ignoring his question, and taking a still larger bite. 'I made the lad smart for his folly!'

'You ought to be ashamed, Gran,' said Eden, and the family began to argue noisily as to whether she had done well or ill.

Renny stood looking from one excited face to another, feeling irritated by their noise, their ineffectuality, yet, in spite of all, bathed in an immense satisfaction. This was his family. His tribe. He was head of his family. Chieftain of his tribe. He took a very primitive, direct, and simple pleasure in lording it over them, caring for them, being badgered, harried, and importuned by them. They were all of them dependent on him except Gran, and she was dependent, too, for she would have died away from Jalna. And, besides the fact that he provided for them, he had the inherent quality of the chieftain. They expected him to lay down the law; they harried him till he did. He turned his lean red face from one to the other of them now, and prepared to lay down the law.

The heat of the room was stifling; the fire was scarcely needed, yet now, with sudden fever, it leaped and crackled on the hearth. Boney, having recovered from Piers's rough handling, was crying in a head-splitting voice, 'Cake! Cake! Devil cake!'

'For God's sake, somebody give him cake,' said Renny.

Little Wake snatched up a piece of cake and held it toward Boney, but just as the parrot was at the point of taking it he jerked it away. With flaming temper, Boney tried three times, and failed to snatch the morsel. He flapped his wings and uttered a screech that set the blood pounding in the ears of those in the room.

It was too much for Finch. He doubled up on his footstool, laughing hysterically; the footstool slipped (or did Eden's foot push it?) and he was sent sprawling on the floor.

Grandmother seized her cane and struggled to get to her feet.

'Let me at them!' she screamed.

'Boys! Boys!' cried Meggie, melting into sudden laughter. This was the sort of thing she loved. 'Rough-house' among the boys, and she sitting solidly, comfortably in her chair, looking on.

She laughed, but in an instant she was lachrymose again, and averted her eyes from the figure of Finch stretched on the floor.

Renny was bending over him. He administered three hard thumps on the boy's bony, untidy person and said: 'Now get up and behave yourself.'

Finch got up, red in the face, and skulked to a corner. Nicholas turned heavily in his chair and regarded Piers.

'As for you,' he said, 'you ought to be flayed alive for what you've done to Meggie.'

'Never mind,' Piers returned. 'I'm getting out.'

Meg looked at him scornfully. 'You'd have to go a long way to get away from scandal — I mean, to make your absence really a help to me — to all of us.'

Piers retorted: 'Oh, we'll go far enough to please you. We'll go to the States, perhaps.' The 'perhaps' was mumbled on a hesitating note. His own voice announcing that he would go to a foreign country, far from Jalna, and the land he had helped to grow things on, the horses, his brothers, had an appalling sound.

'What does he say?' asked Grandmother, roused from one of her sudden dozes. Boney had perched on her shoulder and cuddled his head against her long, flat cheek. 'What's the boy say?'

Ernest answered: 'He says he'll go to the States.'

'The States! A Whiteoak go to the States! A Whiteoak a Yankee! No, no, no. It would kill me. He must n't go! Shame — shame on you, Meggie, to drive the poor boy to the States! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Oh, those Yankees! First they take Eden's book and now they want Piers himself. Oh, don't let him go!' She burst into loud sobs.

Renny's voice was raised, but without excitement.

'Piers is not going away — anywhere.

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He's going to stay right here. So is Pheasant. The girl and he are married. I presume they've lived together. There's no reason on earth why she should n't make him a good wife —'

Meg interrupted: 'Maurice has never forgiven me for refusing to marry him. He has made this match between his daughter and Piers to punish me. He's done it. I know he's done it.'

Piers turned to her. 'Maurice has known nothing about it.'

'How can you know what schemes were in his head?' replied Meg. 'He's simply been waiting his chance to thrust his brat into Jalna.'

Piers exclaimed: 'Good God, Meggie! I did n't know you had such a wicked tongue!'

'No back chat, please!' rejoined his sister.

Renny's voice, with a vibration from the chest which the family knew foreboded an outburst if he were opposed, broke in: —

'I have been talking the affair over with Maurice this afternoon. He is as upset about it as we are. As for his planning the marriage to avenge himself on you, Meg, that is ridiculous! Give the man credit for a little decency — a little sense — why, your affair with him was twenty years ago! Do you think he's been brooding over it ever since? And he was through the War, too! He's had a few things to think of besides your cruelty, Meggie!'

He smiled at her. He knew how to take her. And she liked to have her 'cruelty' referred to. Her beautifully shaped lips curved a little, and she said, with almost girlish petulance: 'What's the matter with him, then? Everyone agrees that there's something wrong with him.'

'Oh, well, I don't think there is very much wrong with Maurice, but if there is, and you are responsible, you should n't be too hard on him, or on this child, either. I told Piers that if he went on meeting her there'd be trouble, and there has been, has n't there? Lots of it. But I'm not going to drive him away from Jalna. I want him here, and I want my tea, terribly. Will you pour it out, Meggie?'

Silence followed his words, broken only by the snapping of the fire and Grandmother's peaceful, bubbling snores. Nicholas took out his pipe and began to fill it from his pouch. Sasha leaped from the mantelpiece to Ernest's shoulder and began loudly to purr, as though in opposition to Grandmother's snores. Wakefield opened the door of a cabinet filled with curios from India, with which he was not allowed to play, and stuck his head inside. 'Darling, don't,' said Meg, gently.

Renny, the chieftain, had spoken. He had said that Piers was not to be cast out from the tribe, and the tribe had listened and accepted his words as wisdom. All the more readily because not one of them wanted to see Piers cast out, even though they must accept with him an unwelcome addition to the family. Not even Meg. In truth, Renny was more often the organ of the family than its head. They knew beforehand what he would say in a crisis, and they excited, harried, and goaded him till he said it with great passion. Then, with apparent good grace, they succumbed to his will.

Renny dropped into a chair with his cup of tea and a piece of bread and butter. His face was redder than usual, but he looked with deep satisfaction at the group about him.

He had quelled the family riot. They depended on him, from savage old Gran down to delicate little Wake. They depended on him to lead them. He looked at Pheasant, sitting upright in the big chair, her eyes swollen from crying, but eating her tea like a good child. She was one of them now. His own. Their eyes met, and she gave a little watery, pleading smile. Renny grinned at her encouragingly.

Rags had come in and Meg was ordering a fresh pot of tea.

This was the Whiteoak family as it was when Alayne Archer came into their midst from New York.

(*To be continued*)

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

The correspondence of Governor Smith and Mr. Marshall conducted in this magazine is an incident not unlikely to become historic. Owing to the unauthorized publication of Governor Smith's reply by a newspaper in defiance of our copyright, it was felt to be in the national interest that the publication of the May *Atlantic* be hastened and the release of the article to the press be made a week earlier than was intended. In this unique instance it proved impracticable to mail subscribers' copies before the news-stand edition was on sale. We are glad to make this public explanation and again to affirm our consistent policy of serving subscribers first.

Rabindranath Tagore, the Hindu poet and philosopher, is still the very active head of his school in Santiniketan which he founded over a quarter of a century ago. Famous for his prose and poetry in both English and his native tongue, Bengali, Dr. Tagore in 1913 was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. ¶In these days of sober reports it is a joy to know that there are Innocents Abroad who, like **C. Lester Walker,** an American business man in Manchuria, are able to tell when the joke is on them. **Robert Lynd's** definition of the bounds of decency comes pat at a time when a Boston official is banning fifty-seven varieties of books and the New York courts have sentenced the actors and producers of condemned plays. ¶If ever a man had to curb the deviltry of inanimate objects, it was **Captain K. C. McIntosh** of the United States Navy. ¶More than imagination has gone into the making of **A. Cecil Edwards's** stories. Thirteen years' residence in Persia provided the author with a rare understanding of the East. ¶One hundred and sixteen years ago **John Adams** was writing thus to his friend, Professor Waterhouse: —

> H. [Hamilton] and Burr, in point of Ambition were equal. In Principle equal. In Talents different. H. Superior in Litterary Talents: B. in military. H. a Nevis Adventurer, B. descended from the earliest, most learned Pious and virtuous of our American Nation, and buoyed up by Prejudices of half the Nation. He found himself thwarted, persecuted, calumniated by a wandering Stranger. The deep Malice of H. against Bur, and his indefatigable Exertions to defame
> re little known. I knew So much of it for a
> e of Years, that I wondered a Duel had not taken Place Seven Years before it did. I could have produced Such a Duel at any Moment for Seven Years. I kept the Secrets Sacred and inviolable: and have kept them to this day.

This letter, which forms part of the earlier correspondence published in the May *Atlantic,* and the present selections were discovered a few months ago in a strong box where they have lain through the generations.

* * *

'I hope you will like my silver-icy reindeer,' writes **Fannie Stearns Gifford;** 'he was a real dream, and I have a fondness for him. I saw him leap high towards the sunrise over October Mountain and woke almost ready to look with Teresina for his hoof marks in the snow.' ¶A frequent contributor to our pages, **Sir W. Beach Thomas** is an English naturalist who roves the countryside in the interest of birds and beasts. ¶One of our most eminent philosophers, **Alfred North Whitehead** has brought his benign influence from Cambridge, England, to Cambridge, New England. Fellow and late Senior Lecturer at Trinity College, Dr. Whitehead is now Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University. **Margaret Higginson Barney** is the daughter of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, whose friendship and encouragement were the precious means of drawing Emily Dickinson from out her mystical seclusion. Their friendship — for they seldom met — was bound by the correspondence of over twenty years. ¶A member of the *Atlantic's* staff and a contributor of essays and poems, **Theodore Morrison** loves a long walk —

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whether with or without a golf stick. **Professor Jerome Davis** of the Yale Divinity School has come to know a good deal of the Ford organization both in his studies of its Trade School and in his personal and editorial associations with Mr. Ford. Fifty of Professor Davis's students are taken into the plant each summer.

* * *

The Junior College has been referred to as 'the most menacing and urgent aspect of contemporary education.' Professor Palmer's critical review of this new growth, published in the April *Atlantic*, is now supplemented by the experienced account of one who has taught in a large junior college and who for obvious reasons cannot afford to be identified. **Herbert Hoover** is as enthusiastic a fisherman as ever directed the Department of Commerce. Thus, when an occasion arose for him to confer with fellow anglers, he was able to produce facts which concern the happiness of every household in the country. **Gaetano Salvemini,** an Italian historian of the very first rank, has been forced into voluntary exile because of his critical attitude toward Fascismo. **John McCook Roots,** son of Bishop Roots of Hankow, has spent two thirds of his life in China. Last summer Mr. Roots had the opportunity of visiting the Nationalist officials and institutions at Canton and of making observations which, because of his knowledge of the language, are more telling than most.

* * *

Mazo de la Roche, the author of the Atlantic prize novel, lives with her sister in Toronto, where for a dozen years she has been writing — first short stories, then novels and plays. As her name indicates, she is of French descent. One of her royalist ancestors was guillotined in the Revolution. 'Since then,' she says, 'we have been notable only for our improvidence.'

The first installment of 'Jalna' appeared in the May *Atlantic*.

* * *

From Mrs. Clarence White of California, the friend of Hilda Rose, a telegram has been received giving us the first news of Mrs. Rose and her frontier family since the snows shut them in. It will be remembered that they were clearing a new homestead at Fort Vermilion, two hundred and fifty miles distant from Peace River, Alberta, the nearest postal station. The message reads in part: —

> Letter from Hilda Rose this moment arrived. Will forward to-morrow. She received the good news and the check for her *Atlantic* contribution just when she needed it so badly. On February 5 she fell and sprained her back and was injured internally. It took two weeks to write this letter, she said. She was sitting up for the first time March 12 and the old world seemed good after all.

* * *

That an attitude of 'respectful unconcern' for the Church is sometimes to be observed nobody will deny. But the contributing causes of this unconcern are far to seek.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In an article on 'The Break-up of Protestantism' published in the March *Atlantic*, the Reverend Herbert Parrish has made a discriminating survey of the inner weaknesses that have been undermining the foundation of the non-Catholic churches in America. But I disagree with his assertion that the present problems facing the churches are either directly comparable to or derived from the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century. He regards the present age as one of transition and readjustment for religion; one that portends the ultimate dissolution of Protestantism in America. 'There is reason to believe,' he writes, 'that the historians of a hundred years from now will pronounce the present decade the crest of a movement more significant and portentous than the Reformation itself. . . . As the authority of Rome was shattered in those nations which followed the trend of thought at the Reformation, so the Reformation settlements now find their authority shattered by the logical consequences of the position they then took.'

But are the development and implication of the two issues analogous? At the time of the Reformation religious problems centred about questions concerning the authority of the Catholic Church. Though the Protestants repudiated many claims made by the hierarchy, they accepted the more fundamental articles of faith as propounded by the Church of Rome. For example, both Catholics and Protestants regarded the Bible as an inspired book containing an immediate revelation from God, and both held the same ideas of God, the Trinity, and the Person of Christ; also their conceptions of the

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doctrines of sin and grace were not dissimilar, and neither ever dreamed of a separation of Church from State. The Reformation was primarily a dispute about ecclesiastical authority carried on by avowed believers in the efficacy and necessity of religious teaching. Besides, the conflict was waged with equal interest and fervor by both Catholics and Protestants.

To-day the problems confronting the Protestant sects do not pertain to questions of theology. Far from implying the demand for reform within the Church which constituted the nucleus of the sixteenth-century controversy, the present situation reveals Protestantism making a despairing effort to rekindle the waning interest of the layman in religious matters. The Reformation owed its occasion in large measure to the popular demand for ecclesiastical reform made by a public that considered orthodox religion an inseparable part of their secular life. It was because of their explicit faith in and desire for a reformed Church that the people were so ready to take sides in the dispute. As this faith was responsible for the Reformation, so the present absence of it points to the radical dissimilarity between the Reformation and the modern problems confronting the Church.

The Reverend Mr. Parrish attributes this rapid declension of faith on the one hand to the faulty organization of the Protestant churches which is responsible for sectarianism and the pressing need for money. On the other hand he believes that the radio and the newspaper, combined with the critical attitude of the age, have tended to discourage the fashion of going to church. He will not regret the final disappearance of Protestantism from American life because it 'does not answer to the deep needs of human nature.' Yet he thinks it reasonable to hope that 'the children of the new age will construct out of those values which have been the real sources of inspiration and power, both for Catholic and Protestant, a church that will meet the needs of the day and generation.'

If this were likely to occur, or even suppose it should, would another organized church with its prescribed systems of belief and fixed codes of morals fulfill our subjective human requirements? It is precisely these arbitrarily conceived factors, once an effective force but now an inner weakness, that serve more than anything else to alienate the layman from his church. Because a person no longer seeks an answer to his moral problems in the exhortations of the Sunday sermon it does not signify that he is free from their anxious cares or that he can allow them to remain unsolved. But it does indicate that, instead of relying upon the Church for assistance, he feels he can settle them just as effectively without its intercession on his behalf. And surely this sense of intellectual independence should be welcomed as an auspicious indication of greater spiritual freedom rather than deplored as the sign of an unregenerate age.

The chief reason for the break-up of Protestantism is not at bottom due to its faulty organization or to the distracting influence of the newspaper, radio, and so forth. Nor is it traceable, as the Reverend Mr. Parrish avers, to the 'logical consequences of the position' taken by the Protestants at the Reformation, though it is true, as he says, that the critical spirit of the age has greatly affected the attitude of the lay public toward the Church. The churches, it seems to me, are confronted by an entirely novel kind of 'belief,' or rather unbelief, that manifests itself in an attitude of respectful unconcern for the erstwhile venerated creeds. That a different variety of church would prove more congenial with the needs of the day and generation is dubious, for it is the ecclesiastical organization and not religion that has become discredited.

MORGAN WORTHY

* * *

The Return of the Muse.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am sending you a poem which has been the source of some excitement. It was written by a young lady whose chief talent is prose, but who as a child had an enthusiasm for poetry.

Recently she was hypnotized by a friend, and in the course of her reminiscences of childhood she asked for a pad and pencil. Then on three large sheets she wrote the three stanzas.

Lay your head on the wind's breast,
Hush the heart that grieves
Under the sound of the wind surf
Rushing along the leaves.

Trees are bare as coral groves,
Sky is shallow water:
Put to sea in a cloud-ship,
Sail for the storm's quarter.

Days crushed with people,
Nights entombed in pain,
Find release in tempests,
Comfort in the rain.

On waking she had no recollection of having written the poem; she was stupefied when it was shown to her; nor does she remember any previous thinking on the poem with the exception of a single metaphor which occurred to her three years ago.

Sincerely yours,

C. D. M.

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Empty houses and crowded apartments.

LEETONIA, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have read with interest 'The Missing Rooms' by Mr. John Carter, in the February *Atlantic*, and the subsequent comments, and it seems to me they have all missed the point. Mr. Carter attributes the housing shortage in cities to the fact that there are approximately one million marriages yearly in this country and only half that many new living quarters provided. The real explanation is to be found in the great number of abandoned farmhouses not only in New England but over all the states which are dotted with manufacturing towns.

From our home in eastern Ohio we can see five empty farmhouses — not shacks, but six-, eight-, and ten-room houses. Similar conditions prevail throughout the county, state, and the states to the east. In the city of Cleveland (sixty miles away) it is estimated that there are fifteen hundred former residents of Columbiana County. They have formed an association, which makes facts more easily obtainable. Few of them went directly to Cleveland from the farms, but a great many moved first to the small towns and thence to the city. Youngstown, Akron, Pittsburgh, and Detroit probably have as many each of this county's ex-residents. Many of the old families who were all with us twenty-five years ago have not one representative on our farms to-day, but are scattered from coast to coast, mostly in cities.

For many years the returns from farming have been inadequate as compared with other industries. To those living near industrial towns the contrast has been too glaringly apparent and the alternative right at hand. They have gone where there is more money and less arduous work and most of them seem to be moderately prosperous. They dress better and have more of what the world calls luxuries and pleasures than their old neighbors who have continued to farm, but when they die their estates, on an average, do not foot up any better. A few have returned because they could not get the fondness for country life out of their systems. A very few who have been eminently successful — Mr. Firestone, of tire fame, for example — have made their old homesteads into show farms which are a credit to the community but add nothing to the contentment of the 'dirt farmers' who must make their money out of their farms.

Everybody cannot have everything. If you prefer to live in cramped apartments in congested cities and push buttons, that is your privilege. I'd rather have a real home in the country with trees, flowers, friendly birds and animals and kindly folks for neighbors, and time for meditation, — the unappreciated luxuries, — though it means hard work, wearing last year's garments, and having no buttons to push — yet. Many farms hereabout now have electricity and all may have it when these empty houses are again inhabited. If any others feel like this about it, there are many places where farms, neglected but productive if cared for, can be bought for less than the buildings on them are worth. The West has been overdeveloped and overadvertised. The only place where one can get something for nothing to-day is in the forgotten agricultural East, where we have all the advantages of a long-established civilization, are comparatively free from drouths, floods, devastating storms, and great extremes of temperature, can grow anything common to the temperate zone, and are at the very gates of the big Eastern markets — not always satisfactory markets, but *always markets*. We are more prosperous and on a firmer agricultural foundation than any other part of the United States at the present time, and some of these days the public will wake up to the fact.

MARY CALDWELL

* * *

We urge those who are still perplexed by Mr. Jensen's solution of the Spider and the Fly problem — as discussed in the April Contributors' Column — to make for themselves a larger replica of the figure and to fold this into the shape of the room. In this wise the diagonal path of the spider can clearly be traced, and the distance traversed — 40 feet — will be proved rationally and geometrically the shortest distance between the two points.

* * *

Further proof that 'the heart of youth is Hellenic.'

KUTIEN, FUKIEN, CHINA
March 12, 1927

Mr. Lucien Price
C/o *Atlantic Monthly*

DEAR MR. PRICE: —

I want to thank you. The occasion for it is your 'Hardscrabble Hellas,' appearing in the February *Atlantic*, which reached me just last evening. It was a very great delight indeed. I should want to thank you if for no more than the insight revealed in those two short sentences about the interior of the hearts of boys. 'The heart of youth is not Hebraic. It is Hellenic.' The entire article has the tonic effect of an October day — either in my native Ohio or in my adopted New England.

Perhaps one reason I appreciated it so much is because of the hardscrabble conditions of life

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here. Plain living and high thinking are gloriously necessary under the present stage of development of China. And the boys with whom I work — there are just about eighty of them in the academy here in Kutien — also know the hardscrabble life. They live on three dollars a month, and once they learn how, under the Christian environment, they have a splendid time doing it.

Once more, thank you.

E. M. Stowe

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This letter gives a practical demonstration of the further encumbrance of the Junior College. It should be read as a postscript to the discussion introduced by Professor Palmer and continued in this issue.

New York

Dear Atlantic, —

In the April number of the *Atlantic* Professor Palmer treated the evils of 'The Junior College' from the point of view of the student and graduate; may I add a few words in agreement with him from the point of view of a teacher in a high school of New York?

I should look with apprehension upon any move of the New York Board of Education to add the junior college to our secondary schools. I know I am not wrong in saying that, if such an addition were made, the teachers of that part of the school would be compelled, as we are now, to punch a time clock at 8:40, teach five classes a day, spend any extra time at supervisory and clerical work which could be far more efficiently done by clerks at half our salary, and at 3 P.M., or later if there were outside curricular activities, again punch a time clock. After such a day, only persons with extraordinary vitality and a not too conscientious regard for their jobs as teachers could take graduate work. Most teachers would be compelled, if they wished that breadth coming from meeting minds of equal or greater maturity, to do as I feel I must do next year — take time off at their own expense. How many could afford to do this?

As a junior-college teacher such as I should have to be under the 'system,' I should feel like a liar and a cheat, attempting to substitute my meagre outlook for the breadth of vision which comes from freedom from clerical detail, abundant leisure, and the privilege of spending that leisure in travel or valuable research. I should feel that I was superimposing upon an innocent group a goose step of scholarship instead of liberty of thought, especially as I realize that such an establishment of a junior college might emanate from a desire to save money on our two free city colleges, which financial reason, I rather imagine, moved educational authorities here to establish junior *high* schools.

No, I think that most of us do not wish to combine college and high school any more than we wish to see high school and elementary school one. Perhaps it might do college instructors a great deal of good to visit frequently our high schools, just as we, as high-school teachers, ought to visit elementary schools for a full realization of their problem.

Perhaps, too, some of the difficult questions encountered in the freshman and sophomore years at college might be more readily solved did colleges welcome to their teaching staffs those of us with the broader outlook, whose teaching has been carefully supervised, and who, because of frequent visiting in other high schools, both public and private, and because of fortnightly discussions of matters pedagogical, have kept abreast with the most modern methods of instruction of youth.

As for adding to the high school that which belongs neither to the high school nor to the college, may a conscientious board of estimate, which now scrutinizes our every penny, keep us from it!

H. J. B.

* * *

When Light meant Life.

Dear Atlantic, —

Professor Leuba's learned article on 'Invisible Presences' at first dismayed me, as I had for years cherished the memories of what I considered manifestations of a Spiritual 'Presence.'

Twice before a most severe trial I was assured of support through what was to come, and the Light Jane Steger writes of was around me.

The last 'appearance' was a few years ago when I had been specially anxious about fuel and finances. I was awakened in the early morning from a deep sleep with the overpowering consciousness of a Presence, whether outside or in I cannot say. In a gently humorous, loving manner (as if a mother should assure an anxious child about something) I was made so sure that these matters would be cared for that I have never been overanxious since, though the coal strike tried to break my faith!

The 'subconscious' has popped up for me many times, but surely this 'Presence' was different! Like many folks 'convinced (almost) against their will,' I am 'of the same opinion still!'

S. E. T. S.

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